

BORDER WARS
OF THE
AMERICAN REVOLUTION

BY

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IN TWO VOLUMES.
VOL. II.

A. L. FOWLE
NEW YORK
1900

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VOLUME II

A. S. FOWLER

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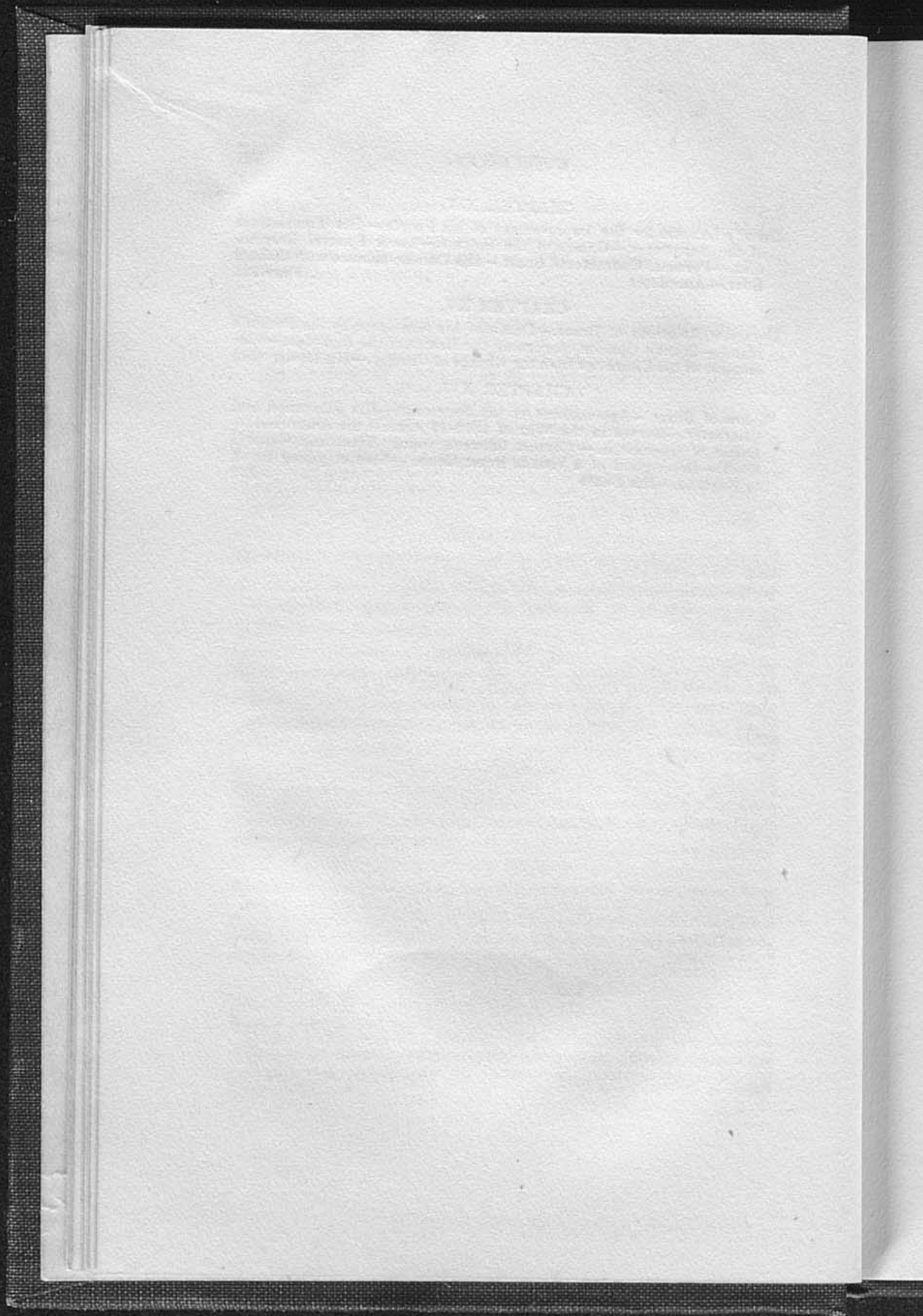
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BORDER WARS

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CHAPTER I.

THE policy of waging a more decisive war against the Indians, and the Loyalists associated with them in their barbarous irruptions upon the frontier settlements, has been adverted to more than once already. General Washington had long entertained the opinion that the mere establishment of a chain of military posts along the western and northwestern frontiers would not answer the purpose, and that the only method of affording efficient protection to the inhabitants of those borders would be to carry the war into the heart of the enemy's country. By a resolution of the 25th of February, Congress had directed the commander-in-chief to take the most effectual means for protecting the inhabitants, and chastising the Indians for their continued depredations; and it was now his determination to put the resolve in execution by carrying the war directly into the most populous country of the Six Nations; to cut off their settlements, destroy their crops, and inflict upon them every other mischief which time and circumstances would permit.

The plan of this campaign was well devised and matured. It was to be commenced by a combined movement of two divisions: one from Pennsylvania, ascending the Valley of the Susquehanna to

the intersection of the Tioga River, under General Sullivan, who was invested with the command-in-chief; and the other from the North, under General James Clinton, which was to descend the Susquehanna from its principal source, and, after forming a junction with Sullivan, the whole to proceed, by the course of the Chemung River, into the fertile country of the Senecas and Cayugas. This expedition was intended as the principal campaign of that year, since the relative military strength and situation of the two contending powers rendered it impossible that any other offensive operations could be carried on by the Americans at the same time.

On the 2d of June, General Clinton received his instructions from Sullivan. Preparations for the enterprise, however, were already in a state of great forwardness, since General Washington had been in free communication with Governor Clinton upon the subject, and the latter, with the general, his brother, had been actively engaged in anticipation of the order. Accordingly, batteaux had already been provided at Schenectady, which, after ascending the Mohawk to Canajoharie, were thence to be transported over land to the head of Otsego Lake at Springfield, and a large quantity of provisions had been thrown into Fort Schuyler in case of emergency. After making all his arrangements, and ordering the different corps which were to compose his command to concentrate at Canajoharie, General Clinton arrived at that post on the 16th of June, where he found himself at the head of fifteen hundred troops.

The portage from the Mohawk River at Canajoharie to the head of Otsego Lake is about twenty miles. On the 17th, General Clinton commenced the transportation of his boats and stores across the country, the region being hilly, and the roads excessively bad. Two hundred boats were found to be necessary, and four horses were required for the

draught of each boat. The troops were disposed by regiments along the route, both for safety and to assist at difficult points of ascent. But, notwithstanding these obstacles and the magnitude of the enterprise, General Clinton was enabled to announce to his immediate superior by letter, on the 26th, that one hundred and seventy-three of the boats had already reached the head of the lake, that thirty more were on their way, and that the residue, making up the complement of two hundred and twenty, would be forwarded thither immediately on their arrival from Schenectady. The provisions and stores for a three months' campaign had likewise been already transported across the carrying-place; so that the expedition was nearly in readiness to commence its final movement. In performing this labour, no other interruption took place than what arose from the arrest of two spies, formerly inhabitants of the county, one of whom was named Hare, a lieutenant in the British service, and the other a Tory sergeant, named Newberry, the same wretch whose name has already occurred as a brutal murderer at Cherry Valley. They had left the Seneca country with sixty warriors of that tribe, to be divided into three parties, one of which was to fall upon Cherry Valley again, the other upon Schoharie, and the third to be employed in lurking about Fort Schuyler. They were tried by a court-martial, convicted, and "hanged, pursuant to the sentence of the court, and to the entire satisfaction of all the inhabitants of the county."

It was the desire of General Sullivan that Clinton should employ in his division as large a number of the Oneida warriors as could be induced to engage in the service. The latter officer was opposed to this arrangement; but at the importunities of Sullivan, the Rev. Mr. Kirkland, their missionary, who was now a chaplain in the army, had been summoned to Albany for consultation. Thence Mr.

Kirkland was despatched to Pennsylvania to join Sullivan's division, while to Mr. Deane, the interpreter connected with the Indian commission at Fort Schuyler, was confided the charge of negotiating with the Oneida chiefs upon the subject. At first all went smoothly with the Indians. The Oneidas volunteered for the expedition, almost to a man while those of the Onondagas who adhered to the cause of the Americans were equally desirous of proving their fidelity by their deeds. Under these circumstances, Clinton wrote to Sullivan on the 26th, that on the following Saturday, Mr. Deane, with the Indian warriors, would join him at the head of the lake. A sudden revolution, however, was wrought in their determination by an address to the Oneidas from General Haldimand, received at Fort Schuyler on the 22d. This document was transmitted to them in their own language, and its tenour was so alarming as to induce them suddenly to change their purpose; judging, very correctly, from the threats of Haldimand, that their presence was necessary at home for the defence of their own castles. Still, Mr. Deane wrote that an arrangement was on foot, by which he hoped yet to obtain the co-operation of a considerable number of the Oneida warriors. The basis of this arrangement was, that in the event of an invasion of their country by the Indians, whom the Canadian commander had threatened to let loose upon them, the garrison at Fort Schuyler should not only assist them, but receive their women and children into the fort for protection.

On the 30th of June, Clinton wrote to Sullivan that his arrangements were complete; that all his stores and munitions of every description were at the lake, with two hundred and ten batteaux, and everything in readiness for embarkation the moment his orders to that effect should be received. On the 1st of July he proceeded to the lake himself,

and the expedition moved from its head to the southern extremity, there to await the orders of his superior. While lying at this place, a letter was received from General Schuyler announcing the return from Canada of a spy, who had been despatched thither for information. He brought word that, on the 18th of June, four hundred and fifty regular troops, one hundred Tories, and thirty Indians, had been sent forward from Montreal to re-enforce the Indians against whom this expedition was preparing, and that they were to be joined by half of Sir John Johnson's regiment, together with a portion of the garrison at Niagara. From this intelligence, it was evident that the Indian country was not to be taken without a struggle.

On the 5th Mr. Deane arrived, at the head of thirty-five Oneida warriors. The object of their visit was in person to apologize for the absence of their brethren from the expedition, and to make those explanations in regard to their own altered situation, already communicated by Mr. Deane by letter, together with the address of General Haldimand, which had caused their alarm.

In the course of the interview, the sachems informed General Clinton that a party of about three hundred Indians, with a few Tories, had marched from Cayuga ten days before, for the purpose of hanging upon his outskirts and harassing his march to Tioga. Still, it was supposed not to be their intention to do any serious fighting until the invading forces should have advanced a considerable distance up the Tioga or Chemung River. Indeed, it was evidently the purpose of the enemy to make no stand until the forces of Sullivan and Clinton should arrive in the neighbourhood of the works of defence which the Indians and Tories had been constructing, even before the battle of Wyoming, on the banks of the Chemung.

In consequence of the requisition of the warriors,

General Clinton issued an order to the commanding officer at Fort Schuyler to detach a command of thirty or forty men to the Oneida fort, to be recalled as circumstances might require. With this understanding, the ten principal warriors specially charged with the explanations took their departure the same evening for their own castle, leaving the remaining twenty-five to accompany the expedition.* General Clinton was impatient of delay, as appears by a letter addressed to his brother on the next day, from which the following is an extract :

GENERAL TO GOVERNOR CLINTON.

"Camp on the south end of Otsego Lake, July 6, 1779.

"DEAR BROTHER,

"I have the pleasure to inform you that I am now at this place, with two hundred and eight boats, with all the stores, provisions, and baggage of the army; and I am well convinced that such a quantity of each hath never before been transported over so bad a road in so short a time, and with less accidents, so that I am now in the most readiness to move down the Susquehanna whenever I receive General Sullivan's orders for that purpose. I have thrown a dam across the outlet, which I conceive will be of infinite importance, as it has raised the lake at least two feet, by which the boats may be taken down with less danger than otherwise, although, from the intricate winding of the channel, I expect to meet some difficulties on the way. It is uncertain when I shall leave this place.

* * * "The troops are in good health and high spirits, and everything seems to promise a most favourable and successful campaign."

No attempts were made by the enemy to molest General Clinton while thus detained at Otsego Lake. Still, his proceedings were not left entirely without

* All but two of these, however, and those of the meaner sort, deserted the expedition before they arrived at Tioga.

observation, and there were two individual affrays happening in his vicinity, which deserve special mention. The name of David Elerson, one of the bold spirits associated with Murphy in Morgan's rifle corps, has already occurred in a former chapter. The detachment to which he belonged had been ordered from Schoharie to join this expedition. While lying at the head of the lake, Elerson rambled off to an old clearing, at the distance of a mile or more from camp, to gather pulse for dinner. Having filled his knapsack, while adjusting it, in order to return to camp, he was startled at the rustling of the tall and coarse herbage around him, and in the same instant beheld some ten or a dozen Indians, who had crept upon him so cautiously as to be just on the point of springing to grasp him. Their object was clearly rather to make him a prisoner than to kill him, since he might easily have been shot down unperceived. Perhaps they wanted him for an *auto-da-fé*, perhaps to obtain information. Seizing his rifle, which was standing by his side, Elerson sprang forward to escape. A shower of tomahawks hurtled through the air after him; but, as he had plunged into a thicket of tall weeds and bushes, he was only struck on one of his hands, his middle finger being nearly severed. A brisk chase was immediately commenced. Scaling an old brushwood fence, Elerson darted into the woods, and the Indians after him. He was as fleet as a stag; and perceiving that they were not likely soon to overtake, the pursuers discharged their rifles after him, but luckily without effect. The chase was thus continued from eleven till three o'clock, Elerson using every device and stratagem to elude or deceive the Indians, but they holding him close. At length, having gained a moment to breathe, an Indian started up in his front. Drawing up his rifle to clear the passage in that direction, the whiz of a bullet fleshing his side, and the crack of a rifle from

another point, taught him that delays were particularly dangerous at that spot. The Indian in front, however, had disappeared on his presenting his rifle, and Elerson again darted forward. His wounded side bled a little, though not enough to weaken him. Having crossed a ridge, he paused a moment in the valley beyond to slake his thirst, his mouth being parched, and himself almost fainting. On rising from the brook, the head of one of his pursuers peeped over the crest of the hill. He raised his rifle, but such was his exhaustion that he could not hold it steady. A minute more, and he would have been in the power of the savage. Raising his rifle again, and steadying it by the side of a tree, he brought the savage tumbling headlong down the hill. In the next moment his trusty rifle was reloaded and primed, and in the next the whole group of his pursuers came rushing over the ridge. He again supposed his minutes were numbered; but, as he was partly sheltered by the trunk of a huge hemlock, they saw not him, but only the body of their fallen comrade, yet quivering in the agonies of death. Drawing in a circle about the body of their companion, they raised the death wail; and as they paused, Elerson made another effort to fly. Before they resumed the pursuit, he had succeeded in burying himself in a dark thicket of hemlocks, where he found the hollow trunk of a tree, into which he crept. Here he lay ensconced two full days, without food or dressing for his wound. On the third day he backed out of "the loophole of his retreat," but knew not which way to proceed, not discerning the points of the compass. In the course of two or three miles, however, he came to a clearing, and found himself at Cobleskill, having, during his recent chase, run over hill and dale, bog, brook, and fen, upward of twenty-five miles.

At about the same time, and probably by the same party of Indians, the premises of a Mr. Shankland,

lying in their track, situated in the outskirts of Cherry Valley, were assaulted. Residing at the distance of two or three miles from the village, his house had escaped the common destruction the preceding autumn. But he had, nevertheless, removed his family to the Valley of the Mohawk for safety, and had returned to his domicil accompanied only by his son. They were awakened just before dawn by the assailants, who were endeavouring to cut away the door with their hatchets. Taking down his two guns, Mr. Shankland directed his son to load them, while he successively fired to the best advantage. But not being able to see the enemy, he determined upon a sortie. Having a spear, or espointon, in the house, he armed himself therewith, and carefully unbarring the door, rushed forth upon the besiegers, who fled back at his sudden apparition. One of the Indians whom he was specially pursuing tumbled over a log, and, as Mr. Shankland struck at him, his spear entered the wood and parted from the shaft. Wrenching the blade from the log, he darted back into the house, barred the door, and again commenced firing upon the assailants. They had been so much surprised by his rushing out upon them, that they neither fired a shot nor hurled a tomahawk until he had returned to his castle, and barred the sally-port. During that part of the affray, his son, becoming somewhat frightened, escaped from the house and ran for the woods. He was pursued, overtaken, and made captive. The father, however, continued the fight, the Indians firing through the casements at random, and he returning the shots as well as he could. At one time he thought of sallying forth again, and selling his life to the best advantage; but, by thus doing, he very rightly judged that he should at once involve the life of his son. The Indians, growing wearied of fighting at such disadvantage, at last attempted to make sure of their victim by applying

the torch, and the house was speedily in flames. But between the rear of the house and the forest a field of hemp interposed, into which Mr. Shankland contrived to throw himself from the house, unperceived by the Indians. Concealed from observation by the hemp, he succeeded in reaching the woods, and making good his retreat to the Mohawk. Meantime, the Indians remained by the house until it was consumed, together, as they supposed, with the garrison. They then raised a shout of victory, and departed, several of their number having been wounded by the courageous proprietor.

Greatly to his vexation, as appears from his letters, General Clinton was detained at Otsego, by the tardy movements of his commander below, during the whole month of July and the first week in August, until, indeed, his troops became impatient to a degree. But the general was not idle in respect to every arrangement that might add to their security or contribute to their success. In the letter to his brother, last quoted, he disclosed one capital stroke of generalship, which not only contributed largely to his successful descent of the river, but was of great service in other respects. The damming of the lake, and the accumulation, by this means, of a vast reservoir of water, by rendering more certain and expeditious the navigation of the river, was an exceedingly happy thought; and when, at length, orders were received for his embarkation on the 9th of August, his flotilla was not only borne triumphantly along upon the pile of waters accumulated for the occasion, but the swelling of the torrent beyond its banks caused wide and unexpected destruction to the growing crops of the Indians on their plantations at Oghkwaga and its vicinity. They were, moreover, greatly affrighted at the sudden and unexpected rise of the waters in the driest season of the year, especially as there had been no rains, attributing the event to the interposition of the "Great

Spirit," who thus showed that he was angry with them. The whole expedition was, indeed, calculated to impress them with terror, as it might have done a more enlightened and less superstitious people. The country was wild and totally uninhabited, excepting by scattered families of the Indians, and here and there by some few of the more adventurous white settlers, in the neighbourhood of Unadilla. The sudden swelling of the river, therefore, bearing upon its surge a flotilla of more than two hundred vessels, through a region of primitive forests, and upon a stream that had never before wafted upon its bosom any craft of greater burden than a bark canoe, was a spectacle which might well appal the untutored inhabitants of the regions thus invaded.

During these energetic proceedings of Clinton, it has been seen that Sullivan was very dilatory in his movements, and his conduct in the early part of the campaign gave particular dissatisfaction to Congress. His requisitions for supplies were enormous, and several of his specifications of articles, such as eggs, tongues, and other luxuries, were considered so unsoldierlike as to create disgust. However, having completed his arrangements, he left Wyoming on the 31st of July, and ascended the Susquehanna to Tioga, with an expedition far more formidable as to numbers, and not less imposing in other respects, than was the descending division under General Clinton, though he had not the advantage of riding upon so majestic a flood. Sullivan reached Tioga on the 11th of August, and on the following day pushed out a detachment twelve miles towards Chemung, which was attacked by a body of Indians, losing, during the brush, seven men killed and wounded. The detachment returned to Tioga on the 13th, after having burned one of the Indian towns.

General Clinton, with his division, having been joined at Oghkwaga by a detachment of Colonel

Pauling's levies from Warwasing, arrived at Tioga, and formed a junction with Sullivan on the 22d of August. The entire command amounted now to five thousand, consisting of the brigades of Generals Clinton, Hand, Maxwell, and Poor, together with Proctor's artillery and a corps of riflemen. So long had the expedition been in progress, that it was well understood the Indians and Tories were not unprepared to receive them; and in moving up the Tioga and the Chemung Rivers, the utmost degree of caution was observed to guard against surprise. A strong advanced guard of light infantry preceded the main body, which was well protected by large flanking parties. In this way they slowly proceeded in the direction of the works of the enemy, upon the Chemung at Newtown. On the 28th an Indian settlement was destroyed, together with fields of corn, and other Indian products yet unharvested.*

The Indians, determined to risk a general action in defence of their country, had selected their ground with judgment, about a mile in advance of Newtown. Their force was estimated by General Sullivan at fifteen hundred, including five companies of British troops and rangers, estimated at two hundred men. The enemy, however, only allowed their force to consist of five hundred and fifty Indians and two hundred and fifty whites, in all, eight hundred. Brant commanded the Indians, and the regular troops and rangers were led by Colonel John Butler, associated with whom were Colonels Sir John and Guy Johnson, Major Walter N. Butler, and Captain M'Donald. The enemy had constructed a breastwork of half a mile in length, so covered by a bend of the river as to expose only the front and one of the flanks to attack; and even that flank was rendered difficult of approach by resting upon a steep ridge, nearly par-

* The instructions of the commander-in-chief were peremptory, that Sullivan was not even to listen to propositions of peace until after he should have "very thoroughly completed the destruction of their settlements."

allel to the general course of the river, terminating somewhat below the breastwork. Farther yet to the left was still another ridge, running in the same direction, and leading to the rear of the American army. The ground was covered with pine, interspersed with low shrub-oaks, many of which, for the purpose of concealing their works, had been cut and brought from a distance, and stuck down in their front, exhibiting the appearance of untransplanted shrubbery. The road, after crossing a deep brook at the foot of the hill, turned to the right, and ran nearly parallel to the breastwork, so as to expose the whole flank of the army to their fire should it advance without discovering their position. Detachments of the enemy, communicating with each other, were stationed on both hills, for the purpose of falling upon Sullivan's right and rear the moment the action should commence.

The enemy's position was discovered by Major Parr, commanding the advanced guard, at about 11 o'clock in the morning of the 29th of August. General Hand immediately formed the light infantry in a wood, at the distance of about four hundred yards from the breastwork, and waited until the main body of the army had arrived on the ground. A skirmishing was, however, kept up on both sides, the Indians sallying out of their works by small parties, firing, and suddenly retreating, making the woods, at the same time, to resound with their war-whoops, piercing the air from point to point as though the tangled forest were alive with their grim-visaged warriors. Correctly judging that the hill upon his right was occupied by the savages, General Sullivan ordered Poor's brigade to wheel off and endeavour to gain their left flank, and, if possible, to surround them, while the artillery and main body of the Americans attacked them in front. The order was promptly executed; but as Poor climbed the ascent, the battle became animated, and the possession of

the hill was bravely contested. In front the enemy stood a hot cannonade for more than two hours. Both Tories and Indians were entitled to the credit of fighting manfully. Every rock, and tree, and bush shielded its man, from behind which the winged messengers of death were thickly sent, but with so little effect as to excite astonishment. The Indians yielded ground only inch by inch; and in their retreat darted from tree to tree with the agility of the panther, often contesting each new position to the point of the bayonet, a thing very unusual even with militiamen, and still more rare among the undisciplined warriors of the woods. Thayendanegea was the animating spirit of the savages. Always in the thickest of the fight, he used every effort to stimulate his warriors, in the hope of leading them to victory. Until the artillery began to play, the whoops and yells of the savages, mingled with the rattling of musketry, had wellnigh obtained the mastery of sound. But their whoops were measurably drowned by the thunder of the cannon. This cannonade "was elegant," to adopt the phraseology of Sullivan himself, in writing to a friend, and gave the Indians a great panic. Still, the battle was contested in front for a length of time with undiminished spirit. But the severity of fighting was on the flank just described. As Poor gallantly approached the point which completely uncovered the enemy's rear, Brant, who had been the first to penetrate the design of the American commander, attempted once more to rally his forces, and, with the assistance of a battalion of the rangers, make a stand. But it was in vain, although he exerted himself to the utmost for that purpose, flying from point to point, seeming to be everywhere present, and using every means in his power to reanimate the flagging spirits and reinvigorate the arms of his followers. Having ascended the steep, and gained his object without faltering, Poor turned the enemy's flank, and the

Fortunes of the day were decided. Perceiving such to be the fact, and that there was danger of being surrounded, the retreat-halloo was raised, and the enemy, savages and white men, abandoned their works, crossed the river, and fled with the utmost precipitation, the Indians leaving their packs and a number of their tomahawks and scalping-knives behind them. The battle was long, and on the side of the enemy bloody. Eleven of their dead were found upon the field: an unusual circumstance with the Indians, who invariably exert themselves to the utmost to prevent the bodies of their slain from falling into the hands of their foes. But being pushed at the point of the bayonet, they had not time to bear them away. They were pursued two miles, their trail affording indubitable proof that a portion of their dead and wounded had been carried off. Two canoes were found covered with blood, and the bodies of fourteen Indian warriors were discovered partially buried among the leaves. Eight scalps were taken by the Americans during the chase. Considering the duration of the battle, and the obstinacy with which it was maintained, the loss of the Americans was small almost to a miracle. Only five or six men were killed, and between forty and fifty wounded. Among the American officers wounded were Major Titcomb, Captain Clayes, and Lieutenant Collis, the latter mortally. All the houses of the contiguous Indian town were burned, and the corn-fields destroyed.

The Americans encamped that night on the field of battle; and on the following day, the wounded, together with the heavy artillery and wagons, and all such portions of the baggage as would not be required, and could not well be transported in the farther prosecution of the flying campaign now to be performed, were sent back to Tioga. Only four brass three-pounders and a small howitzer were retained; and the whole army was at once placed upon

short allowance, the soldiers submitting cheerfully to the requisition the moment the necessity of the measure was explained to them in a speech by their commander. These and other dispositions having been made, the army moved forward on the 31st, in the direction of Catharine's-town, situated near the head of Seneca Lake, and the residence of the celebrated Catharine Montour. On their way thither, Sullivan destroyed a small settlement of eight houses, and a town called Knawaholee, of about twenty houses, situated on a peninsula at the conflux of the Tioga and Cayuga branches. Several corn-fields were destroyed at this place, and a number of others, also very large, about six miles up the Tioga, by Colonel Dayton and the rifle corps, who were detached thither upon that service.

The Indians and Tories acted unwisely in retreating so far as they did from the battle of Newtown, since the march of Sullivan thence to Catharine's-town was of the most difficult and fatiguing description. They were compelled to traverse several narrow and dangerous defiles, with steep hills upon either side, the passage of which might have been rendered exceedingly annoying to their invaders by a vigilant enemy. The route lay along the streams; and such was the sinuous course of one of them, almost swelling to the size of a river, that they were obliged to ford it several times, the men up to their middles in water. Worse than all, they were compelled to thrid their way through a deep-tangled hemlock swamp. The night came on exceedingly dark, and the sufferings of the troops were great. General Sullivan was advised not to enter the swamp until the next day, but he rejected the counsel, and obstinately pushed forward. So fatigued, however, was the army, that General Clinton, whose division brought up the rear, was obliged to pass the night in the swamp without pack or baggage. Neither Brant nor the Butlers displayed their wonted saga-

city on this occasion, or the Americans might have been made to suffer severely for their rashness in penetrating such a thicket at such an hour. The excuse of the Indians, who were roasting corn not many miles distant, was, that the way was so bad, and the night so dark, they did not dream of Sullivan's advancing.

Disappointed by the Oneidas, upon whose assistance General Sullivan had counted as guides and runners through the Indian country, but only four of whom had continued with the expedition, the general despatched one of these from Catharine's-town to the castle of that nation, with an address, calling upon all who were friendly to the Americans to prove the sincerity of their professions by joining his forces immediately. The messenger, Oneigat, was also instructed to give his nation an account of the battle at Newtown. He did not, however, rejoin the expedition until near its close. He then reported that, on his arrival at the Oneida castle, a council was convened, and that his people were delighted with the news of which he was the bearer. Obedient, moreover, to the summons which he had borne thither, seventy of their warriors had set out with him to join the army, and thirty more were to follow the next day. But on that day, near the Onondaga village, they met their brother, Conowaga, from the army, who informed them that the general had already advanced as far as Kanasadagea, and had men enough, only wanting a few good guides. In consequence of this information, the Oneida warriors had turned back; transmitting, however, by him an address to the general, interceding in behalf of a clan of the Cayugas, who, they declared, had always been friendly to the United States. As an evidence of this fact, they referred to the cases of several prisoners, who, it was alleged, had been surrendered by them to General Schuyler. The Oneidas, therefore, besought General Sullivan not to destroy the fields

of these friendly Cayugas, who, if deprived of their corn, would fall upon them for support, and they already had a heavy burden upon their hands in the persons of the destitute Onondagas. General Sullivan immediately sent a speech in reply, commending the Oneidas for their fidelity to the United States, but expressing his surprise at their interposing a word in behalf of any portion of the Cayugas, whose whole course had been marked, not only by duplicity, but by positive hostility. He therefore distinctly informed the Oneidas that the Cayugas should be chastised. Nor did he fail to execute his purpose, as will in due time appear.

The brigade of General Clinton rejoined the main army on the 2d of September, and the whole encamped at Catharine's-town, which was entirely destroyed on the following day, together with the corn-fields and orchards. The houses, thirty in number, were burned. The work of destruction, marking that extraordinary campaign, was now begun in earnest. It was considered necessary by the commander-in-chief, or his orders would not have been so peremptory upon the subject, nor his satisfaction so great after its accomplishment. Still, at this distance of time, when the mind glances back, not only to the number of towns destroyed and fields laid waste, but to the war of extermination waged against the very orchards, it is difficult to suppress feelings of regret, much less to bestow a word of commendation. It has been asserted that some of the officers, among whom were General Hand and Colonel Durbin, objected to this wanton destruction of the fruit-trees, as discreditable to American soldiers; but the Indians had been long and cruelly provoking the Americans by the ferocity of their attacks upon the border settlements, and it had been judged expedient to let the arm of vengeance fall heavily upon them. "The Indians," said Sullivan, "shall see that there is malice enough in

our hearts to destroy everything that contributes to their support ;” and well did he fulfil the threat.

It is apprehended that but few of the present generation are thoroughly aware of the advances which the Indians, in the wide and beautiful country of the Cayugas and Senecas, had made in the march of civilization. They had several towns and many large villages, laid out with a considerable degree of regularity. They had framed houses, some of them well finished, having chimneys, and painted. They had broad and productive fields ; and, in addition to an abundance of apples, were in the enjoyment of the pear, and the still more delicious peach. But, after the battle of Newtown, terror led the van of the invader, whose approach was heralded by watchmen stationed upon every height, and desolation followed weeping in his train. The Indians everywhere fled as Sullivan advanced, and the whole country was swept as with the besom of destruction. On the 4th, as the army advanced, they destroyed a small scattering settlement of eight houses ; and two days afterward reached the more considerable town of Kendaia, containing about twenty houses, neatly built, and well finished. These were reduced to ashes, and the army spent nearly a day in destroying the fields of corn and the fruit-trees. Of these there were great abundance, and many of them appeared to be very ancient. While thus engaged, the army was joined by one of the inhabitants of Wyoming, a captive who had escaped from the Indians. He informed them that all had been terror among the Indians since the battle of Newtown, and that Kendaia had been deserted two days before in the greatest confusion. He likewise stated various reasons for believing that the enemy had suffered greatly in that battle, that he had heard some of the Indian women lamenting the loss of their connexions, and that Brant had taken most of the wounded up the Tioga

River in water craft, which had been previously made ready in case of defeat. It was farther believed that the King of Kanadaseagea had been killed at Newtown. He had been seen on his way thither, and had not returned. From the description given of his dress and person, moreover, it was believed by General Sullivan that he had seen his body among the slain.

On the 7th of September, Sullivan crossed the outlet of the Seneca Lake, and moved in three divisions upon the town of Kanadaseagea, the Seneca capital, containing about sixty houses with gardens, and numerous orchards of apple and peach trees. It was Sullivan's object to surround the town, and take it by surprise. But, although Butler had endeavoured to induce the Indians to make a stand at that place, his importunities were of no avail. They said it was of no use to contend with such an army; and their capital was consequently abandoned, as the other towns had been, before the Americans could reach it. A detachment of four hundred men was sent down on the west side of the lake, to destroy Gotheseunquean, and the plantations in the neighbourhood; while, at the same time, a number of volunteers, under Colonel Harper, made a forced march in the direction of the Cayuga Lake, and destroyed Schoyere. Meantime, the residue of the army was employed on the 8th in the destruction of the town, together with the fruit-trees, and fields of corn and beans. Here, as elsewhere, the work of destruction was thorough and complete.

In leaving their town, the Indians had fled with such precipitancy that a young white male child, about seven or eight years old, was left behind, asleep. It was taken in charge by an officer, who, from ill health, was not on duty. In retiring from the campaign, for the same cause, he took the child with him, and nothing more of its history is known. This flight of the Indians was universal; and of all

commanders, Sullivan seems to have been least successful in finding the enemy of whom he was in search, save only when the enemy wished to be found. Upon this feature of the present campaign it has been remarked that, although the bravery of this officer was unimpeachable, he was altogether unacquainted with the science of Indian warfare, and was sure to use the best means to keep the savages at such a distance that they could not be brought unwillingly to an engagement. For instance, he persisted in the practice of having cannon fired from his camp mornings and evenings, forgetting, what every one else perceived, that the Indians were thus notified of his position and the rapidity of his marches, thus being enabled daily to retreat from his approach exactly in time.

From this point a detachment of sixty men, with the lame and sick, was sent back to Tioga. The main army then moved forward upon Kanandaigua, at which place it arrived in two days. Here they "found twenty-three very elegant houses, mostly framed, and in general large," together with very extensive fields of corn, all of which were destroyed. From Kanandaigua they proceeded to the small town of Honeoye, consisting of ten houses, which were immediately burned to the ground. A post was established at Honeoye, to maintain which a strong garrison was left, with the heavy stores and one fieldpiece. With this precautionary measure, the army prepared to advance upon the yet more considerable town of Genesee, the great capital of the western tribes of the confederacy, containing their stores, and their broadest cultivated fields.

Hearing of Sullivan's continued advance, and of his purpose to strike their towns upon the Genesee, the Indians once more began to think of giving battle. A council of their towns was convened, the result of which was a determination to intercept the invaders, and strike another blow in defence of their

homes. They felt that, if unopposed, the destruction of their towns would be inevitable, and their fate could be no worse should they meet and fight the conqueror, whatever might be the result. Their first precaution was to place their women and children in a place of security in the woods, at a distance from their town, so that, in the event of being themselves defeated, the non-combatants would have an opportunity to escape. Having made their preparations, the warriors took the field again, selecting for their battle-ground a position between Honeoye Creek and the head of Connessius Lake.* Placing themselves in ambush, they awaited the approach of Sullivan's forces. They rose, however, upon the advanced guard of the Americans, and, after a brisk skirmish, the latter fell back upon the main body, of which the Indians did not wait the arrival. The only fruit of this attack, on behalf of the Indians, was the capture of two Indian prisoners of the Oneida tribe. Of itself, this incident was insignificant; but a transaction grew out of it of thrilling interest, and strongly illustrative of Indian character. One of the Indians thus taken was General Sullivan's guide, and had, moreover, been very active in the contest, rendering the Americans frequent and important services. On that account he was a prisoner of consequence. But there was another feature in the case not altogether unworthy of note. This faithful Indian had an elder brother engaged with the enemy, who, at the beginning of the war, had exerted all his power to persuade the younger into the British service also, but without success. At the close of this skirmish, the brothers met for the first time since their separation, when they had respectively chosen to travel different war-paths, the younger a prisoner to the elder. The latter had no sooner recognised his brother after the

* At or near a place now called Henderson's Flatts.

mêlée, than his eyes kindled with that fierce and peculiar lustre which lights up the burning eyes of a savage when meditating vengeance. Approaching him haughtily, he spoke as follows :

“BROTHER! You have merited death! The hatchet or the war-club shall finish your career! When I begged of you to follow me in the fortunes of war, you were deaf to my cries : you spurned my entreaties !

“BROTHER! You have merited death, and shall die by our hands! When those rebels had driven us from the fields of our fathers to seek out new houses, it was you who could dare to step forth as their pilot, and conduct them even to the doors of our wigwams, to butcher our children and put us to death! No crime can be greater! But though you have merited death, and shall die on this spot, my hands shall not be stained with the blood of a brother! *Who will strike?*”

A pause of but a moment ensued. The bright hatchet of Little Beard, the sachem of the village, flashed in the air like the lightning, and the young Oneida chief was dead at his feet. The other captive, who was also an Oneida sachem, was then informed by Little Beard that he was warring only against the whites, and that his life should be spared ; adding, farther, that at a suitable time he should be restored to liberty. Distrusting the good faith of the chief, however, the captive watched an opportunity for escape, and very shortly afterward accomplished his purpose, but in a manner which produced another tragic catastrophe, as will presently appear.

From Honeoye, General Sullivan advanced in two days upon a town containing twenty-five houses, called Kanaghsaws. There were large corn-fields to be destroyed here also, and a bridge to be constructed over an unfordable creek, intervening between Kanaghsaws and Little Beardstown, lying

next in the route to Genesee, so called from the name of a celebrated chief then residing there. While delayed by these obstacles, Lieutenant Boyd, of the rifle corps, was detached with twenty-six men to reconnoitre that chieftain's town, where also was a castle. Having performed that duty, and in doing so killed and scalped two Indians in the otherwise deserted village, he had commenced his return to the main division. It so happened that Boyd was passing at no great distance from the party of Indians having the Oneida prisoner in charge. The latter was guarded by two Indians, between whom he was walking arm in arm, when, at a favourable moment, he suddenly broke from their grasp, and fled at the top of his speed in the direction of Sullivan's army. The Indians, in goodly numbers, turned out in pursuit, and, while running, fell in with the party of Lieutenant Boyd. By this time the Indians in pursuit after the fugitive numbered several hundred, under the immediate command of Joseph Brant, who seems suddenly to have made his appearance for the occasion. Indeed, according to one authority, Brant was not concerned with the pursuit, but had previously secreted himself in a deep ravine, with a large party of his Indians and Butler's rangers, for the express purpose of cutting off Boyd's retreat. Discovering his situation, and, in fact, surrounded by fearful odds, Boyd saw, of course, that his only chance of escape was to strike at some given point, and cut his way through the ranks of the enemy. It was a bold measure; but there was no alternative, and he made three successive attempts to accomplish his purpose. In the first, several of the enemy fell, without the loss of a single man on his own part. But he was repulsed. The Indians stood their ground nobly; and in the second and third attempts upon their line by Boyd, his whole party fell except himself and eight others. In the next moment several of these were

killed, while a few succeeded in flight, among whom was the bold Virginian, Murphy. Boyd was himself taken prisoner, and one other man, named Parker. The lieutenant immediately solicited an interview with Thayendanega, and making himself known as a Freemason, was assured by the chief of protection. One of the party under Lieutenant Boyd was a brave Oneida warrior, named Honyerry, who served him as a guide. This faithful Indian had served long with the Americans, and, as the reader has already seen, was particularly distinguished in the battle of Oriskany, where so many of the Mohawk and Seneca warriors fell. On the present occasion, moreover, he acquitted himself with signal courage. Being an excellent marksman, his rifle did great execution. The Indians knew him, and, as they closed in upon the little band, poor Honyerry was literally hacked to pieces. It was a dear victory, however, to the enemy. The firing was so close before the brave party was destroyed, that the powder was driven into their flesh. The enemy had no covert, while Boyd's party was, for a portion of the time at least, possessed of a very advantageous one. The enemy were, moreover, so long employed in removing their dead, that the approach of General Hand's brigade obliged them to leave one of the number among the dead riflemen, together with a wagon-load of packs, blankets, hats, and provisions, which they had thrown off to enable them to act with more agility in the field.

From the battle-field, Brant conducted Lieutenant Boyd and his fellow-captive to Little Beardstown, where they found Colonel Butler, with a detachment of the rangers. While under the supervision of Brant, the lieutenant was well treated, and safe from danger. But the chief being called away in the discharge of his multifarious duties, Boyd was left with Butler, who soon afterward began to examine him by questions as to the situation, numbers, and inten-

tions of General Sullivan and his troops. He, of course, declined answering all improper questions; whereat Butler threatened that, if he did not give him full and explicit information, he would deliver him up to the tender mercies of the Indians. Relying upon the assurances of the generous Mohawk, Boyd still refused, and Butler fulfilled his bloody threat, delivering him over to Little Beard and his clan, the most ferocious of the Seneca tribe. The gallant fellow was immediately put to death by torture; and in the execution there was a refinement of cruelty of which it is not known that a parallel instance occurred during the whole war. Having been denuded, Boyd was tied to a sapling, where the Indians first practised upon the steadiness of his nerves by hurling their tomahawks apparently at his head, but so as to strike the trunk of the sapling as near to his head as possible without hitting it; groups of Indians, in the mean time, brandishing their knives, and dancing around him with the most frantic demonstrations of joy. His nails were pulled out, his nose cut off, and one of his eyes plucked out. His tongue was also cut out, and he was stabbed in various places. After amusing themselves sufficiently in this way, a small incision was made in his abdomen, and the end of one of his intestines taken out and fastened to the tree. The victim was then unbound, and driven round the tree by brute force, until his intestines had all been literally drawn from his body and wound round its trunk. His sufferings were terminated by striking his head from his body. It was then raised upon a pole in triumph. Parker, the other captive, was likewise beheaded, but not otherwise tortured. After the conclusion of this tragedy, the Indians held a brief council, to determine whether to offer any farther resistance to General Sullivan, or to yield their country to his ravages without opposition. They finally came to the decision that they were not suf-

ficiently powerful to oppose the invaders with success, and to leave their possessions, for the preservation of their lives and those of their families. The women and children were thereupon sent away in the direction of Niagara, while the warriors remained in the forests about Little Beardstown, to watch the motions of the Americans.

As soon as the main division had heard of the situation of Boyd, they moved forward, arriving, however, only in season to bury the bodies of the slain. This tragic occurrence took place on the 13th of September. On the same day Sullivan moved forward to a place called Gathsegwarohare, where the enemy, both Indians and rangers, were apparently disposed to make a stand. The troops were immediately brought into order of battle, and General Clinton's brigade commenced a movement with a view of outflanking and gaining the enemy's rear. But, discovering the movement, they retreated with precipitation. Sullivan encamped on the ground, the men sleeping on their arms, in the expectation of an attack. But the enemy did not disturb their repose; and on the 14th the army continued its advance, and crossed the Genesee River. Arriving at Little Beardstown,* they found the mutilated bodies of Boyd and Parker, which were buried on the bank of Beard's Creek, under a clump of wild plum-trees.

The valley of the Genesee, for its beauty and fertility, was beheld by the army of Sullivan with astonishment and delight. Though an Indian country, and peopled only by the wild men of the woods, its rich intervalles presented the appearance of long cultivation, and were then smiling with their harvests of ripening corn. Indeed, the Indians themselves professed not to know when, or by whom, the lands upon that stream were first brought into

* The place is now called Le cester.

cultivation. Nearly half a century before, Mary Jemison had observed a quantity of human bones washed down from one of the banks of the river, which the Indians held were not the remains of their own people, but of a different race of men, who had once possessed that country. The Indians, they contended, had never buried their dead in such a situation. Be all this, however, as it may, instead of a howling wilderness, Sullivan and his troops found the Genesee Flatts, and many other districts of the country, resembling much more the orchards, and farms, and gardens of civilized life. But all was now doomed to speedy devastation. The Genesee castle was destroyed. The troops scoured the whole region round about, and burned and destroyed everything that came in their way. Little Beard himself had officiated as master of ceremonies at the torturing of Boyd; and his town was now burned to the ground, and large quantities of corn, which his people had laid up in store, were destroyed, by being burned or thrown into the river. "The town of Genesee contained one hundred and twenty-eight houses, mostly large, and very elegant. It was beautifully situated, almost encircled with a clear flatt, extending a number of miles, over which extensive fields of corn were waving, together with every kind of vegetable that could be conceived." But the entire army was immediately engaged in destroying it, and the axe and the torch soon transformed the whole of that beautiful region from a garden to a scene of drear and sickening desolation. Forty Indian towns, the largest containing one hundred and twenty-eight houses, were destroyed. Corn, gathered and ungathered, to the amount of one hundred and sixty thousand bushels, shared the same fate; their fruit-trees were cut down; and the Indians were hunted like wild beasts, till neither house, nor fruit-tree, nor field of corn, nor inhabitant remained in the whole country. The size of

the corn-fields, as well as the high degree of cultivation in which they were kept, excited wonder; and the ears of corn were so remarkably large, that many of them measured twenty-two inches in length. So numerous were the fruit-trees, that in one orchard they cut down fifteen hundred.

It is in connexion with this campaign that the name of the celebrated Seneca orator *Sagayewatha*, or *Red Jacket*, first occurs in history, or, rather, will now for the first time thus occur, since it has never yet been mentioned at so early a date by any previous writer. It is well known by all who are acquainted with Indian history, that Brant and Red Jacket were irreconcilable enemies. Brant ever acknowledged the great intellectual powers of Red Jacket, but maintained that he was not only destitute of principle, but an arrant coward. In support of these opinions, he asserted that Red Jacket had given him much trouble and embarrassment during this campaign of General Sullivan, and was, in fact, the principal cause of the disgrace and disasters of the Indians. In relating a history of the expedition to a distinguished American gentleman, Brant stated that after the battle of Newtown, Red Jacket was in the habit of holding private councils with the young warriors, and some of the more timid sachems, the object of which was to persuade them to sue for peace, upon any—even ignominious terms; and that at one time he had so far succeeded as to induce them to send privately, and without the knowledge of the principal war chiefs, a runner into General Sullivan's camp, to make known to him the spirit of dissatisfaction and division that prevailed among the Indians, and to invite him to send a flag of truce, with certain propositions calculated to increase their divisions and produce a dishonourable peace. Brant, who was privately informed of all these proceedings, but feared the consequences of disclosing, and attempting to suppress them by ~~fax-~~

cible means, despatched, secretly also, two confidential warriors, to waylay the flag when on its route from the American to the Indian camp, and to put the bearer of it to death, and then return secretly with his despatches. This was accomplished as he directed, and all attempts at farther negotiations thereby prevented. It was certainly a bold measure; and how far Brant's conduct therein is susceptible of justification, or even palliation, will depend on a variety of minute circumstances, which it is now too late to ascertain.

Having completed the objects contemplated by the expedition to the point at which he had arrived, General Sullivan recrossed the Genesee with his army on the 16th of September, and set out on his return. Why he did not follow up his success, and strike at the enemy's citadel at Niagara, which at that time was in no situation for formidable resistance, is a question difficult of solution. Unquestionably, in the organization of the expedition, the conquest of Niagara, the headquarters of the foe of all descriptions, and the seat of British influence and power among the Indians, was one of the principal objects in view. But perhaps the forces of the American general had become too much weakened by sickness and fatigue (they had not lost a hundred men in battle) to allow of a farther advance. Certain it is that the most important feature of the enterprise was not undertaken; and it will be seen, in the sequel, that but small ultimate advantage resulted from the campaign. Stimulated by a yet keener thirst for revenge, clouds of savages were afterward again and again seen to sweep through the Valley of the Mohawk with the scalping-knife and the torch. The excuse offered by Sullivan himself was, the want of provisions; but this deficiency might have been most abundantly supplied from the ample stores of the Indians, which were either burned or thrown in o the river.

The return of the army was along the same track by which it had advanced. On the 20th, having recrossed the outlet of Seneca Lake, Colonel Zebulon Butler was detached, with the rifle corps and five hundred men, to pass round the foot of Cayuga Lake, and lay waste the Indian towns on its eastern shore; while, on the next day, Lieutenant-colonel Dearborn, with two hundred men, was detached to perform the same service along the southwestern shore. The main army pursued the most direct route to the Chemung and Tioga. On the 26th Colonel Dearborn's detachment returned, and on the 28th they were rejoined by Colonel Butler, who had burned three towns of the Cayugas, including their capital. Dearborn had burned six towns in his route, destroying, at the same time, large quantities of corn. On the same day Colonels Van Courtlandt and Dayton were detached upon a similar service, for the destruction of large fields of corn growing upon the banks of the Tioga and its tributaries.

On the 30th of September the army reached its original point of concentration at Tioga, where, it will be recollected, a fort had been thrown up, and left in charge of a small garrison. This work was destroyed on the 3d of October. The army then resumed its return march, and, passing through Wyoming, arrived at Easton on the 15th. The distance thence to the Genesee castle was two hundred and eighty miles. With the exception of the action at Newtown, the achievements of the army in battle were not great. But it had scoured a broad extent of country, and laid more towns in ashes than had ever been destroyed on the Continent before. The red men were driven from their beautiful country, their habitations left in ruins, their fields laid waste, their orchards uprooted, and their altars and the tombs of their fathers overthrown.

There was, however, an episode to this campaign, if such a phrase may be allowed in military history,

which, unexplained as it has been, appears like a very strange movement on the part of General Sullivan. It has been seen in the earlier portion of the present work, that when the great body of the Mohawks retired to Canada with the Johnsons, preparatory to taking up the hatchet against the Americans, the clan at the lower castle declined accompanying them. Thus far, moreover, during the whole progress of the war, they had preserved a strict neutrality. They had neither molested their white neighbours, nor been molested themselves; but were living quietly, cultivating their grounds in the midst of the best-settled portion of Tryon county, or following the chase at their pleasure, and on terms of perfect amity and good-will with their white neighbours. By some means or other, however, General Sullivan had imbibed a distrust of these people, and on the 20th of September, while at the foot of Seneca Lake, he detached Colonel Gansevoort, with a corps of one hundred men, to Fort Schuyler. From thence his orders were peremptory that he should proceed down the Mohawk to the said lower Indian castle, make all the Indians captives if possible, destroy their castle, and then proceed immediately with the prisoners to headquarters, the order explicitly forbidding that any of the prisoners so taken should be left at Albany; and the colonel was at the same time enjoined, amid all these measures of hostility, to show the Indians, so to be dispossessed and carried away by violence, "such necessary marks of civility and attention as might engage a continuance of their friendship, and give evidence of our pacific disposition towards them!" This was truly a surprising order, and, as the event proved, as uncalled for and unjust as it was incomprehensible.

Colonel Gansevoort executed his mission with celerity and success, surprising the castle, and making all the Indians prisoners. These had occupied but

four houses, which he was solicited to spare by some inhabitants who had been driven from their houses by the hostile savages, and begged that they might be allowed to dwell in the four Indian houses until they could procure others; and Gansevoort took the responsibility of acceding to their request. The prisoners were marched to Albany, but General Schuyler wrote in their behalf to General Washington, vouching for their past good conduct; and the result was a speedy release of the poor Indians, with directions from General Washington that the commissioners should "lay them under such obligations for their future good behaviour as they should think necessary."*

Thus ended the memorable campaign of General Sullivan against the country of the Six Nations; and, however harshly that officer may have been spoken of by others, it is certain, from the letters of the commander-in-chief, that his conduct was viewed in that quarter with the most decided approbation. The officers of the several corps engaged in the expedition held separate meetings, and testified the warmest regard in his behalf, and their approbation of the manner in which he had conducted the campaign. On the 14th of October, Congress passed a resolution of thanks to General Washington for directing this expedition, and to "General Sullivan and the brave officers and soldiers under his command for its effectual execution." But at the very time of the adoption of the resolution, it was evident that it was carried by a reluctant vote.

* In justice to General Sullivan respecting this crusade against the little neighbourhood of friendly Mohawks, it should be stated that he acted under misinformation. In his official report, written from Tioga, September 30, he said, "I directed Colonel Gansevoort to destroy the lower Mohawk castle in his route, and capture the inhabitants, consisting of only six or seven families, who were constantly employed in giving intelligence to the enemy, and in supporting their scouting parties when making incursions on our frontiers. When the Mohawks joined the enemy, those few families were undoubtedly left to answer those purposes, and keep possession of their lands."

Sullivan had made such high demands for military stores, and had so freely complained of the government for inattention to those demands, as to give much offence to some members of Congress and to the Board of War. He, in consequence, resigned his commission on the 9th of November, under the convenient pretext of ill health. The resignation was accepted by Congress on the 30th of that month, accompanied, however, by a vote of thanks for past services.

But there was yet another expedition against the Indians, devised and executed simultaneously with that of General Sullivan. This movement took place under the direction of Colonel Daniel Brodhead, then commanding at Fort Pitt, and was originally designed by the commander-in-chief, after accomplishing the destruction of the Mingo, Munsey, and a portion of the Seneca Indians settled on the Alleghany River, for co-operation with that of Sullivan, by a junction at Niagara, a point, as it happened, unattained by either. Colonel Brodhead left Pittsburgh on the 11th of August, at the head of six hundred, rank and file, including volunteers and militia, with provisions for one month. The first Indian town designed to be attacked was Cannowago. On their way thither, four days after their departure from Fort Pitt, Colonel Brodhead's advanced guard met a party of between thirty and forty Indian warriors descending the Alleghany in canoes. The Indians landed to give battle, but were defeated after a sharp brush, and put to flight, leaving five warriors dead, and evident marks that others had been carried off wounded. On arriving at Cannowago, the troops were mortified to find that the town had been deserted for eighteen months. Proceeding onward, however, they successively entered several towns, which were abandoned by the Indians on their approach. They were all destroyed, together with the adjacent corn-fields. At the upper Seneca town, called Yoghroonwago, they

found a painted image, or war-post, clothed in dog-skin. There were several towns in the vicinity of this place, containing, in all, one hundred and thirty houses, some of which were large enough to accommodate three or four families each. These were all destroyed, together with their fields of corn, so extensive that the troops were occupied three days in accomplishing the object. The old towns of Buckloons and Maghinquechahocking, consisting of thirty-five large houses, were likewise burned. The Indians had fled so precipitately as to leave some packages of skins and other booty, to the value of three thousand dollars, all of which were taken. Fields of corn were destroyed at least to the extent of five hundred acres. From the number of new houses building, and the extent of lands preparing for cultivation, it was conjectured that it was the intention of the whole Seneca and Munsey nation to plant themselves down in those settlements. The distance traversed by Colonel Brodhead, going and returning, was four hundred miles, and not a man was lost during the expedition.

The thanks of Congress were likewise voted to General Washington for devising, and to Colonel Brodhead for executing, this expedition. It has already been remarked that, as but few of the enemy were slain in these expeditions, the only immediate effect, beyond the destruction of provisions and property, was to exasperate the Indians. A more remote effect was to throw the whole body of the hostiles of the Six Nations back upon their British employers for their entire support the following winter. Another consequence was, that, from the want and distress of the Indians during that winter, a mortal disease was superinduced among them, which swept great numbers into eternity.

Still another effect of these sweeping invasions of the Indian country was, at least for the time, to terrify some of the tribes yet more remote. On

Colonel Brodhead's return to Fort Pitt, September 14th, he found the chiefs of the Delawares, the principal chiefs of the Wyandots or Hurons, and the king of the Maquichee branch of the Shawanese, awaiting his arrival. Three days afterward, the colonel held a council with these forest dignitaries, on which occasion *Doonyontat*, the Wyandot chief, delivered a long speech, the opening portion of which is given, as a curious specimen of the figurative language employed by the Indian orators

"BROTHER MAGHINGIVE KEESHUCH,* listen to me!

"BROTHER—It grieves me to see you with the tears in your eyes. I know it is the fault of the English.

"BROTHER—I wipe away all those tears, and smooth down your hair, which the English, and the folly of my young men, have ruffled.

"Now, my brother, I have wiped away all the stains from your clothes, and smoothed them where my young men had ruffled them, so that you may now put on your hat, and sit with that ease and composure which you would desire.

Four strings of white wampum.

"BROTHER—Listen to the Huron chiefs.

"BROTHER—I see you all bloody by the English and my young men. I now wipe away all those stains, and make you clean.

"BROTHER—I see your heart twisted, and neck and throat turned to the one side, with the grief and vexation which my young men have caused; all which disagreeable sensations I now remove, and restore you to your former tranquillity, so that now you may breathe with ease, and enjoy the benefit of your food and nourishment.

"BROTHER—Your ears appear to be stopped, so that you cannot listen to your brothers when they talk of friendship. That deafness I now remove

* The Indian name conferred upon Colonel Brodhead.

and all stoppage from your ears, that you may listen to the friendly speeches of your brothers, and that they may sink deep into your heart.

Seven strings of white wampum.

"BROTHER—Listen to me. When I look around me, I see the bones of our nephews lie scattered and unburied.

"BROTHER—I gather up the bones of all our young men on both sides who have fallen in this dispute, without any distinction of party.

"BROTHER—I have now gathered up the bones of our relations on both sides, and will bury them in a large deep grave, and smooth it over, so that there shall not be the least sign of bones, or anything to raise any grief or anger in any of our minds hereafter.

"BROTHER—I have now buried the bones of all our relations very deep. You very well know that there are some of your flesh and blood in our hands prisoners: I assure you that you shall see them all safe and well. *Eight strings of white wampum.*

"BROTHER—I now look up to where our Maker is, and think there is some darkness still over our heads, so that God can hardly see us, on account of the evil doings of the king over the great waters. All these thick clouds, which have arisen on account of that bad king, I now entirely remove, that God may look and see us in our treaty of friendship, and be a witness to the truth and sincerity of our intentions." *Four strings of white wampum.*

The remainder of the speech consisted of earnest intercessions, promises of good behaviour, and advice to move on to Detroit, which Colonel Brodhead had in contemplation, by water, instead of making the march by land; for which advice divers specious pretexts were given.

On the 19th, Colonel Brodhead addressed the Huron chief in reply, after the Indian form. He

told him, distinctly, that fair words were no longer to be taken, unless their sincerity was attested by their deeds. In regard to the roads to Detroit, he said he should select whichever he pleased. As for the Shawanese, the colonel told the chief that he had sent them a fair speech, which they had thrown into the fire, and should not now recall Colonel Clarke. And in regard to the people of the chief himself, the colonel demanded, as the basis of peace, that they should stipulate to restore all American prisoners in their hands; to kill, scalp, and take as many of the English and their allies as they had killed and taken of the Americans; and on every occasion to join the Americans against their enemies. The Wyandots assented to the terms, and hostages were required for the faithful performance of their agreement.

The Delawares were at that time at peace with the United States, and a small body of their warriors had accompanied Colonel Brodhead on the expedition from which he had just returned. The business having been closed with the Huron chief, the Delawares interposed in behalf of the Maquichee clan of the Shawanese. These Indians were now apparently very humble; but, apprehensive that they might not, perhaps, manage their own case very well, the Delawares had kept them back from the council, and undertaken their cause themselves.

The conference appears to have been satisfactory to Colonel Brodhead. But if the Maquichee clan of the Shawanese preserved their fidelity, the main body of the nation became none the less unfriendly by their means. And although Colonel Brodhead had admonished them that he would not countermand the orders to Colonel Clarke to strike them, it so happened that the first and severest blow was struck by the Shawanese themselves. It was but a short time after the closing of the council at Fort Pitt, that a detachment of seventy men from the

Kentucky district of Virginia, under the command of Major Rogers, was surprised while ascending the Ohio, and nearly exterminated. The Kentuckians were drawn ashore by a stratagem. At first a few Indians only appeared, standing upon a sandbar near the mouth of the Licking River, while a canoe, with three other Indians, was paddling towards them as though to receive them on board. Rogers immediately put in to the Kentucky shore, and having made fast his boats, went in pursuit. Only five or six Indians had been seen, and Rogers, presuming that the whole party would not probably exceed fifteen or twenty at farthest, felt perfectly sure of an easy victory, having seventy men, well armed and provided. Proceeding cautiously towards the point where he supposed he should surround the enemy, and having adjusted his movements with that design, at the very moment when he was preparing to rush forward and secure them, he found himself with his whole force in the midst of an ambuscade! The Indians rose in hundreds on all sides of him, and pouring in a close and deadly fire upon the Americans, rushed upon the survivors tomahawk in hand. Major Rogers and forty-five of his men were killed almost instantly. The residue ran for the boats, but the guard of only five men, who had been left in charge, had sought security by putting off in one of them, while the Indians had already anticipated the fugitives by taking possession of the others. The possibility of retreat being thus cut off, the brave fellows now turned furiously upon the enemy; and as night was approaching, after a sharp fight for some time, a small number, aided by the darkness, succeeded in effecting their escape to Harrodsburgh.

Among the wounded in this sharp and bloody encounter, who escaped both death and captivity, were Captain Robert Benham and another man, whose cases, together, form a novel and romantic adventure. Benham was shot through both hips, and the

bones being shattered, he instantly fell. Still, aided by the darkness, he succeeded in crawling among the thick branches of a fallen tree, where he lay without molestation through the night and during the following day, while the Indians, who had returned for that purpose, were stripping the slain. He continued to lie close in the place of his retreat until the second day, when, becoming hungry, and observing a raccoon descending a tree, he managed to shoot it, hoping to be able to strike a fire and cook the animal. The crack of the rifle was followed by a human cry, which at first startled the captain; but the cry being repeated several times, the voice of a Kentuckian was at length recognised, the call was returned, and the parties were soon together. The man proved to be one of his comrades, who had lost the use of both his arms in the battle. Never did misery find more welcome company. One of the parties could use his feet, and the other his hands. Benham, by tearing up his own and his companion's shirts, dressed the wounds of both. He could load his rifle and fire with readiness, and was thus enabled to kill such game as approached, while his companion could roll the game along upon the ground with his feet, and in the same manner collect wood enough together to cook their meals. When thirsty, Benham could place his hat in the teeth of his companion, who went to the Licking, and wading in until he could stoop down and fill it, returned with a hatful of water. When the stock of squirrels and other small game in their immediate neighbourhood was exhausted, the man on his legs would roam away, and drive up a flock of wild turkeys, then abundant in those parts, until they came within range of Benham's rifle. Thus they lived six weeks, when they discovered a boat upon the Ohio, which took them off. Both recovered thoroughly from their wounds.

No other events of moment occurred in the region

professedly embraced in the present history during the residue of the year 1779, and the progress of the war in other parts of the Union had been marked with but few signal actions. The active operations of this year between the British forces proper and the Americans had commenced in the South, to the command of which section of the country General Lincoln had been assigned at the close of 1778. The first occurrence was the surprise and defeat, on the 3d of March, of General Ash, commanding a body of fifteen hundred North Carolina militia, stationed at the confluence of Briar Creek, on the Savannah River, by the British General Provost. There were about sixty regular troops under General Ash, who fought well. But the militia, as usual, threw away their arms and fled, with the exception of about three hundred, who were either killed or taken. In May, General Provost invested Charleston, but raised the siege on the approach of Lincoln upon his rear. He at first retired to the island, but soon withdrew to Savannah, where he was in turn besieged by Lincoln in October, on the land side, and by the French fleet under the Count d'Estaing by water. Repulsed in an injudicious assault, after much brave fighting by both Americans and French, the fleet of the latter left the continent, and the siege was raised, the militia flying to their homes, and General Lincoln retiring to Charleston. In this assault, among other proud spirits, fell the brave Polish Count Pulaski, who had signalized himself in his own country by carrying off King Stanislaus from his capital, assisted by only a party of associate Catholic conspirators. The only relief to this disastrous affair was the capture, by Colonel John White, of Georgia, and Captain Elholm, with four other men, of a British detachment of one hundred men, forty sailors, and five armed vessels, at Ogechee, by a very ingenious and efficacious stratagem. Kindling a large number of fires, after the manner

of an encampment, they summoned the British commander, Captain French, to surrender, or they would cut his flotilla to pieces. Supposing, by the lines of fires, that there was a greatly superior force against them, the enemy surrendered at discretion.

In the middle and northern sections of the Union, the contest during the summer had assumed the character rather of a predatory warfare than of regular campaigns. Sir George Collier and General Matthews made a plundering expedition on the coast of Virginia, and after sacking Norfolk and parts adjacent, returned to New-York with their booty. In July a combined expedition by land and water was directed, under Sir George and Governor Tryon, against Connecticut. New-Haven was taken and sacked. Several houses in East Haven were burned. Fairfield, Green's Farms, and Norwalk were likewise taken, plundered, and laid in ashes. The Americans, consisting chiefly of militia, under General Lovell, made an attempt upon a British post at Penobscot, which was commenced gallantly. But the arrival of Sir George Collier's fleet, with reinforcements, obliged the general to abandon the enterprise. These untoward events, however, were relieved by Major Lee's surprise and capture of the British fort at Paulus Hook, and by the still more brilliant capture of Stony Point by General Wayne.

CHAPTER II.

THE succeeding year opened inauspiciously to the American arms. No sooner had Sir Henry Clinton heard of the departure of Count d'Estaing from the Southern coast with the French fleet than he prepared for a formidable descent upon South

Carolina. Charleston was the first and most prominent object of attack. The expedition destined upon this service left New-York about the close of January, and in due season the troops effected their landing about thirty miles from Charleston. The object of the enemy could not be mistaken, and General Lincoln made every exertion for the defence of the important post intrusted to his command, by increasing his forces and strengthening his works. Before the middle of April the town was invested by sea and land, and Lincoln was summoned to surrender, which summons, with modest firmness, he declined to obey. Clinton having succeeded in all his preliminary operations—Charleston having cut up Colonel White's cavalry on the Santee, and Fort Moultrie having surrendered to the royal navy—the garrison, finding itself without reasonable hope of relief, proposed terms of capitulation, which were rejected by the British commander. Hostilities were, meantime, prosecuted with great energy, and after a tremendous cannonade and bombardment, lasting from the 6th to the 11th of May, General Lincoln was forced into a capitulation. His garrison consisted, all told, of about five thousand men, of whom no more than two thousand were Continental troops. The loss was heavy, including upward of four hundred pieces of cannon.

Having accomplished this object, Sir Henry divided his forces into three columns, despatching them in as many directions, with a view of overrunning the whole Southern States. Clinton himself returned to New-York, and then commenced that remarkable course of partisan warfare in the South, which called forth so much of high and chivalrous daring in Marion, Sumpter, and their associates in arms, and which was attended with so many brilliant exploits. There are no more vivid and thrilling pages in American history than the records of

those partisan operations, the incidents of which amounted to little in themselves, separately considered; but in the general results they were of infinite importance to the cause of the Republic, since the invaders were, in fact, weakened by every victory, while defeat did not discourage the Americans, who were gaining both moral and physical strength by the protraction of the struggle. But these distant glances are incidental, the North being the main field of research.

The devastation of their country by General Sullivan—the destruction of their houses, as well as their means of subsistence—had driven the Indians back upon Niagara for the winter of 1779-'80—the usual winter-quarters of Brant, Guy Johnson, and the Butlers—father and son. As had been anticipated by the American commander-in-chief, the Indians suffered greatly by destitution and consequent sickness during that winter, which was one of unexampled rigour in North America.* But neither the inclemency of the weather, nor the wants of the Indians at Niagara, prevented them from fulfilling the threat of Sir Frederic Haldimand against the Oneidas. Their villages and castle were invaded by the hostile Indians, aided by a detachment of British troops, or, more probably, by a corps of Butler's rangers, and entirely destroyed, their castle, their church, and their dwellings being alike laid in ashes; while the Oneidas themselves were driven down upon the white settlements for protection and support. They were subsequently planted in the neighbourhood of Schenectady, where they were supported by the government of the United States until the close of the war.

Aside from the destruction of the Oneida country, it is believed that no important object was underta-

* The harbour of New-York was not merely choked with ice for a time during the winter of 1779-'80, but so thoroughly frozen that cannon were wheeled over to the city on the ice from Staten Island.

ken by Thayendanegea until the opening of spring. It may be noted, however, incidentally, as an illustration of the character of the Mohawk chief, that during this winter he was married to his third wife, at the fort of Niagara, under circumstances somewhat peculiar. Among the prisoners taken to that post from Cherry Valley was a Miss Moore, who, being detained in captivity with Mrs. Campbell and others, was courted and married by an officer of the garrison. Thayendanegea was present at the wedding; and although he had for some time previous been living with his wife, bound only by the ties of an Indian marriage, he embraced the opportunity of having the English marriage ceremony performed, which was accordingly done by Colonel Butler, acting as one of the king's commission of the peace for Tryon county.

But the chief was seldom inactive. The month of April found him on the war-path, at the head of a small party of Indians and Tories, whom he led against the settlement of Harpersfield, which was taken by surprise and destroyed. In consequence of their exposed situation, most of the inhabitants had left the settlement, so that there were but few persons killed, and only nineteen taken prisoners. Proceeding from Harpersfield, it was Brant's design to make an attack upon the upper fort of Schoharie, should he deem it prudent to encounter the risk, after duly reconnoitring the situation of the fort and ascertaining its means of defence. The execution of this part of his project was prevented by an unexpected occurrence. Harpersfield was probably destroyed on the 5th or 6th of April. It happened that nearly at the same time, Colonel Vrooman, who was yet in command of Old Schoharie, had sent out a scout of fourteen militia minutemen, with directions to pass over to the head waters of the Charlotte River, and keep an eye upon the novements of certain suspected persons living in

the valley of that stream. It being the proper season for making maple sugar, the minutemen were likewise directed to remain in the woods and manufacture a quantity of that article, of which the garrison were greatly in want. On the 2d of April, this party, the commander of which was Captain Alexander Harper, commenced their labours in the "sugar-bush," at the distance of about thirty miles from Schoharie. They were occupied in the discharge of this part of their duty, very cheerfully and with good success, for several days, entirely unapprehensive of danger; more especially as a new fall of snow, to the depth of three feet, would prevent, they supposed, the moving of any considerable body of the enemy, while, in fact, they were not aware of the existence of an armed foe short of Niagara. But their operations were most unexpectedly interrupted. It seems that Brant, in wending his way from Harpersfield towards Schoharie, fell suddenly upon Harper and his party on the 7th of April, at about two o'clock in the afternoon, and immediately surrounded them, his force consisting of forty-three Indian warriors and seven Tories. So silent and cautious had been the approach of the enemy, that the first admonition Harper received of their presence was the death of three of his little band, who were struck down while engaged in their work. The leader was instantly discovered in the person of the Mohawk chief, who rushed up to Captain Harper, tomahawk in hand, and observed, "Harper, I am sorry to find you here!" "Why are you sorry, Captain Brant?" replied the other. "Because," rejoined the chief, "I *must* kill you, although we were school-mates in our youth," at the same time raising his hatchet, and suiting the action to the word. Suddenly his arm fell, and with a piercing scrutiny, looking Harper full in the face, he inquired, "Are there any regular troops at the forts in Schoharie?" Harper caught the idea in ar

instant. To answer truly, and admit that there were none, as was the fact, would but hasten Brant and his warriors forward to fall upon the settlements at once, and their destruction would be swift and sure. He therefore informed him that a re-enforcement of three hundred Continental troops had arrived to garrison the forts only two or three days before. This information appeared very much to disconcert the chieftain. He prevented the farther shedding of blood, and held a consultation with his subordinate chiefs. Night coming on, Harper and his ten surviving companions were shut up in a pen of logs, and guarded by the Tories, under the charge of *their* leader, a cruel fellow named Becraft, and of bloody notoriety in that war. Controversy ran high among the Indians during the night, the question being whether the prisoners should be put to death or carried to Niagara. They were bound hand and foot, but were so near the Indian council as to hear much of what was said, and Harper knew enough of the Indian tongue to comprehend the general import of their debates. The Indians were for putting them to death; and Becraft frequently tantalized the prisoners, by telling them, with abusive tones and epithets, that "they would be in hell before morning." Brant's authority, however, was exerted effectually to prevent the massacre.

On the following morning, Harper was brought before the Indians for examination. The chief commenced by saying that they were suspicious he had not told them the truth. Harper, however, had great coolness and presence of mind; and, although Brant was eyeing him like a basilisk, he repeated his former statements without the improper movement of a muscle, or betraying the least distrustful sign or symptom. Being satisfied, therefore, of the truth of his story, Brant determined to retrace his steps to Niagara. This he did with great reluctance, admitting to Captain Harper that the real object of

his expedition was to fall upon Schoharie, which place, as they had been informed, was almost entirely undefended. He had promised to lead his warriors to spoils and victory, and they were angry at being thus cut short of their expectations. Under these circumstances of chagrin and disappointment, it had been with great difficulty that he could restrain his followers from putting them to death. Brant then said to Captain Harper that he and his companions should be spared, on condition of accompanying him as prisoners of war to Niagara.

Their march was forthwith commenced, and was full of pain, peril, and adventure. The prisoners were heavily laden with the booty taken from Harpersfield, and well guarded. Their direction was first down the Delaware, where they stopped at a mill to obtain provisions. The miller was a Tory, and both himself and daughters counselled Brant to put his prisoners to death. On the following day they met another Loyalist, who was well acquainted with Brant, and with Captain Harper and his party: he assured the former that Harper had deceived him, and that there were no troops at Schoharie. The captain was, therefore, brought to another scrutiny; but he succeeded so well in maintaining the appearance of sincerity and truth as again to avert the upraised and glittering tomahawk. On the same day, an aged man, named Brown, was accidentally fallen in with and taken prisoner, with two youthful grandsons; the day following, being unable to travel with sufficient speed, and sinking under the weight of the burden imposed upon him, the old man was put out of the way with the hatchet. The victim was dragging behind, and when he saw preparations making for his doom, he took an affectionate farewell of his little grandsons, and the Indians moved on, leaving one of their number, with his face painted black, the mark of an executioner, behind with him. In a few moments

afterward the Indian came up, with the old man's scalp dangling from between the ramrod and muzzle of his gun.

Having descended the Delaware a sufficient distance, they crossed over to Oghkwaga, where they constructed floats and sailed down the Susquehanna to the confluence of the Chemung, at which place their land-travelling again commenced. Being heavily encumbered with luggage, and, withal, tightly pinioned, the prisoners must have sunk by the way, at the rate the Indians travelled, and would probably have been tomahawked but for the indisposition of Brant, who, providentially for the prisoners, was attacked with fever and ague, so that every alternate day he was unable to travel. These interruptions gave them time to rest and recruit. Brant wrought his own cure by a truly Indian remedy. Watching upon the southern side of a hill, where serpents usually crawl forth in the spring to bask in the sunbeams, he caught a rattlesnake, which was immediately made into soup, of which he ate. A speedy cure was the consequence.

But a new trial awaited the prisoners soon after they reached the Chemung. During his march from Niagara on this expedition, Brant had detached eleven of his warriors to fall once more upon the Minisink settlement for prisoners. This detachment, as it subsequently appeared, had succeeded in taking captive five athletic men, whom they secured and brought with them as far as Tioga Point. While encamped at this place during the night, one of the Minisink men succeeded in extricating his hands from the cords, and with the utmost caution unloosed his four companions. The Indians were locked in the arms of deep sleep around them. Silently, without causing a leaf to rustle, they each snatched a tomahawk from the girdles of their unconscious enemies, and in a moment nine of them were quivering in the agonies of death. The two

others were awakened, and, springing upon their feet, attempted to escape. One of them was struck with a hatchet between the shoulders, but the other fled. The prisoners immediately made good their own retreat, and the only Indian who escaped unhurt returned to take care of his wounded companion. As Brant and his warriors approached this point of their journey, some of his Indians having raised a whoop, it was instantly returned by a single voice with the *death yell!* Startled at this unexpected signal, Brant's warriors rushed forward to ascertain the cause. The lone warrior met them, and soon related to his brethren the melancholy fate of his companions. The effect upon the warriors, who gathered in a group to hear the recital, was inexpressibly fearful. Rage and a desire of revenge seemed to kindle every bosom, and light every eye as with burning coals. They gathered round the prisoners in a circle, and began to make unequivocal preparations for hacking them to pieces. Harper and his men, of course, gave themselves up for lost, not doubting that their doom was fixed and irreversible. But at this moment deliverance came from an unexpected quarter. While their knives were unsheathing, and their hatchets glittering, as they were flourished in the sunbeams, the only survivor of the murdered party rushed into the circle and interposed in their favour. With a wave of the hand, as of a warrior entitled to be heard, for he was himself a chief, silence was restored, and the prisoners were surprised by the utterance of an earnest appeal in their behalf. It has already been observed that Captain Harper knew enough of the Indian language to understand its purport, though, unfortunately, not enough to preserve its eloquence. In substance, however, the chief appealed to his brother warriors in favour of the prisoners, upon the ground that it was not they who had murdered their brothers; and to take the lives of the innocent

would not be right in the eyes of the Great Spirit. His appeal was effective. The passions of the incensed warriors were hushed, their eyes no longer shot forth the burning glances of revenge, and their gesticulations ceased to menace immediate and bloody vengeance.

True, it so happened that the chief who had thus thrown himself spontaneously between them and death knew all the prisoners, he having resided in the Schoharie canton of the Mohawks before the war. He doubtless felt a deeper interest in their behalf on that account. Still, it was a noble action, worthy of the proudest era of chivalry, and, in the palmy days of Greece and Rome, would have ensured him almost "an apotheosis and rights divine." It is matter of regret that the name of this high-souled warrior is lost, as, alas! have been too many that might have served to relieve the dark and vengeful portraiture of Indian character, which it has so well pleased the white man to draw! The prisoners themselves were so impressed with the manner of their signal deliverance, that they justly attributed it to the direct interposition of the providence of God.

The march was now resumed towards Niagara, along the route travelled by Sullivan's expedition the preceding year. Their sufferings were great for want of provisions, neither warriors nor prisoners having anything more than a handful of corn each for dinner. A luxury, however, awaited them, in the remains of a horse which had been left by Sullivan's expedition to perish from the severity of the winter. The wolves had eaten all the flesh from the poor animal's bones, excepting upon the under side. When the carcass was turned over, a quantity of the flesh yet remained, which was equally distributed among the whole party, and devoured. On reaching the Genesee River, they met a party of Indians preparing to plant corn. These labourers

had a fine horse, which Brant directed to be instantly killed, dressed, and divided among his famishing company. They had neither bread nor salt; but Brant instructed the prisoners to use the white ashes of the wood they were burning as a substitute for the latter ingredient, and it was found to answer an excellent purpose. The meal was partaken of, and relished as the rarest delicacy they had ever eaten. In regard to provisions, it must be mentioned to the credit of Captain Brant, that he was careful to enforce an equal distribution of all they had among his own warriors and the prisoners. All fared exactly alike.

On his arrival at the Genesee River, and in anticipation of his own departure with his prisoners for Niagara, Brant sent forward a messenger to that post, bearing information of his approach, with the measures of his success and the number of his prisoners. But it was not merely for the purpose of conveying this intelligence that he despatched his *avant courier*. He had another object in view, as will appear in the sequel, the conception and execution of which add a link to the chain of testimony establishing the humanity and benevolence of his disposition. Four days more of travel brought the party to within a few miles of the fort; and the Tories now took special delight in impressing upon the prisoners the perils and the sufferings they must endure, in the fearful ordeal they would have to pass, on approaching the two Indian encampments in front of the fort. This ordeal was nothing less than running the gauntlet, as it is called in Indian warfare, a doom supposed to be inevitable to every prisoner; and one which, by direct means, even Thayendanegea had not sufficient power to prevent.

The running of the gauntlet, or, rather, compelling their prisoners to run it, on the return of a war-party to their camp or village, is a general custom among the American aboriginals, a preliminary that

must precede their ultimate fate, either of death or mercy. It is not always severe, however, nor even generally so, unless in respect to prisoners who have excited the particular animosity of the Indians; and it is often rather a scene of amusement than punishment. Much depends on the courage and presence of mind of the prisoner undergoing the ordeal. On entering the village or camp, he is shown a painted post at the distance of some thirty or forty yards, and directed to run to, and catch hold of it as quickly as possible. His path to the post lies between two parallel lines of people—men, women, and children—armed with hatchets, knives, sticks, and other offensive weapons; and as he passes along, each is at liberty to strike him as severely and as frequently as he can. Should he be so unfortunate as to stumble or fall in the way, he may stand a chance to lose his life, especially if any one in the ranks happens to have a personal wrong to avenge. But the moment he reaches the goal he is safe, until final judgment has been pronounced upon his case. When a prisoner displays great firmness and courage, starting upon the race with force and agility, he will probably escape without much injury; and sometimes, when his bearing excites the admiration of the savages, entirely unharmed. But woe to the coward whose cheeks blanch, and whose nerves are untrue! The slightest manifestation of fear will deprive him of mercy, and probably of his life.

Such was the scene which Harper and his fellow-prisoners now had in near prospect. They, of course, well knew the usages of Indian warfare, and must expect to submit. Nor was the chance of escape from injury very cheering, enfeebled and worn down as they were by their journey and its privations. Miserable comforters, therefore, were their Tory guards, who were tantalizing them in anticipation, by describing this approaching preliminary cruelty. But on emerging from the woods

and approaching the first Indian encampment, what was the surprise of the prisoners, and the chagrin of their conductors, at finding the Indian warriors absent from the encampment, and their place supplied by a regiment of British soldiers! There were only a few Indian boys and some old women in the camp; and these offered no violence to the prisoners, excepting one of the squaws, who struck young Patchin over the head with an instrument which caused the blood to flow freely. But the second encampment, lying nearest the fort, and usually occupied by the fiercest and most savage of the Indian warriors, was yet to be passed. On arriving at this, also, the Indians were gone, and another regiment of troops were on parade, formed in two parallel lines, to protect the prisoners. Thus the Mohawk chief led his prisoners directly through the dreaded encampments, and brought them safely into the fort. Patchin, however, received another severe blow in this camp, and a young Indian menaced him with his tomahawk. But as he raised his arm, a soldier snatched the weapon from his hand, and threw it into the river.

The solution of this unexpected deliverance from the gauntlet-race was this: Miss Jane Moore, the Cherry Valley prisoner, whose marriage to an officer of the Niagara garrison has already been mentioned, was the niece of Captain Harper, a fact well known to Brant. Harper, however, knew nothing of her marriage, nor, in fact, of her being at Niagara, and the chief had kept the secret to himself. On his arrival at the Genesee River, his anxious desire was to save his prisoners from the cruel ordeal, and he despatched his runner, as before mentioned, with a message to Jane Moore's husband, whose name was Powell, advising him of the fact, and proposing an artifice, by which to save his wife's uncle and his associates from the accustomed ceremony. For this purpose, by concert with Brant,

Powell had managed to have the Indian warriors enticed away to the Nine Mile Landing for a frolic, the means of holding which were supplied from the public stores. Meantime, for the protection of the approaching prisoners from the violence of the straggling Indians who remained behind, Powell caused the two encampments to be occupied in the manner just described. It was a generous act on the part of Brant, well conceived and handsomely carried through. The prisoners all had cause of gratitude; and in the meeting with his niece in the garrison, Captain Harper found a source of pleasure altogether unexpected.

The prisoners, nevertheless, were doomed to a long captivity. From Niagara they were transferred to Montreal, thence to a prison in Chamblee, and thence to Quebec. They were afterward sent down to Halifax, and only restored to their country and homes after the peace of 1783. Their sufferings during the three intervening years were exceedingly severe, particularly in the prison at Chamblee, which is represented as having been foul and loathsome to a degree.*

* In the early part of this narrative of Harper's and Patchin's captivity, the name of Becraft, a Tory, occurs as one of their captors. His conduct towards the prisoners was particularly brutal throughout. On one occasion, when he and his Tory associates were enumerating their exploits, Becraft boasted of having assisted in massacring the family of a Mr. Vrooman, in Schoharie. The family, he said, were all soon despatched, except a boy of fourteen years old, who ran from the house. Becraft pursued and overtook him at a fence which he was attempting to climb. He there deliberately cut his throat, took his scalp, and hung his body across the fence! After the peace, he had the hardihood to return to Schoharie. But no sooner was it known, than a party of several indignant citizens, among whom were the prisoners who heard him make the confession here given, assembled and seized him. They stripped him naked, bound him to a tree, and ten of them, with hickory whips, gave him a tremendous castigation. They plied the whips with full vigour, and at intervals paused, and informed him for what particular misdeeds they were to inflict the next ten lashes, and so on. Having punished him thus, they dismissed him, with a charge never to show himself in that county again. He never did.

Another of these Tories, who were guarding Harper and his party during the same night of their journey, made a yet more horrible confes-

The Indians were likewise early busy in other directions. Some scattering settlements, situated between Wyoming and the older establishments, were fallen upon by them, and a number of persons killed, several houses burned, and eight prisoners carried away.

But the Dutch border settlements along the base of the Kaatsbergs or Catskill Mountains, from Albany down to Orange county, were again severe sufferers during this period of the Revolutionary war. Many of the inhabitants were friendly to the royal cause, and numbers of them had joined the royal standard. Some of these served as leaders and guides to the Indians, in parties for prisoners, scalps, and plunder. The sacking of Minisink, and the incursions into Warwasing, in the preceding year, have already been chronicled. But there were several irruptions into the Dutch settlements farther north, along the western borders of Ulster county, in the spring of 1780, some of which were marked by peculiar features of atrocity, or of wild adventure. Among these was an attack, by a small party of Indians and Tories, upon the families of

sion than that of Becraft. His name was Barney Cane. He boasted or having killed, upon Diamond Island (Lake George), one Major Hopkins. A party of pleasure, as he stated, had been visiting the island on a little sailing excursion, and having lingered longer upon that beautiful spot than they were conscious of, as night drew on, concluded to encamp for the night, it being already too late to return to the fort. "From the shore where we lay hid," said Cane, "it was easy to watch their motions; and perceiving their defenceless situation, as soon as it was dark we set off for the island, where we found them asleep by their fire, and discharged our guns among them. Several were killed, among whom was one woman, who had a sucking child, which was not hurt. This we put to the breast of its dead mother, and so we left it. But Major Hopkins was only wounded, his thigh bone being broken; he started from his sleep to a rising posture, when I struck him," said Barney Cane, "with the butt of my gun, on the side of the head; he fell over, but caught on one hand; I then knocked him the other way, when he caught with the other hand; a third blow, and I laid him dead. These were all scalped except the infant. In the morning, a party from the fort went and brought away the dead, together with one they found alive, although he was scalped, and the babe, which was hanging and sobbing at the bosom of its lifeless mother."—*General Patchin's Narrative.*

Thomas and Johannes Jansen, wealthy freeholders in a beautiful, but secluded portion of the town of Shawangunk. One of these gentlemen was a colonel of militia. Both had erected substantial stone-houses, and were living in affluence. Their mansions were plundered by Indians and Tories, who were known to them; several of their neighbours and their negroes were made prisoners; and, among those who were slain, under circumstances of painful interest, were a Miss Mack and her father, residing somewhat remote in one of the mountain gorges; and also a young lady on a visit at Shawangunk, from the city of New-York. From considerations of acquaintanceship with the Jansens, however, the females of their families were not injured, although their houses were plundered and their barns laid in ashes.

The same savage party, or, rather, a party composed in part of the same band of Tories and Indians who had committed the outrages just related, fell upon a settlement in the town of Saugerties, in May of the same year, making prisoners of Captain Jeremiah Snyder, and Isaac Snyder, his son. After plundering his house of provisions and money, they marched the captain and his son over the mountains to the Delaware, and thence to Niagara, by the same route traversed by Thayendanegea and his warriors in conducting Harper and his fellow-captives to that post. The adventures of these prisoners, during their rough and wearisome journey, were but the counterpart of those endured a month before by Captain Harper and his company, excepting that their captors, being acquaintances, rendered their sufferings less severe. Their supplies of food, though coarse, were sufficient. They were pinioned at night, and the Indians lay upon the cords by which they were fastened to saplings, or other fixtures of security. They met several parties of Indians and Tories after crossing the Susquehanna,

and, on one occasion, fell in with a beautiful white woman married to an Indian. By all these they were treated kindly. While traversing the valley of the Genesee, their principal Indian conductor, named Runnip, pointed them to a couple of mounds by the wayside. "There lie your brothers," said he to Captain Snyder, in Dutch. "These mounds are the graves of a scout of thirty-six men belonging to Sullivan's army, which had been intercepted and killed by the Indians."*

On their arrival at Niagara, the prisoners were less fortunate than Harper and his companions had been, since they were compelled to run the gauntlet between long lines of the savages, a ceremony which they looked upon with great dread, particularly on account of their debilitated condition, and the soreness of their feet. But in this operation they were favoured by their captors, who interposed to prevent injury. In his narrative, Captain Snyder described Fort Niagara at that time as a structure of considerable magnitude and great strength, enclosing an area of from six to eight acres. Within the enclosure was a handsome dwelling-house, for the residence of the superintendent of the Indians. It was then occupied by Colonel Guy Johnson, before whom the captain and his son were brought for examination. Colonel Butler, with his rangers, lay upon the opposite, or northern side of the river. At a given signal, the colonel, with two of his subalterns, crossed over to attend the examination. Indeed, the principal object for the capture of Captain Snyder seems to have been to obtain information. Their examination was stern and searching, but the examiners were unable to elicit enough of news to compensate for the trouble of their taking.

The Snyders found many acquaintances at the headquarters of the Indians and Loyalists, some of whom were prisoners like themselves, and others

* The Indian referred to the company of Lieutenant Boyd.

in the ranks of the enemy. From Niagara, the two prisoners were transported by water, first to Carleton Island, in the St. Lawrence, and thence, at a subsequent period, to Montreal. At the latter place they were employed at labour, and regularly paid their wages, which enabled them to purchase various little comforts to meliorate their condition. Indeed, they were so fortunate as to fall into the hands of humane people at every stage of their captivity, and their lot was far less severe than that of most of their countrymen in the like situation. At the end of two years, having been transferred from Montreal to an island some distance higher up the St. Lawrence, both father and son, with several other prisoners, succeeded in effecting their escape.

The Mohawk Valley proper, during the winter of 1780, had enjoyed a period of comparative repose, interrupted only by the common alarms incident to an unprotected border, at all times liable to invasion, and the people, as a consequence, feeling continually more or less insecure. Still, there was not a single demonstration of the enemy in the lower part of the country, during the cold season, worthy of note. Among the prisoners taken by the Tories who, two years before, had returned from Canada after their families, and who had most unaccountably been suffered to depart unmolested, was a very brave fellow named Solomon Woodworth. He was intrusted to a party of Indians, acting in concert with the Tories on their arrival at the Sacondaga, from whom he effected his escape on the following day. These Indians, it appears, mortified at his successful flight, had resolved either upon his recapture or his destruction. Woodworth, in the winter or spring of 1780, was occupying, alone, a blockhouse situated about eight miles north of Johnstown. While thus solitary, his castle was attacked in the dead of night by a small party of Indians,

who set fire to it. Regardless of danger, however, he ran out amid a shower of bullets, extinguished the fire, and retreated within the walls again, before the Indians, who had withdrawn some distance from the blockhouse, could reapproach sufficiently near to seize him. As the night was not very dark, Woodworth saw a group of the savages through the portholes, upon whom he fired, not without effect, one of their number, as it subsequently appeared, being severely wounded. This disaster caused the Indians to retire. But Woodworth was not satisfied. Collecting half a dozen kindred spirits, the next morning he gave chase to the intruders, and, after following their trail three days, overtook them, they having halted to dress the wound of their companion. The pursuers came so suddenly upon them as to succeed in despatching the whole number without allowing them time to offer resistance. The little band returned to Johnstown in triumph; and their leader was immediately commissioned a lieutenant in a regiment of nine months men, in which service he had again an opportunity of showing his prowess, as will be seen hereafter.

It was at about the same time that a party of Tories and Indians made a descent upon the small settlement at the Little Falls of the Mohawk, for the purpose of destroying the mills erected at that place by Alexander Ellis. This gentleman was a Scotch merchant, who, under the favour of Sir William Johnson, had obtained a patent of the wild mountain gorge through which the Mohawk leaps from the upper into the lower section of the valley. He had himself returned to his own country; but his mills were particularly important to the inhabitants, and also to the garrisons of Forts Dayton and Herkimer, more especially since the burning of the mills at the German Flatts by Thayendanegea two years before. Hence the present expedition for their destruction, which was easily accomplished,

the enemy having stolen upon the settlement unawares, and the flouring-mill being garrisoned by not more than a dozen men. Only a few shots were exchanged, and but one man was killed, Daniel Petrie. As the Indians entered the mill, the occupants endeavoured to escape as fast as they could, some leaping from the windows, and others endeavouring to conceal themselves below. It was night, and two of the number, Cox and Skinner, succeeded in ensconcing themselves in the raceway, beneath the water-wheel, Skinner having previously made fight hand to hand, and been wounded by a cut from a tomahawk. Two of their companions, Christian Edick and Frederic Getman, leaped into the raceway above the mill, and endeavoured to conceal themselves by keeping as much under water as possible. But the application of the torch to the mills soon revealed the aquatic retreat, and they were taken. Not so with Cox and Skinner, who survived the storm of battle, and the mingled elements of fire and water; the showers of coals and burning brands being at once extinguished as they fell around them, while the water-wheel served as an effectual protection against the falling timbers. The enemy retired after accomplishing their object, carrying away five or six prisoners.

A few incidents of the more distant border operations of the opening season will close the present chapter. The Shawanese and their immediate allies continued to be exceedingly troublesome along the Ohio. Among the single captives taken by them, by stratagem, early in the spring, was a man named Alexander M'Connel, of the Kentucky settlers. He found his captors, five in number, pleasant tempered and social, and succeeded in winning their confidence by degrees, until they essentially relaxed the rigours of his confinement at night. His determination was, of course, to escape. At length his fastenings were so slight, that while they were asleep he succeeded in the entire extrication of his limbs.

Still he dared not to fly, lest escape from so many pursuers should be impracticable, and his life, should he be retaken, would surely be required in payment for the rash attempt. To strike them successively with one of their own tomahawks would be impossible. His next plan was, cautiously to remove three of their loaded rifles to a place of concealment, which should, nevertheless, be convenient for his own purpose. Then placing the other two at rest upon a log, the muzzle of one aimed at the head of one Indian, and the other at the heart of a second, with both hands he discharged the rifles together, by which process two of his enemies were killed outright. As the three others sprang up in amazement, M'Connel ran to the rifles which he had concealed. The work was all but of a moment. Seizing another rifle, and bringing it in range of two of the three remaining savages, both fell with the discharge, one dead and the other wounded. The fifth took to his heels, with a yell of horror which made the forest ring. Selecting the rifle which he liked best, the subtle hunter pursued his way back at his pleasure.

On the 23d of June, Colonel Bird, at the head of five hundred Indians and Canadians, or American refugees, with six pieces of light artillery, fell upon the Kentucky settlement at the forks of the Licking River. Taken by surprise, the inhabitants seem to have made little, if any resistance. Only one man was killed outright, and two women. All the others were taken prisoners, the settlement plundered, and the inhabitants marched off, bending beneath the weight of their own property, for the benefit of the spoiler. Those who sank under their burdens by the way were tomahawked. This outrage was promptly and severely avenged by Colonel Clarke, commanding at the falls of the Ohio, who immediately led his regiment into the heart of the Shawanese country, laying their principal town on the Great Miami in ashes, and taking seventy scalps with the loss of only seventeen of his own men.

CHAPTER III.

ALTHOUGH the struggle had now been maintained more than five years, the people of the lower section of the Mohawk Valley, severely as they had experienced the calamities of the war, had not yet by any means received the full measure of their suffering. Harassed by perpetual alarms and oppressively frequent calls to the field, their numbers reduced by death and desertion, and by removals from a country so full of troubles, their situation was far from being enviable. Though unconscious of immediate danger from a formidable invasion, they were, nevertheless, in more peril than at any former period, from their diminished ability of self-protection. Hitherto, with the exception of small forays upon the outskirts, the lower valley, containing by far the largest amount of population, had not been traversed by an invading enemy. But it was their lot, in the course of the present season, repeatedly to experience the tender mercies of an exasperated enemy, armed with knife, and tomahawk, and brand, and to see their fairest villages laid waste, their fields desolated, and their dwellings reduced to ashes.

The first blow was as sudden as it was unexpected, especially from the quarter whence it came. On Sunday, the twenty-first of May, at dead of night, Sir John Johnson entered the north part of Johnstown, at the head of five hundred men, composed of some British troops, a detachment of his own regiment of Royal Greens, and about two hundred Indians and Tories. Sir John had penetrated the country by way of Lake Champlain to Crown Point, and thence, through the woods, to the Sacondaga

River, and so entirely unawares had he stolen upon the sleeping inhabitants, that he arrived in the heart of the country undiscovered, except by the resident Loyalists, who were probably in the secret. Before he reached the old Baronial Hall at Johnstown—the home of his youth, and for the recovery of which he made every exertion that courage and enterprise could put forth—Sir John divided his forces into two detachments, leading one in person, in the first instance, directly to the Hall, and thence through the village of Johnstown; while the other was sent through a more eastern settlement, to strike the Mohawk River at or below Tripe's Hill, whence it was directed to sweep up the river through the ancient Dutch village of Caughnawaga, to the Cayadutta Creek, at which place a junction was to be formed with Sir John himself. This disposition of his forces was made at the still hour of midnight, at a time when the inhabitants were not only buried in slumber, but wholly unsuspecting of approaching danger. What officer was in command of the eastern division is not known, but it was one of the most stealthy and murderous expeditions—murderous in its character, though but few were killed—and the most disgraceful, too, that marked the progress of the war in that region. During the night-march of this division, and before reaching the river, they attacked the dwelling-house of Mr. Lodowick Putnam, who, together with his son, was killed and scalped. The next house assailed was that of a Mr. Stevens, which was burned, and its owner killed. Arriving at Tripe's Hill, they murdered three men, Hansen, Platts, and Aldridge. Hansen, who was a captain of militia, was killed by an Indian to whom he had formerly shown great kindness, and who had, in return, expressed much gratitude. The houses of all, it is believed, were plundered before the application of the torch. Proceeding towards Caughnawaga, about daylight they arrived at the house of

Colonel Visscher, occupied at the time by himself, his mother, and his two brothers. It was immediately assaulted. Alarmed at the sounds without, the colonel instantly surmised the cause, and, being armed, determined, with his brothers, to defend the house to the last. They fought bravely for a time, but the odds were so fearfully against them that the house was soon carried by storm. The three brothers were instantly stricken down and scalped, and the torch applied to the house. Having thus completed their work, the enemy proceeded on their way up the river. Fortunately, however, the colonel himself was only wounded. On recovering from the shock of the hatchet, he saw the house enveloped in flames above and around him, and his two brothers dead by his side. But, grievously wounded as he was, he succeeded in removing their mangled bodies from the house before the burning timbers fell in. His own wounds were dressed, and he lived many years afterward. Mrs. Visscher, the venerable mother of the colonel, was likewise severely wounded, by being knocked on the head by an Indian; but she also survived. The slaughter along the Mohawk, to the village of Caughnawaga, would have been greater, but for the alertness of Major Van Vrank, who contrived to elude the enemy, and, by running ahead, gave the alarm, and enabled many people to fly, as it were *in puris naturalibus*, across the river.

Meantime, Sir John proceeded with his division through the village of Johnstown, stopping before it was yet light at what was once his own hall, where he made two prisoners. There was a small stockade, or picket fort, in the village, which, under favour of darkness and sleeping sentinels, was passed silently and unobserved. Directing his course for the confluence of the Cayadutta with the Mohawk, Sir John arrived at the residence of Sampson Sammons, whose name, with those of two of his sons,

has appeared in the earlier portion of the present work. There was a third son, Thomas, a youth of eighteen. They all inherited the stanch Whig principles of their father, and the whole family had rendered the state efficient service in the course of the war.

The particulars of the attack upon the family of Mr. Sammons are of sufficient interest to warrant the giving them somewhat in detail. Mr. Sammons, the elder, was well known to Sir John, between whom and himself very friendly relations had existed; and in the early stage of the war, the former had exerted himself with some degree of success to protect the baronet from the violence of the people. Soon after passing Johnstown, Sir John detached those of the Indians yet remaining with him in other directions, being desirous of making captives of Sammons and his sons, but wishing to do them no personal injury. On arriving in the neighbourhood of the house, Sir John halted his division, and directed a small detachment to move with the utmost stillness and caution, and fall upon the house by surprise; observing that Sammons had some stout sons, well armed, and unless they were very careful, there would be trouble. The eldest of Mr. Sammons's sons was then the lessee of the Johnson farm at the hall, which had been sold by the Committee of Sequestrations, and which he was then cultivating; and Thomas, the youngest, had risen at an unwonted hour, in order to feed his horses, and go over to the hall to work with his brother. On coming down stairs, however, and stepping out of doors half dressed, to take an observation of the weather, it being yet dark, though day was just breaking, the thought occurred to him that, should any straggling Indians be prowling about, he would stand but a poor chance if fallen upon alone. While standing thus in doubt whether to proceed or wait for more light, he was startled by a noise of

heavy steps behind, and, as he turned, by the glitter of steel passing before his eyes. At the same instant a hand was laid upon his shoulder, with the words, "You are my prisoner!" In such perfect stillness had the enemy approached, that not the sound of a footstep was heard until the moment when the younger Sammons was thus arrested, and the house immediately surrounded. One of the officers, with several soldiers, entered the house, and ordered the family to get up, and surrender themselves as prisoners. Jacob and Frederic, who were in bed in the second story, sprang upon their feet immediately, and seized their arms. The officer, who was a Tory named Sutherland, and acquainted with the family, hearing the clatter of arms, called to them by name, and promised quarter on condition of their surrender. Jacob inquired whether there were Indians with them; adding, that if there were, he and his brother would not be taken alive. On being assured to the contrary, the brothers descended the stairs and surrendered. The old gentleman was also taken. While the soldiers were busied in plundering the premises, the morning advanced, and Sir John Johnson came up with the remainder of the division. The females were not taken prisoners, but the father and sons were directed to make ready to march immediately. Thomas here remarked to the soldier who yet stood sentinel over him, that he could not travel to Canada without his clothes, and especially without his shoes, which he had not yet put on, requesting liberty to repair to his chamber for his raiment. The sentinel sulkily refused permission; but Thomas persisted that he must obtain his shoes at least, and was stepping towards the door, when the barbarian made a plunge at his back with his bayonet, which had proved fatal but for the quick eyes and the heroism of a sister standing by, who, as she saw the thrust at her brother, sprang forward, and seizing the weapon, threw

herself across its barrel, and, by falling, brought it to the ground. The soldier struggled to disengage his arms, and accomplish his purpose. At the same instant an officer stepped forward, and demanded what was the matter. The girl informed him of the attempt upon her brother, whereupon he rebuked the soldier by the exclamation, "You d—d rascal, would you murder the boy?" Immediate permission was then given him to procure whatever articles he wanted. The work of plunder having been completed, Sir John, with his troops and prisoners, proceeded onward in the direction of the river, about three miles distant.

For the purpose of punishing the old gentleman for his whiggish activity, some of the officers caused him to be tied to a negro, who was likewise a prisoner; but the moment Sir John discovered the indignity he countermanded the order. The hands of the young men were all closely pinioned, and they, with their father, were compelled to march between files of soldiers, and behold the cruel desolation of their neighbourhood. Their course thence was direct to the river at Caughnawaga, at which place they met the other division of Indians and rangers, who, among others, had murdered and scalped Mr Douw Fonda, a citizen of great age and respectability. The whole army now set their faces westward, traversing the Mohawk Valley several miles, burning every building not owned by a Loyalist, killing sheep and black cattle, and taking all the horses that could be found for their own use. Returning to Caughnawaga, the torch was applied to every building excepting the church, a number of prisoners were made, and several persons killed. Nine aged men were slain in the course of this march, four of whom were upward of eighty. From Caughnawaga, Sir John retraced his steps to Johnstown, passing the premises of Mr. Sammons, where the work of destruction was completed by applying

the brand to all the buildings, leaving the females of the family houseless, and taking away the seven horses which were in the stables.

On the arrival of Sir John at the homestead, in the afternoon, he halted upon the adjacent grounds for several hours, establishing his own quarters in the hall of his father. The prisoners were collected into an open field, strongly guarded, but not in a confined space; and while reposing thus, the Tory families of the town came in large numbers to see their friends and relatives, who for the most part constituted the white troops of the invading army. Thomas Sammons, during the whole morning, had affected to be exceedingly lame of one foot; and, while loitering about the Hall, he attracted the attention of the widowed lady of Captain Hare, one of the British officers who had fallen in the battle of Oriskany. Mrs. Hare, since the death of her husband, had occupied an apartment of the Hall, and she now exerted herself successfully with Sir John for the release of several of her personal friends among the captives; and on going into the field to select them, she adroitly smuggled young Sammons into the group, and led him away in safety.

It has already been mentioned that there was a small guard occupying the little fort in the village, which had been avoided by Sir John in his morning march. Towards night, the militia of the surrounding country were observed to be clustering in the village, and Sir John thought it advisable to resume his march. He had collected a number of prisoners and much booty, besides recruiting his ranks by a considerable number of Loyalists, and obtaining possession of some eighteen or twenty of his negro slaves, left behind at the time of his flight in the spring of 1776. While they were halting on the next day, the elder Sammons applied to Sir John for an interview, which was granted in presence of his

principal officers. On inquiring what he wanted, Mr. Sammons replied that he wished to be released. The baronet hesitated; but the old man pressed his suit, and reminded Sir John of former scenes, and of the efforts of friendship which he himself had made in his behalf. "See what you have done, Sir John," said the veteran Whig: "you have taken myself and my sons prisoners, burned my dwelling to ashes, and left the helpless members of my family with no covering but the heavens above, and no prospect but desolation around them. Did we treat you in this manner when you were in the power of the Tryon County Committee? Do you remember when we were consulted by General Schuyler, and you agreed to surrender your arms? Do you not remember that you then agreed to remain neutral, and that upon that condition General Schuyler left you at liberty on your parole? Those conditions you violated. You went off to Canada, enrolled yourself in the service of the king, raised a regiment of the disaffected, who abandoned their country with you, and you have now returned to wage a cruel war against us, by burning our dwellings and robbing us of our property. I was your friend in the Committee of Safety, and exerted myself to save your person from injury. And how am I requited? Your Indians have murdered and scalped old Mr. Fonda, at the age of eighty years; a man who, I have heard your father say, was like a father to him when he settled in Johnstown and Kingsborough. You cannot succeed, Sir John, in such a warfare, and you will never enjoy your property more!"

The baronet made no reply; but the appeal was effectual, and the old gentleman was set at liberty. He then requested the restoration of a pair of his horses. Sir John replied that this should also be done, if the horses were not in the possession of the Indians, from whom he could not safely take them

On making the inquiry, a span of his horses were found and restored to him. A Tory officer, named Doxstadter, was seen by Mr. Sammons in possession of one of his horses, but he would not relinquish it, pretending that he was merely intrusted with the animal by an Indian.* The two sons, Jacob and Frederic, were carried into captivity, and suffered a protracted and severe imprisonment, interesting accounts of which will presently be given. Several of the aged prisoners, besides Mr. Sammons, were permitted to return, one of whom, Captain Abraham Veeder, was exchanged for Lieutenant Singleton, who had been taken at Fort Schuyler by Colonel Willett, and was then in Canada on his parole.

The immediate object of this irruption by Sir John Johnson was to procure his plate, which had been buried at the time of his flight in 1776, and not recovered with the iron chest. This treasure was not, indeed, buried with the chest, but in the cellar, and the place of deposit was confided to a faithful slave. While Sir John was in the hall, in the afternoon, the slave, assisted by four soldiers, disinterred the silver, which filled two barrels, brought it to the baronet, and laid it down at his feet.† It was then distributed among about forty soldiers, who placed it in their knapsacks, a quartermaster taking an account of the names of the soldiers, and the articles confided to each, by whom it was to be carried to Montreal. The irruption, however, was one of the most indefensible aggressions upon an unarmed and slumbering people which stain the an-

* After the war was over, Doxstadter returned from Canada upon some business, was arrested in an action at law by Mr. Sammons, and made to pay the value of the horse.

† This faithful domestic had lived long with Sir William Johnson, who was so much attached to him, that he caused him to be baptized by his own name, William. When the estate was placed in the hands of Sammons by the committee, William was sold, and Sammons was the purchaser. He lived with him until retaken by Sir John, but never gave the least hint either as to the burial of the iron chest or the plate, although both had been hidden in the earth by him

nals of the British arms. As the commanding officer, Sir John is himself to be held responsible in a general sense. How far he was directly and specially responsible for the midnight murders committed by his barbarians, is a question which may, perhaps, bear a somewhat different shade. Still, from the success which attended the expedition, and the unaccountable inaction of the people against him, it is sufficiently obvious that he might have recovered his plate without lighting up his path by the conflagration of his neighbours' houses, or without staining his skirts with innocent blood. But the most remarkable circumstances attending this expedition are, that the inhabitants were so completely taken by surprise, and that Sir John was so entirely unopposed in his advance on the morning of the 22d, and altogether unmolested on his retreat. The inhabitants, who had so often proved themselves brave, appear to have been not only surprised, but panic-stricken. True, as has already been incidentally stated, before Sir John commenced his return march, the militia had begun to gather at the village, a mile distant from the hall. They were led by Colonel John Harper, who was beyond doubt a very brave man. With him was also Colonel Volkert Veeder. But they were not strong enough to engage the enemy; and when Thomas Sammons arrived among them after his release, this opinion was confirmed by his report that the forces of Sir John exceeded seven hundred men. Colonels Harper and Veeder thereupon marched back to the river, and the invaders retired unmolested, save by Captain Putnam and four men, who hung upon their rear, and observed their course to the distance of twenty-five miles.

Governor Clinton was at Kingston at the time of the invasion. Hastening to Albany on the first rumour of the intelligence, he collected such militia and other forces as he could obtain, and moved to

Lake George, with a view to intercept Sir John. It was supposed that the course of the enemy might possibly lie in the direction of Oswegatchie, and for the purpose of striking him upon such a march, Colonel Van Schaick, with eight hundred men, followed him by the way of Johnstown. Descending Lake George to Ticonderoga, the governor was joined by a body of militia from the New-Hampshire grants. But all was of no use; the invaders escaped, taking to their batteaux, probably, at Crown Point, whence they proceeded down the lake to St. John's. The captives were then transferred to the fortress of Chamblee.

The prisoners at this fortress numbered about forty. On the day after their arrival, Jacob Sammons, having taken an accurate survey of the fort and the facilities of escape, conceived the project of inducing his fellow-prisoners to rise upon the guards and obtain their freedom. The garrison was weak in number, and the sentinels were less vigilant than is usual among good soldiers. The prison doors were opened once a day, when the prisoners were visited by the proper officer, with four or five soldiers. Sammons had observed where the arms of the guards were stacked in the yard, and his plan was, that some of the prisoners should arrest and disarm the visiting guard on the opening of their door, while the residue were to rush forth, seize the arms, and fight their way out. The proposition was acceded to by his brother Frederic, and one other man named Van Sluyck, but was considered too daring by the great body of the prisoners to be undertaken. It was therefore abandoned, and the brothers sought afterward only for a chance of escaping by themselves. Within three days the desired opportunity occurred, viz., on the 13th of June. The prisoners were supplied with an allowance of spruce beer, for which two of their number were detached daily to bring the cask from the

brew-house, under a guard of five men, with fixed bayonets. Having reason to suppose that the arms of the guards, though charged, were not primed, the brothers so contrived matters as to be taken together to the brewery on the day mentioned, with an understanding that at a given point they were to dart from the guard and run for their lives, believing that the confusion of the moment, and the consequent delay of priming their muskets by the guards, would enable them to escape beyond the ordinary range of musket-shot. The project was boldly executed. At the concerted moment, the brothers sprang from their conductors, and stretched across the plain with great fleetness. The alarm was given, and the whole garrison was soon after them in hot pursuit. Unfortunately for Jacob, he fell into a ditch and sprained his ankle. Perceiving the accident, Frederic turned to his assistance; but the other generously admonished him to secure his own flight, if possible, and leave him to the chances of war. Recovering from his fall, and regardless of the accident, Jacob sprang forward again with as much expedition as possible, but, finding that his lameness impeded his progress, he plunged into a thick clump of shrubs and trees, and was fortunate enough to hide himself between two logs before the pursuers came up. Twenty or thirty shots had previously been fired upon them, but without effect. In consequence of the smoke of their fire, probably, the guards had not observed Jacob when he threw himself into the thicket, and supposing that, like his brother, he had passed round it, they followed on, until they were fairly distanced by Frederic, of whom they lost sight and trace. They returned in about half an hour, halting by the bushes in which the other fugitive was sheltered, and so near that he could distinctly hear their conversation. The officer in command was Captain Steele. On calling his men together, some

were swearing, and others laughing at the race and the speed of the "long-legged Dutchmen," as they called the flying prisoners. The pursuit being abandoned, the guards returned to the fort.

The brothers had agreed, in case of separation, to meet at a certain spot at ten o'clock that night. Of course Jacob lay ensconced in the bushes until night, and until he supposed the hour had arrived, when he sallied forth, according to the antecedent understanding. But time did not move as rapidly on that evening as he supposed. He waited upon the spot designated, and called aloud for Frederic, until he despaired of meeting him, and prudence forbade his remaining any longer. It subsequently appeared that he was too early on the ground, and that Frederic made good his appointment.

Following the bank of the Sorel, Jacob passed Fort St. John's soon after daybreak on the morning of the 14th. His purpose was to swim the river at that place, and pursue his course homeward through the wilderness on the eastern shore of Lake Champlain; but just as he was preparing to enter the water, he descried a boat approaching from below, filled with officers and soldiers of the enemy. They were already within twenty rods. Concealing himself again in the woods, he resumed his journey after their departure, but had not proceeded more than two or three miles before he came upon a party of several hundred men engaged in getting out timber for the public works at the fort. To avoid these, he was obliged to describe a wide circuit, in the course of which, at about twelve o'clock, he came to a small clearing. Within the enclosure was a house, and in the field were a man and boy engaged in hoeing potatoes. They were at that moment called to dinner, and, supposing them to be French, who, he had heard, were rather friendly to the American cause than otherwise—incited, also, by hunger and fatigue—he made bold to present himself, trusting

that he might be invited to partake of their hospitality. But, instead of a friend, he found an enemy. On making known his character, he was roughly received. "It is by such villains as you are," replied the forester, "that I was obliged to fly from Lake Champlain." The rebels, he added, had robbed him of all he possessed, and he would now deliver his self-invited guest to the guard, which, he said, was not more than a quarter of a mile distant. Sammons promptly answered him that "that was more than he could do." The refugee then said he would go for the guard himself; to which Sammons replied that he might act as he pleased, but that all the men in Canada should not make him again a prisoner.

The man thereupon returned with his son to the potato-field, and resumed his work; while his more compassionate wife gave him a bowl of bread and milk, which he ate sitting on the threshold of the door, to guard against surprise. While in the house, he saw a musket, powder-horn, and bullet-pouch hanging against the wall, of which he determined, if possible, to possess himself, that he might be able to procure food during the long and solitary march before him. On retiring, therefore, he travelled only far enough into the woods for concealment returning to the woodman's house in the evening for the purpose of obtaining the musket and ammunition. But he was again beset by imminent peril. Very soon after he entered the house, the sound of approaching voices was heard, and he took to the rude chamber for security, where he lay flat upon the irregular floor, and, looking through the interstices, saw eleven soldiers enter, who, it soon appeared, came for milk. His situation was now exceedingly critical. The churlish proprietor might inform against him, or a single movement betray him. But neither circumstance occurred. The unwelcome visitors departed in due time, and the fam-

ily all retired to bed excepting the wife, who, as Jacob descended from the chamber, refreshed him with another bowl of bread and milk. The good woman now earnestly entreated her guest to surrender himself and join the ranks of the king, assuring him that his majesty must certainly conquer in the end, in which case the rebels would lose all their property, and many of them be hanged into the bargain. But to such a proposition he, of course, would not listen. Finding all her efforts to convert a Whig into a Tory fruitless, she then told him that if he would secrete himself two days longer in the woods, she would furnish him with some provisions, for a supply of which her husband was going to the fort the next day, and she would likewise endeavour to provide him with a pair of shoes.

Disinclined to linger so long in the country of the enemy, and in the neighbourhood of a British post, however, he took his departure forthwith. But such had been the kindness of the good woman, that he had it not in his heart to seize upon her husband's arms, and he left this wild scene of rustic hospitality without supplies, or the means of procuring them. Arriving once more at the water's edge, at the lower end of Lake Champlain, he came upon a hut, within which, on cautiously approaching it for reconnoissance, he discovered a party of soldiers, all soundly asleep. Their canoe was moored by the shore, into which he sprang, and paddled himself up the lake under the most encouraging prospect of a speedy, and comparatively easy voyage, to its head, whence his return home would be unattended with either difficulty or danger. But his pleasing anticipations were extinguished on the night following, as he approached the Isle au Noix, where he descried a fortification, and the glitter of bayonets bristling in the air as the moonbeams played upon the burnished arms of the sentinels, who were pacing their tedious rounds. The lake being very narrow

at this point, and perceiving that both sides were fortified, he thought the attempt to shoot his canoe through between them rather too hazardous an experiment. His only course, therefore, was to run ashore, and resume his travels on foot. Nor, on landing, was his case in any respect enviable. Without shoes, without food, and without the means of obtaining either, a long journey before him, through a deep and trackless wilderness, it may well be imagined that his mind was not cheered by the most agreeable anticipations. But, without pausing to indulge unnecessarily his "thick-coming fancies," he commenced his solitary journey, directing his course along the eastern lake shore towards Albany. During the first four days of his progress, he subsisted entirely upon the bark of the birch, chewing the twigs as he went. On the fourth day, while resting by a brook, he heard a rippling of the water, caused by the fish, as they were stemming its current. He succeeded in catching a few of these, but having no means of striking a fire, after devouring one of them raw, he threw the others away.

His feet were by this time cruelly cut, bruised, and torn by thorns, briars, and stones; and while he could scarcely proceed by reason of their soreness, hunger and fatigue united to retard his cheerless march. On the fifth day his miseries were augmented by the hungry swarms of mosquitoes, which settled upon him in clouds while traversing a swamp. On the same day he fell upon the nest of a black duck, the duck sitting quietly upon her eggs until he came up and caught her. The bird was no sooner deprived of her life and her feathers than he devoured the whole, including the head and feet. The eggs were nine in number, which Sammons took with him; but, on opening one, he found a little half-made duckling, already alive. Against such food his stomach revolted, and he was obliged to throw the eggs away.

On the tenth day he came to a small lake. His feet were now in such a horrible state, that he could scarcely crawl along. Finding a mitigation of pain by bathing them in water, he plunged his feet into the lake, and lay down upon its margin. For a time it seemed as though he could never rise upon his feet again. Worn down by hunger and fatigue, bruised in body and wounded in spirit, in a lone wilderness, with no eye to pity, and no human arm to protect, he felt as though he must remain in that spot until it should please God in his goodness to quench the dim spark of life that remained. Still, he was comforted in some measure by the thought that he was in the hands of a Being without whose knowledge not a sparrow falls to the ground.

Refreshed, at length, though to a trifling degree, he resumed his weary way, when, on raising his right leg over the trunk of a fallen tree, he was bitten in the calf by a rattlesnake! In an instant, with his pocket-knife, he made an incision in his leg, removing the wounded flesh to a greater depth than the fangs of the serpent had penetrated. His next business was to kill the venomous reptile, and dress it for eating; thus appropriating the enemy that had sought to take his life, to its prolongation. His first meal was made from the heart and fat of the serpent. Feeling somewhat strengthened by the repast, and finding, moreover, that he could not travel farther in his present condition, he determined to remain where he was for a few days, and by repose, and feeding upon the body of the snake, recruit his strength. Discovering, also, a dry fungus upon the trunk of a maple-tree, he succeeded in striking a fire, by which his comforts were essentially increased. Still, he was obliged to creep upon his hands and knees to gather fuel, and on the third day he was yet in such a state of exhaustion as to be utterly unable to proceed. Supposing that death was inevitable and very near, he crawled to the foot of

a tree, upon the bark of which he commenced inscribing his name, in the expectation that he should leave his bones there, and in the hope that, in some way, by the aid of the inscription, his family might ultimately be apprized of his fate. While engaged in this sad work, a cloud of painful thoughts crowded upon his mind; the tears involuntarily stole down his cheeks, and, before he had completed the melancholy task, he fell asleep.

On the fourth day of his residence at this place he began to gain strength, and, as a part of the serpent yet remained, he determined upon another effort to resume his journey. But he could not do so without devising some substitute for shoes. For this purpose he cut up his hat and waistcoat, binding them upon his feet; and thus he hobbled along. On the following night, while lying in the woods, he became strongly impressed with a belief that he was not far distant from a human habitation. He had seen no indications of proximity to the abode of man, but he was, nevertheless, so confident of the fact, that he wept for joy. Buoyed up and strengthened by this impression, he resumed his journey on the following morning, and in the afternoon, it being the 28th of June, he reached a house in the town of Pittsford, in the New-Hampshire Grants, now forming the State of Vermont. He remained there for several days, both to recruit his health, and, if possible, to gain intelligence of his brother. But no tidings came; and, as he knew Frederic to be a capital woodsman, he of course concluded that sickness, death, or recapture must have interrupted his journey. Procuring a conveyance at Pittsford, Jacob travelled to Albany, and thence to Schenectady, where he had the happiness of finding his wife and family.

Not less interesting, nor marked by fewer vicissitudes, were the adventures of Frederic Sammons. The flight from the fort at Chamblee was made just

before sunset, which accounts for the chase having been abandoned so soon. On entering the edge of the woods, Frederic encountered a party of Indians returning to the fort from fatigue duty. Perceiving that he was a fugitive, they fired, and called out, "We have got him!" In this opinion, however, they were wrong; for, although he had run close upon before perceiving them, by turning a short corner, and increasing his speed, in ten minutes he was entirely clear of the party. He then sat down to rest, the blood gushing from his nose in consequence of the extent to which his physical powers had been taxed. At the time appointed he also repaired to the point which, at his separation from Jacob, had been agreed upon as the place of meeting. The moon shone brightly, and he called loud and often for his brother—so loud, indeed, that the guard was turned out in consequence. His anxiety was very great for his brother's safety; but, in ignorance of *his* situation, he was obliged to attend to his own. He determined, however, to approach the fort—as near to it, at least, as he could venture—and, in the event of meeting any one, disguise his own character by inquiring whether the rebels had been taken. But a flash from the sentinel's musket, the report, and the noise of a second pursuit, compelled him to change the direction of his march, and proceed again with all possible speed. It had been determined by the brothers to cross the Sorel, and return on the east side of the river and lake; but there was a misunderstanding between them as to the point of crossing the river, whether above or below the fort. Hence their failure of meeting. Frederic repaired to what he supposed to be the designated place of crossing, below the fort, where he lingered for his brother until near morning. At length, having found a boat, he crossed over to the eastern shore, and landed just at the cock-crowing. He proceeded directly to the barn, where he supposed

chanticleer had raised his voice, but found not a fowl on the premises. The sheep seemed too poor by the dim twilight, to serve his purpose of food; but a bullock presenting a more favourable appearance, Frederic succeeded in cutting the unsuspecting animal's throat; and severing one of the hind-quarters from the carcass, he shouldered and marched off with it directly into the forest. Having proceeded to a safe and convenient distance, he stopped to dress his beef, cutting off what he supposed would be sufficient for the journey, and forming a knapsack from the skin, by the aid of bark peeled from the moose-wood.

Resuming his journey, he arrived at the house of a French family within the distance of five or six miles. Here he made bold to enter, for the purpose of procuring bread and salt, and in the hope, also, of obtaining a gun and ammunition. But he could neither obtain provisions, nor make the people understand a word he uttered. He found means, however, to prepare some tinder, with which he re-entered the woods, and hastened forward in a southern direction, until he ascertained, by the firing of the evening guns, that he had passed St. John's. Halting for the night, he struck a light; and having kindled a fire, occupied himself until morning in drying and smoking his beef, cutting it into slices for that purpose. His knapsack of raw hide was cured by the same process. Thus prepared, he proceeded onward, without interruption or adventure, until the third day, when he killed a fawn and secured the venison. He crossed the Winooski or Onion River, on the next day; and having discovered a man's name carved upon a tree, together with the distance from the lake (Champlain), eight miles, he bent his course for its shores, where he found a canoe with paddles. There was now a prospect of lessening the fatigue of his journey; but his canoe had scarce begun to dance upon the waters ere it

parted asunder, and he was compelled to hasten ashore and continue his march by land.

At the close of the seventh day, and when, as he supposed, he was within two days' travel of a settlement, he kindled his fire, and lay down to rest in fine health and spirits. But ere the dawn of day, he awoke with racking pains, which proved to be an attack of pleurisy. A drenching rain came on, continuing three days; during which time he lay helpless, in dreadful agony, without fire, or shelter, or sustenance of any kind. On the fourth day, his pain having abated, he attempted to eat a morsel, but his provisions had become too offensive to be swallowed. His thirst being intense, he fortunately discovered a pond of water near by, to which he crawled. It was a stagnant pool, swarming with frogs; another providential circumstance, inasmuch as the latter served him for food. Too weak, however, to strike a light, he was compelled to devour them raw, and without dressing of any kind. Unable to proceed, he lay in this wretched condition fourteen days. Supposing that he should die there, he succeeded in hanging his hat upon a pole, with a few papers, in order that, if discovered, his fate might be known. He was lying upon a high bluff, in full view of the lake, and at no great distance therefrom. The hat, thus elevated, served as a signal, which saved his life. A vessel sailing past, descried the hat, and sent a boat ashore to ascertain the cause. The boatmen discovered the body of a man, yet living, but senseless and speechless, and transferred him to the vessel. By the aid of medical attendance he was slowly restored to his reason, and having informed the captain who he was, had the rather uncomfortable satisfaction of learning that he was on board an enemy's ship, and at that moment lying at Crown Point. Here he remained sixteen days, in the course of which he had the gratification to hear, from a party of Tories coming from the settlements, that his

brother Jacob had arrived safe at Schenectady and joined his family. He was also apprized of Jacob's sufferings, and of the bite of the serpent, which took place near Otter Creek, close by the place where he had himself been so long sick. The brothers were therefore near together at the time of the greatest peril and endurance of both.

Frederic's recovery was very slow. Before he was able to walk, he was taken to St. John's, and thence, partly on a wheelbarrow, and partly in a calash, carried back to his old quarters at Chamblee, experiencing much rough usage by the way. On arriving at the fortress, the guards saluted him by the title of "Captain Lightfoot," and there was great joy at his recapture. It was now about the 1st of August. As soon as his health was sufficiently recovered to bear it, he was heavily ironed, and kept in close confinement at that place until October, 1781, fourteen months, without once beholding the light of the sun. Between St. John's and Chamblee he had been met by a British officer with whom he was acquainted, and by whom he was informed that severe treatment would be his portion. Compassionating his situation, however, the officer slipped a guinea and a couple of dollars into his hands, and they moved on.

No other prisoners were in irons at Chamblee, and all but Sammons were taken upon the parade-ground twice a week for the benefit of fresh air. The irons were so heavy and so tight as to wear into the flesh of his legs; and so incensed was Captain Steele, the officer of the 32d regiment, yet commanding the garrison at Chamblee, at the escape of his prisoner, that he would not allow the surgeon to remove the irons to dress the wounds, of which they were the cause, until a peremptory order was procured for that purpose from General St. Leger, who was then at St. John's. The humanity of the surgeon prompted this application of his own accord

Even then, however, Steele would only allow the leg-bolts to be knocked off, still keeping on the handcuffs. The dressing of his legs was a severe operation. The iron had eaten to the bone, and the gangrened flesh was of course to be removed. One of the legs ultimately healed, but the other has never been entirely well to this day.*

In the month of November, 1781, the prisoners were transferred from Chamblee to an island in the St. Lawrence, called at that time Prison Island, situated in the rapids, some distance above Montreal. Sammons was compelled to travel in his handcuffs, but the other prisoners were not thus encumbered. There were about two hundred prisoners on the island, all of whom were very closely guarded. In the spring of 1782, Sammons organized a conspiracy with nine of his fellow-prisoners to make their escape, by seizing a provision boat, and had wellnigh effected their object. Being discovered, however, their purpose was defeated, and Sammons, as the ringleader, once more placed in irons. But at the end of five weeks the irons were removed, and he was allowed to return to his hut.

Impatient of such protracted captivity, Frederic was still bent on escaping, for which purpose he induced a fellow-prisoner, named M'Mullen, to join him in the daring exploit of seeking an opportunity to plunge into the river, and taking their chance of swimming to the shore. A favourable moment for attempting the bold adventure was afforded on the 17th of August. The prisoners having, to the number of fifty, been allowed to walk to the foot of the island, but around the whole of which a chain of sentinels was extended, Sammons and M'Mullen, without having conferred with any one else, watching an opportunity when the nearest sentinel turned

* April, 1837—fifty-six years ago! Frederic Sammons is yet living, and otherwise well, and was chosen one of the electors of President and Vice-president of the United States in November, 1836.

his back upon them, quietly glided down beneath a shelving rock, and plunged into the stream, each holding up and waving a hand in token of farewell to their fellow-prisoners, as the surge swept them rapidly down the stream. The sentinel was distant about six rods when they threw themselves into the river, and did not discover their escape until they were beyond the reach of any molestation he could offer them. Three quarters of a mile below the island, the rapids were such as to heave the river into swells too large for boats to encounter. This was a frightful part of their voyage. Both, however, were expert swimmers, and by diving as they approached each successive surge, both succeeded in making the perilous passage, the distance of this rapid being about one hundred and fifty rods. As they plunged successively into these rapids, they had little expectation of meeting each other again in this world. But a protecting Providence ordered it otherwise, and they emerged from the frightful billows quite near together. "I am glad to see you," said Sammons to his friend; "I feared we should not meet again." "We have had a merry ride of it," replied the other; "but we could not have stood it much longer."

The adventurous fellows attempted to land about two miles below the island, but the current was so violent as to baffle their purpose, and they were driven two miles farther, where they happily succeeded in reaching the land, at a place on the north side of the St. Lawrence, called by the Canadians "The Devil's Point." A cluster of houses stood near the river, into some of which it was necessary the fugitives should go to procure provisions. They had preserved each a knife and tinder-box in their waistcoat pockets, and one of the first objects, after arming themselves with substantial clubs, was to procure a supply of tinder. This was effected by boldly entering a house and rummaging an old lady's

work-basket. The good woman, frightened at the appearance of the visitors, ran out and alarmed the village, the inhabitants of which were French. In the mean time, they searched the house for provisions, fire-arms, and ammunition, but found none of the latter, and only a single loaf of bread. They also plundered the house of a blanket, blanket-coat, and a few other articles of clothing. By this time the people began to collect in such numbers, that a precipitate retreat was deemed advisable. M'Mullen, being seized by two Canadians, was only released from their grasp by the well-directed blows of Frederic's club. They both then commenced running for the woods, when Sammons, encumbered with his luggage, unluckily fell, and the loaf rolled away from him. The peasants now rushed upon them, and their only course was to give battle, which they prepared to do in earnest; whereupon, seeing their resolution, the pursuers retreated almost as rapidly as they had advanced. This demonstration gave the fugitives time to collect and arrange their plunder, and commence their travels anew. Taking to the woods, they found a resting-place, where they halted until nightfall. They then sallied forth once more in search of provisions, with which it was necessary to provide themselves before crossing to the south side of the river, where, at that day, there were no settlements. The cattle fled at their approach; but they at length came upon a calf in a farmyard, which they captured, and appropriating to their own use a canoe moored in the river, they embarked with their prize, to cross over to the southern shore. But, alas! when in the middle of the stream their paddle broke, and they were, in a measure, left to the mercy of the flood, which was hurrying them onward, as they very well knew, towards the rapids or falls of the Cedars. There was an island above the rapids, from the brink of which a tree had fallen into the river. Fortunately, the

canoe was swept by the current into the branches of this treetop, among which it became entangled. While struggling in this predicament, the canoe was upset. Being near shore, however, the navigators got to land without losing the calf. Striking a fire, they now dressed their veal, and on the following morning, by towing their canoe along shore round to the south edge of the island, succeeded in crossing to their own side of the river. They then plunged directly into the unbroken forest, extending from the St. Lawrence to the Sacandaga, and after a journey of twelve days of excessive hardship, emerged from the woods within six miles of the point for which, without chart or compass, Sammons had laid his course. Their provisions lasted but a few days, and their only subsequent food consisted of roots and herbs. The whole journey was made almost in a state of nudity, both being destitute of pantaloons. Having worn out their hats upon their feet, the last three days they were compelled to travel barefooted. Long before their journey was ended, therefore, their feet were dreadfully lacerated and swollen. On arriving at Schenectady, the inhabitants were alarmed at their wild and savage appearance, half naked, with lengthened beards and matted hair. The people at length gathered round them with strange curiosity; but when they made themselves known, a lady named Ellis rushed through the crowd to grasp the hand of Frederic, and was so much affected at his altered appearance that she fainted and fell. The welcome fugitives were forthwith supplied with whatever of food and raiment was necessary; and young Sammons learned that his father and family had removed back to Marbletown, in the county of Ulster, whence he had previously emigrated to Johnstown.

A singular, but well-attested occurrence, closes this interesting personal narrative. The family of the elder Sammons had long given up Frederic as

lost. On the morning after his arrival at Schenectady, he despatched a letter to his father, by the hand of an officer on his way to Philadelphia, who left it at the house of a Mr. Levi De Witt, five miles distant from the residence of the old gentleman. The same night on which the letter was thus left, Jacob dreamed that his brother Frederic was living, and that there was a letter from him at De Witt's, announcing the joyful tidings. The dream was repeated twice, and the contents of the letter were so strongly impressed upon his mind, that he repeated what he believed was the very language on the ensuing morning, insisting that such a letter was at the place mentioned. The family, his father in particular, laughed at him for his credulity. Strong, however, in the belief that there was such a communication, he repaired to the place designated, and asked for the letter. Mr. De Witt looked for it, but replied there was none. Jacob requested a more thorough search, and the letter was found behind a barrel, where it had fallen. Jacob then requested Mr. De Witt to open the letter, and examine while he recited its contents. He did so, and the dreamer repeated it word for word!*

Returning from these digressions, the chain of historical events to be recorded will be resumed in their order. Sir John Johnson having made good his retreat, as heretofore described, no other transaction of consequence occurred in the Mohawk Valley until the 2d of August, when the dreaded Thayendanegea was again among the settlements on the river. Colonel Gansevoort had been directed by

* The facts contained in this account of the captivity of Frederic Sammons have been drawn from the narrative written by himself immediately after his return. In regard to the dream, which I have thought of sufficient interest to record in the text, Major Thomas Sammons, who was at home at the time, has repeatedly assured me of the fact in conversations; and Mr. De Witt, when living, always confirmed the circumstances related as occurring at his house. Jacob Sammons himself says, at the conclusion, "I write this to satisfy that class of people who say there is nothing revealed by dreams."

General Clinton, on the 6th of June, to repair to Fort Plank with his regiment, to take charge of a quantity of stores destined to Fort Schuyler. In his instructions to that officer, General Clinton referred to the alarming situation of the Mohawk country, and enjoined the most vigilant watchfulness against surprise. The stores were, of course, to be transported in batteaux, carefully guarded the whole distance. Aware of the movement of these stores, Brant had caused the valley to be filled with rumours of his intention to capture them, and even to take Fort Schuyler itself. In order to prevent either occurrence, the militia of the county were sent forward to strengthen the convoy, and repair to the defence of the fort. Having thus diverted the public attention, and caused the militia to be drawn from the lower section of the valley, the wily Mohawk passed round in their rear, and, on the day above mentioned, made a sudden descent upon Canajoharie and its adjacent settlements. There were several small stockades among the different neighbourhoods invaded, but the principal work of defence, then called Fort Plank, and subsequently Fort Plain, was situated upon an elevated plain overlooking the valley, near the sight of the village yet retaining the latter name of the fortress. A small garrison had been left in this fort, but not of sufficient strength to warrant a field engagement with the forces of Brant, while the latter, being unprovided with artillery, had no design of assaulting the fort.

On the first approach of Brant in Canajoharie, a few miles eastwardly of the fort, the alarm was given by a woman, who fired a cannon for that purpose. But as the able-bodied men were absent, as already stated, the chief met with no immediate opposition, and, before the militia could be rallied from Schenectady and Albany, he had ample time to effect the object of the enterprise. The settlements

on the south side of the river, for several miles, were entirely laid waste. All the movable property that could be taken off was secured as plunder; but no outrages were committed upon the defenceless women and children, other than carrying them into captivity; a circumstance that has been attributed to the absence of the Tories in this expedition, and also to the fact that there was no divided command, Brant being himself the sole leader. Be that as it may, the Mohawk chief is entitled to the benefit of this instance of humanity, in forming a final judgment of his character.

But the strength of the main fort did not deter the chief from leading his warriors directly into its vicinity, where the church, distant about a quarter of a mile, and the parsonage, together with several other buildings, were burned. Sixteen of the inhabitants were killed, between fifty and sixty persons, mostly women and children, were taken prisoners, fifty-three dwelling-houses, and as many barns, were burned, together with a grist-mill, two small forts, and a handsome church. Upward of three hundred black cattle and horses were killed or driven away, the arms of the people, their working-tools and implements of husbandry destroyed, and the growing crops swept from the fields. In deed, the fairest district of the valley was in a single day rendered a scene of wailing and desolation; and the ravages enacted in the Indian country by General Sullivan the preceding year were, in part, most unexpectedly re-enacted by the Indian chieftain himself, in the heart of the country of his invaders.

The first admonition of the invasion in the neighbourhood of Johnstown, fifteen miles from Canajoharie, was by the ascending columns of smoke from the burning buildings. The people were employed harvesting in the fields, but they turned out immediately, and, joining Colonel Wemple, who advan-

ced from below with the Schenectady and Albany militia, proceeded to the scene of conflagration. But their movements were not sufficiently expeditious to arrest the destroyer or to intercept his retreat. The colonel lodged his men that night in the fort. The next morning, while the troops, regular and irregular, were on parade, some buildings were discovered on fire at a distance, which had escaped the flames the day before. Major Bantlin, with a few of the Tryon county militia, who had arrived that morning, immediately turned out. "We hastened to the place as soon as we could. The enemy discovered us, and ran off. It was a small party sent out by Brant. We pursued them, but they reached their main body before we came up. We succeeded, however, in rescuing a little girl, whom they had taken and painted."

CHAPTER IV.

THE active operations of the war during the open months of the present year, with the exception of the invasions of the Mohawk Valley by Sir John Johnson and Captain Brant, were chiefly confined to the Southern States.

After the fall of Charleston in the spring, the British troops, under those able and active officers, Cornwallis, Tarleton, Lord Rawdon, and others, almost entirely overran the Southern States. Tarleton's first achievement was the cutting up of Colonel Buford, with about four hundred men, at the Waxhaws. In South Carolina all ideas of farther resistance seemed to be abandoned until Sumpter returned, and revived their spirits by proving, at Williamson's plantation, that the invaders were not

invincible. But in July, after General Gates had assumed the command in the Southern Department, to which the brave Baron De Kalb had opened the way, the severe disaster at Camden, where the militia ran away, as usual, at the beginning of the battle, rendered all again gloomy as before. The Baron De Kalb fell in this action, covered with wounds. Close upon the heels of this defeat, followed the surprise and all but annihilation of Sumpter's forces, by Tarleton, at the Wateree. But the splendid affair at King's Mountain, on the 7th of October, in which Ferguson, with a body of twelve or fifteen hundred Loyalists, and about one hundred British regulars, was defeated and taken by Campbell, Shelby, and Cleaveland, at the head of the hardy mountaineers of Virginia and North Carolina, with the reappearance of Sumpter in the field at the head of a body of volunteers—defeating Major Wemys at Broad River, on the 12th of November, and repulsing Tarleton himself at Black-stocks, near the Tiger River, on the 20th—contributed not a little to revive the spirits of the Americans in that quarter. At the North, the only considerable movement by the enemy was the expedition of the Hessian General Knyphausen into New-Jersey, during which he burned thirteen houses and the church at Connecticut Farms, and fifty houses at Springfield. Fighting a battle at that place without achieving a victory, he returned to Elizabethtown, and thence to New-York.

But the great event of the summer at the North was the capture of the British adjutant-general, Major André, in the character of a spy, and the consequent detection of the treason of General Arnold. The annals of war furnish not a more flagrant instance of treachery than that. Arnold was a brave man, who had shared largely in the confidence of Washington during the earlier years of the war; and although events had subsequently occurred

which must seriously have shaken the faith of the commander-in-chief in his private virtue and integrity, still he could not have entertained the slightest suspicion of his patriotism, or his integrity to the country; ignorant, probably, of the fact, which will appear a few pages ahead, that even that *had* been questioned during the Canadian campaign of 1776. But, aside from Arnold's thirst for military fame, which certainly cannot be denied to him, his ruling passion was avarice. During his residence in Philadelphia, with the command of which he was invested after its evacuation by the British troops in 1778, he had lived in a style of splendour altogether beyond his means. Embarking largely in privateering and other speculations, he had suffered heavy losses; and to supply an exchequer which had been exhausted by an almost boundless prodigality, he had resorted to acts of oppression and base dishonour. Another device to obtain the means of indulging his extravagance was the exhibition of accounts against the public so enormous as to demand an investigation by a board of commissioners. Many of these accounts being disallowed by the commissioners, Arnold appealed to Congress. A committee of re-examination was appointed; the report of which was, that the board of commissioners had already allowed too much. He was shortly afterward brought to answer for his peculations, and other malpractices, before a general court-martial; and he only escaped being cashiered by the death of one witness, and the unaccountable absence of another. Still, his conduct was pronounced highly reprehensible by the court, for which he was subjected to a reprimand from the commander-in-chief. The impression, however, was strong, and very general, that he ought to have been dismissed from the army. Stung to the quick at these censures of the Congress, the court, and of his commander—hating that commander now, if he had not done so

before, for the high-souled honour of his sentiments, and the exalted virtue and moral purity of his life—hating him the more bitterly because of his own fall—and stimulated to the foul purpose, like the Thane of Cawdor, by his wife, who was a traitress before him*—Arnold had almost consummated his long-meditated treachery,† when the arrest of the unfortunate André saved not only the citadel of the army, but probably the cause of the country itself.

Resuming the Indian relations of the North, the first occurrence to be noted is a visit made by several of the Oneida, Tuscarora, and Caughnawaga Indians to the French army in Rhode Island. The Caughnawaga Indians, residing at the Sault of St. Louis, near Montreal, had been altogether in the in-

* It is well known that, on the detection of Arnold's treason and his flight, Mrs. Arnold was apparently deeply affected, tearing her hair, and seeming almost frantic. So great was her agony, that the feelings of Washington, Hamilton, and other officers were greatly excited in her behalf. The author has long been aware, through the confidential friends of the late Colonel Burr, that Mrs. Arnold was only *acting a part* when she exhibited her distress. She was the daughter of Chief-justice Shippen, of Pennsylvania, and had been married to Arnold, at Philadelphia, in 1779. She had corresponded with Major André, during the summer, under a pretext of obtaining supplies of millinery, &c. Her habits were extravagant, and had doubtless contributed to involve her husband more deeply in pecuniary difficulties. Having obtained from General Washington a passport, and permission to join her husband in New-York, Mrs. Arnold stopped on the way at the house of Mrs. Provost, at Paramus, the lady of a British officer, and afterward the wife of Colonel Burr, where she stayed one night. Here the frantic scenes of West Point were re-enacted while there were strangers present; but as soon as they were alone, she became tranquillized, and assured Mrs. Provost that she was heartily sick of the theatrics she was playing. She stated that she had corresponded with the British commander; that she was disgusted with the American cause, and those who had the management of it; and that, through great precaution and unceasing perseverance, she had ultimately brought the general into the arrangement to surrender West Point to the British, &c., &c. For farther particulars upon the subject, see Davis's *Life of Burr*, p. 219, 220. In his letter in her behalf to General Washington, Arnold, of course, entirely exculpated his wife. The public vengeance, he said, "ought alone to fall on me. She is as good and as innocent as an angel, and is incapable of doing wrong."

† Eighteen months before the consummation of his treason, General Arnold commenced writing to Sir Henry Clinton anonymously, and from time to time communicated to him important intelligence.—*Sparks*.

terest of France down to the time of the conquest of Canada by the British and Provincial arms ; and it was supposed that the ancient attachment of other branches of the Six Nations to the French had not been entirely lost. It was also recollected, that when M. de Vaudreuil surrendered Canada to the English, he gave to the Indians, as tokens of recognition, a golden crucifix and a watch ; and it was supposed that a renewal of the impressions, which had been in some degree preserved among them by these emblems of friendship, might have the effect to detach them from the influence of the English, and strengthen their union with the Americans and French. That the British officers were apprehensive that an influence adverse to the cause of the king might be awakened among the Indians by the alliance of the French with the Americans, was rendered highly probable, from the pains taken by the former to impress them with a belief that no such alliance had been formed. Hence it was judged expedient by General Schuyler, who was then at Albany, that a delegation of the Indians should be sent to Rhode Island, where conviction of the fact might be wrought upon their senses by the substantial evidence of the fleet and army. Thirteen Oneidas and Tuscaroras, and five Caughnawagas, were accordingly despatched to Rhode Island, under the conduct of Mr. Deane, the interpreter. They arrived at Newport on the 29th of August, and were received with distinguished marks of attention by the French commanders. Entertainments and military shows were prepared for them, and they expressed much satisfaction at what they saw and heard. Suitable presents were distributed among them, and to the chiefs were given medals representing the coronation of the French king. When they went away a written address was delivered to them, or, rather, a kind of proclamation, signed by Count Rochambeau, copies of which were to be distributed among the friendly Indians.

It is doubtful, however, whether either good or ill came from the movement. The Oneidas and Tuscaroras were already sufficiently true in their alliance with the Americans. The Caughnawagas had made friendly advances to the Americans before, which resulted in nothing. And as for the other and greater divisions of the Six Nations, their hostility, it will soon be perceived, was not abated.

But even yet the desire of vengeance on the part of the savages had not been satisfied. Smarting from the devastations of Sullivan's expedition, neither the irruption of Sir John Johnson to Johnstown and Caughnawaga, nor the destruction of Canajoharie by Thayendanegea, was deemed by them a sufficient retaliatory visitation. Another, and yet more extensive expedition, both as to the numbers to be engaged, and the object to be accomplished, was therefore planned and carried into execution, under the auspices of Sir John Johnson, Joseph Brant, and the famous Seneca warrior, the *Corn Planter*. This latter chief was a half-breed, his father being a white man, living in the Mohawk country, named John O'Bail.

The Indian portion of this expedition was chiefly collected at Tioga Point, whence they ascended the Susquehanna to Unadilla, where a junction was formed with Sir John Johnson, whose forces consisted, besides Mohawks, of three companies of his own regiment of Greens, one company of German Yagers, a detachment of two hundred men from Butler's rangers, and one company of British regulars, under the immediate command of Captain Richard Duncan, the son of an opulent gentleman residing, previous to the war, in the neighbourhood of Schenectady. The troops of Sir John were collected at Lachine, near Montreal, whence they ascended the St. Lawrence to Lake Ontario and Oswego. From this point they crossed the country to the Susquehanna, where they were joined by the

Indians and Tories from Tioga. Sir John had with him two small mortars, and a brass three-pounder, called a grasshopper, from the circumstance of its being mounted upon iron legs instead of wheels. These pieces of ordnance were transported through the woods upon pack-horses. Every soldier and every Indian was provided with eighty rounds of cartridges.

The Indians never breathed more fiercely for vengeance than at this time, and they went forth upon the war-path with a determination that nothing should impede their march or prevent their depredations. Their numbers have been variously estimated at from eight hundred to fifteen hundred and fifty, all descriptions of troops included. The latter estimate is probably the nearest to the truth, judging from the results of the campaign.

Their course was by their old route, along the Charlotte River (sometimes called the eastern branch of the Susquehanna), to its source, and thence across to the head of the Schoharie Kill, for the purpose of making thorough work in the destruction of the continuous chain of settlements through that beautiful valley to its junction with the Mohawk. The enemy had designed to keep the movement a profound secret until proclaimed by his actual presence. Two of the Oneidas in their service having deserted, frustrated that design by giving information of their approach to the settlements. Whether from weariness of continual alarms, or from ignorance or doubt as to the quarter where the blow was to be struck, or from criminal negligence, cannot be told; but it is certain that the surprise was as complete as the success of the campaign was discreditable to those who did not prevent it.

The plan of Sir John and Captain Brant was to enter the valley by night, pass, if possible, the upper fort unobserved, and then, by silently destroying the intervening settlements, attack the middle fort, at

Middleburgh, early in the morning. This fort was garrisoned by about one hundred and fifty state troops, called three months men, exclusive of some fifty militiamen, the whole under the command of Major Woolsey, who, from all accounts, appears to have been an inefficient officer, and by some writers has been represented as the most miserable of poltroons. The design of passing the upper fort unperceived was in part successful; nor was the enemy's approach to the middle fortress discovered until just at break of day, on the morning of the 16th of October, when a sentinel, named Philip Graft, standing upon the parapet of a mud wall, discovered a fire kindling in some buildings not more than a quarter of a mile distant. Calling to the sergeant of the guard, he communicated the discovery through him to the commanding officer. The drums at once beat to arms, and Major Woolsey requested forty volunteers to sally forth and discover the cause of the alarm. Every man on duty promptly responded to the invitation, and the complement was thereupon counted off from the right, and sent out in charge of Lieutenant Spencer. The little band proceeded with alacrity in the direction of the burning buildings, until they suddenly encountered the enemy's advance. Three shots were exchanged, when Spencer retreated, and brought his detachment back into the fort without the loss of a man. At this moment the concerted signal of three guns from the upper fort came rolling down the gorge of the mountains, from which it was evident that the enemy had passed that fortress without molesting it. A proper degree of vigilance, however, ought certainly to have enabled the sentinels of that garrison to observe the advance of the invading army, instead of merely catching a glimpse of its rear. The moment the enemy had thus been discovered, front and rear, concealment of his approach being no longer possible, the torch was indiscriminately ap

plied to such houses and barns as came in his way. The season had been bountiful, the rich alluvial bottoms of the Schoharie Kill producing an unusually abundant harvest that year. The barns were therefore well stored with the earlier grains, while the fields were yet heavily burdened with the autumnal crops. But the husbandmen in the neighbourhood, or those lodging for greater security in the little apology for a fortress, looked abroad at sunrise to behold the produce of their industry in flames.

Soon after sunrise the main forces of the enemy had arrived, and the fort was completely invested. A column of troops, with the pieces of light artillery heretofore mentioned, passed round the northeast side of the fort, and planted their guns upon an eminence commanding the American works. An officer, with a flag, was now despatched towards the garrison, and from the moment he was seen an order was given to cease firing. All was silent until he had approached to within distance of fair rifle-shot, when the reader's old acquaintance, Murphy, recently of Morgan's rifle corps, but now making war on his own responsibility, expressed a determination to shoot down the officer by whom the flag was borne. He was instantly ordered by the officers of the regular troops to forbear. But the militia irregulars encouraged him to persist in his mutinous determination. He did so; but for once his rifle was untrue, and the flag-officer immediately faced about and retired to his own ranks.

Sir John thereupon opened his artillery upon the fort, while the Indians and rangers kept up a brisk fire of musketry, both without much effect. The enemy's fieldpieces were probably of too small calibre for the distance, and the shells were thrown with so little skill, for the most part, as either to fall short, or fly over the works, or to explode in the air. Two shells, however, fell upon the roof of the house within the fort, one of which was pre-

cipitated down into a room occupied by two sick women. It sank into a feather bed and exploded, but without inflicting farther injury. Fire was communicated to the roof of the building by the other shell, and was extinguished with a single pail of water carried up and applied by Philip Graft. Unfortunately, the garrison was unable to return the fire with spirit, for the want of powder. The regular troops had only a few rounds each, and the militia were but little better provided in that respect. Messengers had been despatched to Albany on the preceding day for ammunition, and also for re-enforcements; but neither had yet been received, so that the fort was but ill prepared for protracted or efficient resistance. But of this destitution the enemy was, of course, ignorant; and the shooting at his flag-officer may have been, and probably was, construed by Sir John as evidence of a determination to make no terms. Expecting a desperate resistance, therefore, the baronet may, from that circumstance, have proceeded with the greater caution.

It was, indeed, a singular siege. The enemy, spreading over the whole of the little plain, were now occupied in feeble attacks upon the fort, and now dispersing in small detachments, to plunder another farmhouse, and burn another corn-stack. There was one large barn, situated near the fort, around which stood a circle of stacks of wheat. These the enemy attempted several times to fire, but Lieutenant Spencer sallied forth with his little band of forty, and so gallantly protected the property, that the enemy reluctantly abandoned his design upon that point. Spencer was fired upon briskly in this sortie, but lost only one of his men.

In the course of the forenoon, another flag was despatched towards the fort by Sir John, which Murphy again determined to shoot down the moment the officer came within range of his trusty ri-

fle. Major Woolsey and the officers interposed, but the militia again rallied round Murphy; and although one of the officers drew his sword and threatened to run the offender through if he persisted, the rifleman coolly replied that he had no confidence in the commanding officer, who, he believed, intended to surrender the fort; that, if taken, he knew well what his own fate would be, and he would not be taken alive. As the flag approached, therefore, he fired again, but happily without effect; and the flag officer once more returned to the headquarters of Sir John. When the officers of the regular troops remonstrated against such a barbarous violation of the usages of honourable war, the militia soldiers replied that they were dealing with a foe who paid no regard to such usages; and, however strictly they might observe the rules of war and of etiquette themselves, the besiegers would be the last men to exhibit a corresponding course of conduct in the event of their success. The wailings of plundered and murdered families without the fort, and the columns of smoke and flame then ascending to the heavens, afforded ample testimony of the truth of their position. The savages and their companions the Tories, still more savage than they, had shown no respect to age, sex, or condition; and it was not without force that the question was repeated, Are we bound to exercise a forbearance totally unreciprocated by the enemy? Besides, it was added, let us show that we will neither take nor give quarters, and the enemy, discovering our desperation, will most likely withdraw.

The desultory battle was again renewed; small parties of the garrison occasionally watching opportunities to sally forth and do what mischief they could to the enemy, retreating within the gates when likely to be borne down by superior numbers. Sir John perceiving, at length, that neither shot nor shells made any impression upon the garrison,

formed his disciplined troops under shelter of a small building more immediately in the neighbourhood of the fort, and prepared for an attempt to carry it by assault. A flag again approached, and Murphy brought up his rifle to fire upon it the third time. He was admonished, as before, to desist, and an effort was made to arrest him. But he was a universal favourite, and the soldiers would not allow the procedure. A white flag was then ordered to be raised from the fort, but Murphy threatened instant death to any one who obeyed the direction; and, as the enemy's flag continued to approach, he was again preparing his piece, when an officer once more interposed. Captain Reghtmeyer, of the militia, standing by the side of Murphy, gave him the order to fire. The Continental officer made a demonstration towards Reghtmeyer by attempting to draw his sword, but immediately desisted as the latter clubbed his fusee, and gave an impressive motion with its breech, of an import not to be misunderstood; whereupon the major stepped back, and there the matter ended. The officer bearing the flag, having been thus a third time repulsed, Sir John convened a council of war, and, after a brief consultation, abandoned the siege, and proceeded on his Vandal march down the valley. The reason of this hasty change of purpose has never been known. Some have asserted that a pretended Loyalist gave the baronet an exaggerated account of the strength of the garrison and its means of resistance. Others have said that rumours of approaching re-enforcements induced him to hasten forward, lest his projected march of desolation should be interrupted. But it is likely that the repeated violations of the flag had created an impression that such an indomitable garrison might not prudently be engaged steel to steel, and hand to hand, by assailants not to be relied upon with much confidence in such emergencies.

The march of the invaders was rapid in the direction of Fort Hunter, at the confluence of the Schoharie Kill with the Mohawk River, in the course of which they destroyed the buildings and produce of every agricultural description. On arriving in the vicinity of the Lower Fort at Old Schoharie, Sir John divided his forces, the regulars continuing down on the bank of the creek to the left of the fort, while the Indians skirted the meadows half a mile distant on the right. Having thus gained the north side of the fort, they made a stand for a brief space, and a few shots were interchanged. Some sharpshooters having been stationed in the tower of the church, the enemy brought one of their fieldpieces to bear upon it. A single shot only struck, which lodged in the cornice, and a discharge of grape from the fort drove the invaders back; whereupon their march was resumed, and continued to Fort Hunter, at which place they arrived in the night, without interruption. In their course the whole valley was laid in ruins. The houses and barns were burned, the horses and cattle killed or taken; and those of the inhabitants who were not safely within the walls of their little fortifications, were either killed or carried into captivity. Not a building, known by the Indians and Tories to belong to a Whig, was saved. Sir John had ordered his forces to spare the church at the Upper Fort, but his mandate was disobeyed, and the structure was laid in ashes. The houses of the Loyalists were passed unmolested; but, exasperated by the destruction of their own habitations, the Whigs soon caused these to be numbered in the common lot. Thus was the whole valley of the Schoharie Kill made desolate.

The loss of the Americans at the forts was very trifling. Only two were killed, and one wounded, at the middle fort, and none at the lower. But of the unprotected inhabitants, numbers—according to some accounts, one hundred—were killed. There

were some individual occurrences during the day, moreover, which are worthy of being specially noted. It happened, early in the morning, that John Vrooman and two of his neighbours were upon a scout in the woods, about eight miles from the fort, when they discovered an Indian. Vrooman fired, and the Indian fell. At the same instant another Indian was discovered through the bushes, who was also brought down by one of Vrooman's companions. A third savage was now seen; but, as Vrooman's third companion hesitated about firing, Vrooman himself snatched his rifle from him, and brought that warrior also to the ground. At the same instant—for it was all the work of a moment—up rose from the ground a group of Indians and Tories, who set upon them with a terrible yell. Vrooman and his companions fled in different directions at the top of their speed, and succeeded, by reason of their wind and bottom, and their zigzag flights, in making their escape. It was noon when the former reached his own home, only to behold his house in flames. His wife and her mother were made captive by an Indian named Seth Hendrick, who had formerly resided in Schoharie; but they were released, and sent back on the following day, by Captain Brant, together with a letter written upon birch bark, explaining his reasons for allowing their return.

One of the farmers, on that day, while engaged with his boys in unloading a wagon of grain at the bar, hearing a shriek, looked about, and saw a party of Indians and Tories between himself and the nose. "The enemy, my boys!" said the father, and sprang from the wagon, but, in attempting to leap the fence, a rifle-ball laid him dead upon the spot. The shriek had proceeded from his wife, who in coming from the garden, had discovered the savage, and screamed to give the alarm. She was struck down by a tomahawk. Her little son, five

years old, who had been playing about the wagon, ran up to his mother, in an agony of grief, as she lay weltering in blood, and was knocked on the head, and left dead by the side of his parent. The two other boys were carried away into Canada, and did not return until after the war.

The family of Ephraim Vrooman was also particularly unfortunate. He was at work in the field when he first discovered a straggling party of the enemy approaching. He started at full speed for his house, in order to obtain his arms, and sell his life as dearly as possible. But, in climbing a fence, he was seized, and taken prisoner. His wife, endeavouring to escape by flight, was shot dead before his eyes. As she fell, her little daughter, aged eleven years, ran up, and cast herself down by the side of her dying parent, as clinging to her for protection, when an Indian came up, and added to the agony of the father and the crimes of the day by crushing her head with a stone.

There was an aged man in the middle fort who performed a bold exploit. He was the owner of a mill, about two miles distant, at which his son had passed the night. Knowing that some one or more of the enemy's plundering parties would assuredly visit the mill, at the instant Lieutenant Spener's party encountered Sir John's advance guard in the morning, the old man sallied out and hastened to the rescue of his son. Mounting each a horse to return to the fort, they found it already invested by the enemy on their arrival. Nothing daunted, however, they passed within a hundred yards of the enemy at full speed, dashed up to the rear of the fort, and were received in safety.

There was another incident at the fort, which stands in happy contrast with the conduct of the commanding major. The females within the fortress are said to have displayed a degree of heroism worthy of commendation and of all praise. Bing

well provided with arms, they were determined to use them in case of an attempt to carry the works by storm. One of them, an interesting young woman, whose name yet lives in story among her own mountains, perceiving, as she thought, symptoms of fear in a soldier who had been ordered to a well without the works, and within range of the enemy's fire, for water, snatched the bucket from his hands, and ran forth for it herself. Without changing colour, or giving the slightest evidence of fear, she drew and brought bucket after bucket to the thirsty soldiers, and providentially escaped without injury.

Sir John remained in the neighbourhood of Fort Hunter on the 17th, continuing the work of destruction in every possible direction. On the evening of that day Captain Duncan crossed the river with three companies of the Greens and some Indians. On the morning of the 18th, all that had been left standing of Caughnawaga at the time of the irruption of Sir John in the preceding spring, and all that had been rebuilt, was ruthlessly destroyed by fire. A simultaneous and most desolating march up the river was then commenced by Sir John and the main body of his forces on the south side of the river, and by Captain Duncan's division on the north. Rape and plunder were the order of the day, and both hores of the Mohawk were lighted up by the conflagration of everything combustibile; while the panicstricken inhabitants only escaped slaughter or captivity by flight, they knew not whither. Conspicuous among the sufferers was Major Jelles Fonda, a faithful and confidential officer under the father of Sir John; but who, having turned his back upon the royal cause, was singled out as a special and signal mark of vengeance. His mansion at "The Nose" in the town of Palatine, was destroyed, together with property to the amount of sixty thousand dollars. The major was himself absent.* His

* In the State Senate, the Legislature being then in session at Poughkeepsie.

wife escaped under the curtain of a thick fog, and made her way on foot, twenty-six miles, to Schenectady. Sir John encamped with his forces, on the night of the 18th, nearly opposite, or, rather, above the Nose. On the following morning he crossed the river to the north side, at Keder's Rifts. The greater part of the motley army continued its progress directly up the river, laying waste the country as before. A detachment of one hundred and fifty men was, however, despatched from Keder's Rifts against the small stockade called Fort Paris, in Stone Arabia, some two or three miles back from the river, north of Palatine. But, after marching about two miles, the main body also wheeled off to the right, to assist in attacking the fort. The work of devastation was continued also in this direction, as at other places.

The small fort just mentioned was at this time in command of Colonel Brown, with a garrison of one hundred and thirty men. An unfortunate occurrence induced him to leave his defences, and resulted in his discomfiture and fall. The moment tidings that Sir John had broken into the settlements of the Schoharie reached Albany, General Robert Van Rensselaer, of Claverack, at the head of the Claverack, Albany, and Schenectady militia, pushed on by forced marches to encounter him, accompanied by Governor Clinton. Having arrived at Caughrawaga on the 18th, and having likewise ascertained that Fort Paris was to be assaulted on the morning of the 19th, Van Rensselaer despatched orders to Colonel Brown to march out and check the advance of the enemy, while he would be ready to fall upon his rear. Brown, faithful to the hour designated, sallied forth, and gave Sir John battle near the site of a former work, called Fort Keyser. But General Van Rensselaer's advance had been impeded, so that no diversion was created in Brown's favour; and his forces were too feeble to withstand the enemy, or

even to check his progress. Colonel Brown fell gallantly at the head of his little division, of which from forty to forty-five were also slain. The remainder of his troops sought safety in flight.

Colonel Brown, who fell on this occasion, was a soldier of great courage and high moral worth. He was early in the service, and was engaged in the memorable and ultimately disastrous campaign in Canada. While the American army was at Sorel, he detected, or believed he detected, a design on the part of General Arnold then to play the traitor. Arnold was about making a mysterious night movement of the flotilla of light vessels belonging to the Americans, then with the army in the St. Lawrence, which Colonel Easton, suspecting all was not right, prevented; but not until he had ordered two or three pieces of ordnance to bear upon the vessels, threatening to fire upon them if they proceeded. The conviction upon the minds of Easton and Brown was, that it was the purpose of Arnold to run off with the flotilla, and sell out to Sir Guy Carleton.

After the close of the Canadian campaign, during the winter of 1776-'77, while Arnold and many of the officers were quartered in Albany, some difficulty occurred between Brown and the former, which resulted in ill-feeling between them. Arnold was at the head of a mess of sixteen or eighteen officers, among whom was Colonel Morgan Lewis. Colonel Brown, having weak eyes, and being obliged to live abstemiously, occupied quarters affording greater retirement. In consequence of the misunderstanding referred to, Colonel Brown published a handbill, attacking Arnold with great severity, rehearsing the suspicious circumstances that had occurred at Sorel, and upbraiding him for sacking the city of Montreal while he was in the occupancy of that place. The handbill concluded with these remarkable words: "MONEY IS THIS MAN'S GOD, AND TO GET ENOUGH OF IT, HE WOULD SACRIFICE HIS COUNTRY."

Such a publication could not but produce a great sensation among the officers. It was received at Arnold's quarters while the mess were at dinner, and read aloud at the table, the accused himself sitting at the head. Arnold, of course, was greatly excited, and applied a variety of epithets, coarse and harsh, to Colonel Brown, pronouncing him a scoundrel, and declaring that he would kick him wheresoever and whensoever he should meet him. One of the officers present remarked to the general that Colonel Brown was his friend; and that, as the remarks just applied to him had been so publicly made, he presumed there could be no objection to his repeating them to that officer. Arnold replied, certainly not; adding, that he should feel obliged to any officer who would inform Colonel Brown of what had been said. The officer replied that he should do so before he slept.

Under these circumstances, no time was lost in making the communication to Colonel Brown. Colonel Lewis himself called upon Brown in the course of the evening, and the matter was the principal topic of conversation. The colonel was a mild and amiable man, and he made no remark of particular harshness or bitterness in respect to Arnold; but, towards the close of the interview, he observed, "Well, Lewis, I wish you would invite me to dine with your mess to-morrow." "With all my heart," was the reply; "will you come?" Brown said he would, and they parted. The next day, near the time of serving dinner, Colonel Brown arrived, and was ushered in. The table was spread in a long room, at one end of which the door opened directly opposite to the fireplace at the other. Arnold was at the moment standing with his back to the fire, so that, as Brown opened the door, they at once encountered each other face to face. It was a moment of breathless interest for the result. Brown walked calmly in, and turning to avoid the table, passed

round with a deliberate step, and advancing up close to Arnold, stopped, and looked him directly in the eye. After the pause of a moment, he observed, "I UNDERSTAND, SIR, THAT YOU HAVE SAID YOU WOULD KICK ME: I NOW PRESENT MYSELF TO GIVE YOU AN OPPORTUNITY TO PUT YOUR THREAT INTO EXECUTION!" Another brief pause ensued. Arnold opened not his lips. Brown then said to him, "SIR, YOU ARE A DIRTY SCOUNDREL." Arnold was still silent as the sphinx. Whereupon Brown turned upon his heel with dignity, apologized to the gentlemen present for his intrusion, and immediately left the room.

This was certainly an extraordinary scene, and more extraordinary still is the fact, that the particulars have never been communicated in any way to the public. Arnold did not lack personal bravery; and the unbroken silence preserved by him on the occasion can only be accounted for upon the supposition that he feared to provoke inquiry upon the subject, while he could throw himself upon his well-attested courage and his rank as excuses for not stooping to a controversy with a subordinate officer. But it must still be considered as one of the most extraordinary personal interviews to be found among the memorabilia of military men.*

In the year following, during the campaign of Burgoyne, owing to the intrigues of Arnold, Brown was left without any command. But he was too much of a patriot to remain idle in such a moment of his country's peril. He raised a corps of volunteers on his own account, and performed one of the most daring exploits of the whole war. While Burgoyne was yet in the full career of victory, Brown dashed into his rear, and proceeded down to the north end of Lake George, fell upon a small post, which he carried without opposition. The surprise was complete. He also took possession of Mount

* The particulars of this interesting story were derived by the author from the lips of General Lewis himself.

Defiance, Mount Hope, the landing-place, and about two hundred batteaux. With the loss of only three killed and five wounded, Colonel Brown liberated one hundred American prisoners, and captured two hundred and ninety-three of the enemy. He made an attempt on Mount Independence and Ticonderoga; but, too weak for the investment of those works, he returned through Lake George to Diamond Island, containing the enemy's *depôt* of provisions. He attacked the works upon this island, but, being repulsed, burned the vessels he had captured, and returned to his former station. This brilliant affair by Colonel Brown took place at the time when Arnold had the ear of General Gates; and the consequence was, that in giving an account of the expedition, Gates carefully avoided even naming the gallant officer who had planned and achieved it. It was an instance of neglect for which that officer ought forever to have been ashamed. Colonel Brown was a gentleman of education, bred to the bar, and greatly respected by those who enjoyed the pleasure of his acquaintance. But to return.

After the fall of Colonel Brown and the defeat of his troops, Sir John dispersed his forces in small bands, to the distance of five or six miles in all directions, to pillage and destroy. Late in the afternoon he reunited his troops, and leaving Stone Arabia a desert, marched back to the river road, east of Caroga Creek. The detachment of Captain Duncan having come up, Sir John again moved towards the west. There was a small defence not far from the mouth of the creek, called Fox's fort. Avoiding this work by diverging from the road to the margin of the river on the left, Sir John continued his course three miles farther, to a place called Klock's Field, where, from the fatigue of his troops, and the overburdens of provisions and plunder with which they were laden, it became necessary to halt.

General Van Rensselaer was now close in pur-

suit of Sir John, with a strong force. Indeed, he ought to have overtaken him in the early part of the day, since he had encamped the night before on the south side of the river, at Van Eps's, nearly opposite Caughnawaga, while Sir John himself was encamped opposite the Nose, only two or three miles farther up the river. Sir John's troops, moreover, were exhausted by forced marches, active service, and heavy knapsacks, while those of Van Rensselaer were fresh in the field. On the morning of the same day, while continuing his march on the south side of the river, Van Rensselaer was joined by Captain M'Kean with some eighty volunteers, together with a strong body of Oneida warriors, led by their principal chief, Louis Atayataronghta, who had been commissioned a lieutenant-colonel by Congress. With these additions, the command of General Van Rensselaer numbered about fifteen hundred, a force in every way superior to that of the enemy.

Sir John had stationed a guard of forty men at the ford, to dispute its passage. On approaching this point, General Van Rensselaer halted, and did not again advance until the guard of the enemy had been withdrawn. Continuing his march still upon the south side of the river, while the enemy was actively engaged in the work of death and destruction on the north, Van Rensselaer arrived opposite the battle-ground where Brown had fallen, before the firing had ceased, and while the savage war-whoop was yet resounding. This was at 11 o'clock in the morning, and the Americans came to a halt about three miles below Caroga Creek, still on the south side. While there, some of the fugitives from Colonel Brown's regiment came running down, and, jumping into the river, forded it without difficulty. As they came to the south bank, the general inquired whence they came. One of them, a militia officer, named Van Allen, replied that they had

escaped from Brown's battle. "How has it gone?" "Colonel Brown is killed, with many of his men. Are you not going there?" "I am not acquainted with the fording-place," said the general. He was answered that there was no difficulty in the case. The general then inquired of Van Allen if he would return as a pilot, and the reply was promptly in the affirmative. Hereupon Captain M'Kean and the Oneida chief led their respective commands through the river to the north side, expecting the main army immediately to follow. At this moment Colonel Dubois, of the state levies, rode up to the general, who immediately mounted his horse, and, instead of crossing the river, accompanied the colonel to Fort Plain, some distance above, to dinner, as it was understood. Meantime, the baggage-wagons were driven into the river, to serve in part as a bridge for the main body of Van Rensselaer's forces, and they commenced crossing the stream in single files. The passage in this way was not effected until four o'clock in the afternoon, at which time the general returned and joined them, just as the last man had crossed over. Governor Clinton remained at the fort. As the general arrived at the water's edge, Colonel Louis, as the Oneida chieftain was called, shook his sword at him, and denounced him as a Tory. Arrived on the north side, Colonel William Harper took the liberty of remonstrating with the general at what he conceived to be a great and unnecessary delay, attended with a needless loss of life and property on the part of the inhabitants, who had been suffered thus long to remain unprotected. From that moment Van Rensselaer moved with due expedition. The troops were set in motion, and marched in regular order, in three divisions, with the exception of the Oneida warriors and the volunteers under M'Kean, who regulated their own movements as they pleased, showing no disposition, however, to lag behind. The advance was led by Colonel Morgan Lewis.

Anticipating that he should be compelled to receive an attack, Sir John had made his dispositions accordingly. His regular troops, Butler's rangers, and the Tories less regularly organized, were posted on a small alluvial plain, partly encompassed by a sweeping bend of the river. A slight breastwork had been hastily thrown across the neck of the little peninsula thus formed, for the protection of his troops, and the Indians, under Thayendanegea, were secreted among thick shrub oaks covering the table-land of a few feet elevation, yet farther north. A detachment of German Yagers supported the Indians.

It was near the close of the day when Van Rensselaer arrived, and the battle was immediately commenced in the open field. The hostile Indians manifested a disposition to stand for a few moments; but Dubois had no sooner charged closely upon them, than they fled with precipitation to the fording-place near the upper Indian castle, about two miles above, crossing the road in their flight, and throwing themselves in the rear of the Greens as a cover. The Mohawk chief was wounded in the heel, but not so badly as to prevent his escape.

The enemy's regular troops and rangers, however, fought with spirit, although Sir John himself was reported by some to have fled with the Indians. On the flight of the Indians, Major Van Benschoten, of Dubois's regiment, hastened to the general for permission to pursue the flying enemy. It was just twilight; and the indications were not to be mistaken, that the best portion of the enemy's forces were in confusion, and on the point of being conquered. The disappointment was therefore great, when, instead of allowing a pursuit of the Indians, or charging upon the feeble breastwork on the flats, and thus finishing the battle, General Van Rensselaer ordered his forces to retire for the night. His object was to obtain a better position for a bivouac

and to renew and complete the battle in the morning, for which purpose he fell back nearly three miles to Fox's Fort. His troops were not only disappointed, but highly incensed at this order, believing that the contest might have been victoriously ended in a very few minutes. Indeed, the brave Colonel Louis, of the Oneidas, together with Colonel Clyde and Captain M'Kean, refused to retreat, but sheltered themselves in the adjacent buildings, hanging upon the enemy's lines several hours, and making some prisoners. In the course of the evening, Clyde, with a handful of Schoharie militia, succeeded in capturing one of the enemy's fieldpieces. The Americans were still more chagrined on learning from one of the prisoners that the troops of Sir John were on the point of capitulating at the very moment of Van Rensselaer's order to retreat; and from the fact that the river was alike too rapid and too deep, where it curved round the battle-field, to admit of an escape in that direction, no doubt can be entertained that the enemy had been entirely within their power. But it was now too late. The golden opportunity had been lost. On the morrow's dawn there was no enemy in the field to encounter. Under cover of darkness, the Royal Greens and Butler's Rangers had followed the example of the Indians, and made good their escape.

Louis with his warriors, and M'Kean with his volunteers, crossed the river early in the morning in pursuit. General Van Rensselaer also arrived on the battle-ground between eight and nine o'clock, for the purpose of completing the work of the preceding day. While he was crossing the river and preparing to follow on, some of M'Kean's volunteers, who were waiting for the main army, in strolling about, came upon a little blockhouse, in which they found nine of the enemy, who had been made prisoners during the night. One of the party making the discovery was Thomas Sammons, and among

the prisoners was a Tory who had been his near neighbour in Johnstown. On being asked how they came there, this man, whose name was Peter Cass, replied, "Why, I am ashamed to tell. Last night, after the battle, we crossed the river. It was dark. We heard the word, 'Lay down your arms.' Some of us did so. We were taken, nine of us, and marched into this little fort by seven militiamen. We formed the rear of three hundred of Johnson's Greens, who were running promiscuously through and over one another. I thought General Van Rensselaer's whole army was upon us. Why did you not take us prisoners yesterday, after Sir John ran off with the Indians and left us? We wanted to surrender."

When Sir John fled from the field with the Indians and Yagers, he doubtless supposed all was lost. He laid his course direct for the Onondaga Lake, where his boats had been concealed, pursuing the main road, and making only a slight deviation to the south of the German Flatts, to avoid the forts at that place. His Greens and Rangers followed closely upon his heels, and overtook him at Oneida. Van Rensselaer pressed forward in pursuit, with all his forces, as far as Fort Herkimer, where he was overtaken by Governor Clinton, who did not, however, interfere with the command. Louis and M'Kean were now pushed forward in advance, with orders to overtake the fugitive army, if possible, and engage them; Van Rensselaer promising to continue his march with all possible rapidity, and be at hand to support them in the event of an engagement. On the next morning the advance struck the trail of Sir John, and took one of his Indians prisoner. Halting for a short time, Colonel Dubois came up, and urged them forward, repeating the assurances of the general's near approach and sure support. The march of the advance was then resumed; but they had not proceeded far before they came

upon the enemy's deserted encampment, the fires yet burning. The Oneida chief now shook his head, and refused to proceed another step until General Van Rensselaer should make his appearance. There was, accordingly, a halt for some time, during which a Doctor Allen arrived from the main army, informing the officers that the pursuit had already been abandoned by the general, who was four miles distant, on his return march!

The expedition was, of course, at an end. But fortune had yet another favour in store for Sir John Johnson, to be won without the bloodshed that had attended his desolating course through the Mohawk Valley. Having ascertained where Sir John's boats were concealed, General Van Rensselaer had despatched an express to Fort Schuyler, ordering Captain Vrooman, with a strong detachment, to hasten forward in advance of the enemy, and destroy them. Vrooman lost no time in attempting the execution of his orders; but one of his men falling sick, or feigning to be so, at Oneida, was left behind. Sir John soon afterward came up; and being informed by the treacherous invalid of Vrooman's movement, Brant and his Indians, with a detachment of Butler's rangers, were hastened forward in pursuit. They came suddenly upon Vrooman and his troops while they were engaged at dinner, and every man was captured without firing a gun.

The last obstacle to his escape having thus been removed, Sir John reached Oswego without farther molestation. By this third and most formidable irruption into the Mohawk country during the season, Sir John had completed its entire destruction above Schenectady, the principal settlement above the Little Falls having been sacked and burned two years before. General Van Rensselaer has always been censured for his conduct in this expedition. Indeed, his behaviour was most extraordinary through-

out. On the night before the battle of Klock's Field, Sir John was not more than six miles in advance, having left Van Eps's just before dark, where Van Rensselaer arrived and encamped early in the evening; and it was obvious to all that no extraordinary share of energy was required to bring the enemy to an engagement, even before the encounter with Colonel Brown. Major Sammons, at the close of his account of the expedition, remarks, with emphasis, "When my father's buildings were burned, and my brothers taken prisoners, the pain I felt was not as great as at the conduct of General Robert Van Rensselaer."

But Sir John's escape, after all, was rather a flight than a retreat; and had it not been for the capture of Vrooman's detachment—a most unexpected conquest—the visible trophies of his expedition would have been few and dearly purchased. Indubitable evidences were discovered by the pursuers that he was reduced to a most uncomfortable situation; and from the baronet's own letter to General Haldimand, it appears that there were many missing, who, it was hoped, would find their way to Oswego or Niagara.

While General Van Rensselaer was pushing forward in pursuit of Sir John Johnson, an incident occurred at Fort Hunter, which speaks volumes in favour of the character of Joseph Brant. The plundered and distressed inhabitants of the Schoharie settlements, the day after the enemy had departed from Fort Hunter, crowded about the fort, each his tale of loss or grief to relate. Among them was a woman, whose husband and several other members of the family were missing. She was in an agony of grief, rendered more poignant by the loss of her infant, which had been snatched from the cradle. Early the next morning, while the officers at Van Rensselaer's headquarters were at breakfast, a young Indian warrior came bounding into the room, bear-

ing an infant in his arms, and also a letter from Brant, addressed "to the commanding officer of the rebel army." General Van Rensselaer not being present at the moment, the letter was opened by one of his suite, and read substantially as follows:

"SIR—I send you, by one of my runners, the child which he will deliver, that you may know that, whatever others may do, *I do not make war upon women and children.* I am sorry to say that I have those engaged with me in the service who are more savage than the savages themselves."

Among those thus referred to, he proceeded to name several of the leading Tories, including the two Butlers, and others whose names are not recollected.* It was very speedily ascertained that the infant was none other than that of the disconsolate mother of whom mention has just been made.

There was yet another adventure connected with this expedition, which was alike interesting and amusing. The Senecas, it has already been stated, were led by the Corn-Planter, whose father, as it has also been stated, was a white man named O'Bail. According to Mary Jemison, the residence of the Corn-Planter's father was in the vicinity of Fort Plank, and, of course, not far from the battle-ground of Klock's Field. He had formerly been in the

* The bitter hostility of the Tories of the Mohawk country towards their former neighbours was at times exhibited in acts of such fiend-like ferocity as to defy explanation and stagger belief. In a former chapter, the case of an infant murdered in its cradle by a Tory, after the refusal of an Indian to kill it, has been stated. There was another like instance in the neighbourhood of the Little Falls, marked, if possible, by still greater brutality. An Indian having refused to kill an infant as it lay smiling in the cradle, the more savage Loyalist, rebuking the compassion of the red man, thrust it through with his bayonet as a fisherman would spear a salmon, and held it, writhing in its agonies, in triumph above his head. A gentleman of the bar, late of Little Falls, has assured the author that, to his knowledge, the wretch who committed that diabolical act had the effrontery a few years since to present himself as a candidate for a pension, under one of the acts of Congress for rewarding the surviving soldiers of the Revolution. The fact just related was fortunately elicited before his papers were completed, and the result need not be stated.

habit of travelling back and forth from Albany, through the Seneca country, to Niagara, as a trader. Becoming enamoured of a pretty squaw among the Senecas, in process of time the Corn-Planter became one of the living evidences of his affection. Whether the father was aware that a chief of so much eminence was his own son, history does not tell; but the son was ignorant neither of his parentage, nor of the residence of his sire; and being now in his close vicinity, he took a novel method of bringing about an acquaintance with him. Repairing with a detachment of his warriors to his father's house, he made the old man a prisoner, and marched him off. Having proceeded ten or twelve miles, the chief stepped up before his sire, and addressed him in the following terms:

"My name is John O'Bail, commonly called Corn-Planter. I am your son! You are my father! You are now my prisoner, and subject to the customs of Indian warfare. But you shall not be harmed. You need not fear. I am a warrior! Many are the scalps which I have taken! Many prisoners I have tortured to death! I am your son! I am a warrior! I was anxious to see you, and to greet you in friendship. I went to your cabin, and took you by force; but your life shall be spared. Indians love their friends and their kindred, and treat them with kindness. If now you choose to follow the fortunes of your yellow son, and to live with our people, I will cherish your old age with plenty of venison, and you shall live easy. But, if it is your choice to return to your fields and live with your white children, I will send a party of my trusty young men to conduct you back in safety. I respect you, my father. You have been friendly to Indians: they are your friends."

The old gentleman, however, had sown his wild oats. His days of romance were over. Preferring, therefore, the produce of his own fields, the compa-

ny of his white children, and the comforts of his own house, to the venison, the freedom, and the forests of the western wilds, he chose to return. His son, fulfilling his word, bowed to the election, and giving his father in charge to a suitable escort, he was enabled to reach his own dwelling in safety. The proud Seneca and his warriors moved off to their own wilds.

Simultaneously with the movements of Sir John Johnson through the Schoharie and Mohawk country, the enemy had been actively engaged against the settlements at the north of Albany, between the Hudson and Lake Champlain, and likewise against some of the upper settlements on the Connecticut River. In order to create a diversion in favour of Sir John, Major Carleton came up the lake from St. John's with a fleet of eight large vessels and twenty-six flat-bottomed boats, containing upward of one thousand men, regular troops, Loyalists, and Indians. Fort George and Fort Anne were both taken by surprise, and their garrisons, which were not large, were surrendered prisoners of war. The party directed against the upper settlements of the Connecticut River was commanded by Major Haughton of the 53d regiment, and consisted almost entirely of Indians, of whom there were two hundred. This marauding incursion was likewise successful. In addition to the booty taken, thirty-two of the inhabitants were carried away prisoners. Several of the militia who turned out in pursuit of Major Haughton were killed. In regard to Major Carleton's expedition, sad tales of cruelty were reported. One of these was a relation, by a deserter named Van Deusen, of a horrible case of torture inflicted upon a soldier of Colonel Warner's regiment, taken by Carleton, in the action near Fort George. Van Deusen was a deserter from the American army to the enemy; but, having stolen back into his own country, was apprehended and

executed. Colonel Gansevoort, however, then in command at the North, wrote to Major Carleton upon the subject, on the 2d of November, stating the particulars of the story. Carleton repelled the charge in the most positive and earnest manner.

Thus ended the Indian campaigns of the North for the year 1780. There were, indeed, petty occurrences on the outskirts, alarms, and now and then a few shots exchanged with a straggling Indian or Tory scout. But no other occurrence of importance within the range of the present history marked the winter then closely advancing. And never did winter spread his mantle over a scene of greater desolation than lay beneath it in the Valley of the Mohawk.

CHAPTER V.

THE sun of the new year was veiled by a cloud of deeper gloom than had previously darkened the prospects of the American arms at any period of the contest. The whole army, in all its divisions, at the North and in the South, was suffering severely both for clothing and provisions. Indeed, the accumulated sufferings and privations of the army constitute a large and interesting portion of the history of the war of American Independence. At the date now under review, winter, without much lessening the toils of the soldiers, was adding to their sufferings. They were perpetually on the point of starving, were often entirely without food, were exposed, without proper clothing, to the rigours of the season, and had, moreover, now served almost twelve months without pay. Such was the general fact. The Pennsylvania troops had still farther

grievances of which to complain. They had been enlisted in ambiguous terms—to “serve three years, or during the war.” At the expiration of the stipulated period, “three years,” the soldier claimed his discharge, while the officers insisted upon holding him to the other condition of the contract. The consequence was great dissatisfaction, increased, of course, by the much higher bounties subsequently paid for enlistments.

The Pennsylvania line, consisting of six regiments, was cantoned at Morristown, under the immediate command of Brigadier-general Wayne. So long had they been brooding over their wrongs, so intense had become their sufferings, and so discouraging were the prospects of remedy or redress, that the discontents which, down to the last day of the preceding year, had only been nurtured, broke out into open mutiny on the evening of the next. The spirit of insubordination was from the first so decided, and the evidences of revolt were so general, as at once to jeopard the cause. An effort was made to quell the mutiny, in the course of which several of the turbulent soldiers were wounded, as also were some of the officers, who were endeavouring to repress the disorder. One of the officers, Captain Billings, was killed. But the cause of the revolt was too deeply seated, and the disaffection too extensive, to be easily overcome. Even Wayne himself, the favourite of the Pennsylvanians, was without power. Drawing a pistol, and threatening one of the most turbulent of the revolters, a bayonet was presented at his own bosom. In a word, the authority of the commissioned officers was at an end. The non-commissioned officers were generally engaged in the mutiny, and one of their number being appointed commander-in-chief, they moved off in the direction of Philadelphia, with their arms and six pieces of artillery, deaf to the arguments, the entreaties, and the utmost efforts of their offi-

cers to change their purposes. As a last resort, Wayne and his officers attempted to divide them, but without effect. Those who at first appeared reluctant were soon persuaded to unite with their comrades, to march upon Philadelphia and demand a redress of their wrongs at the doors of Congress.

The number of revolters was about thirteen hundred, a loss that would have been severe of itself; but the most unpleasant apprehensions arose from the danger, not only that the spirit of insubordination might spread to other corps of the army, but that the mutineers might fall away in a body to the enemy, who would, of course, lose not a moment in availing himself of such a diversion in his favour. Coercive measures having failed to bring the revolt-ers back to the path of duty, Wayne, with his principal officers, determined to follow close upon their rear, and, after the first transports of their passion should subside, try what virtue might be found in the arts of persuasion. The general overtook them at night in the neighbourhood of Middlebrook, but being advised, in their present temper, not to venture among them, he invited a deputation of one sergeant from each regiment to meet him in consultation. The deliberations were amicable, and the general suggested a mode of obtaining redress of their grievances which satisfied the delegates, who, on retiring, promised to exert their influence in bringing the men back to duty; but the attempt was ineffectual, and on the day following the mutineers marched to Princeton, the few who were well disposed, and willing to separate from the mutineers, continuing with the majority at the request of their officers, in the hope that their exertions might "moderate the violence of their leaders, and check the contagion of their example."

The crisis was most critical. The commander-in-chief, on receiving the first advices of the revolt, was disposed to repair at once to the camp of the

mutineers; but, on advisement and reflection, this course was relinquished. The complaints of the Pennsylvania line, in regard to destitution of provisions and clothing, were common to the whole army, and it was doubtful how far the contagion of disaffection might already have spread. Nor could the commander-in-chief, whose headquarters were at New-Windsor, venture upon a visit to the mutineers without taking with him a sufficient force to compel obedience to his commands should the exertion of force become necessary. But a sufficient body of troops for such an object could not be spared without leaving the fortresses in the Highlands too weak to resist an attack from Sir Henry Clinton, who would be sure to strike upon those important works at the first favourable moment. The river being free from ice, Sir Henry would possess every facility for such a movement the instant the back of Washington should be turned upon the North. Under all the circumstances of the case, therefore, the commander-in-chief remained at his post, neglecting, however, no measure of justice within his power to heal the discontents, or of precaution to prevent their farther extension.

Meantime, the mutineers remained several days at Princeton, refusing to proceed to the Delaware and cross into Pennsylvania, while Sir Henry Clinton made every disposition to avail himself of the revolt, and lost not a moment in despatching emissaries to their camp, with tempting offers to induce them to join the armies of the king. But, mutineers as they were, they spurned the proposition, and retaining the emissaries in custody, handed the communications, of which they were the bearers, over to General Wayne. Though in rebellion against their officers, the soldiers were nevertheless indignant at the idea of turning their arms, as Arnold had done, against their own country; and those about them who were well disposed availed themselves

of the occasion, with much address, to impress upon their minds the magnitude of the insult conveyed in propositions made to them in the character of traitors.*

News of the revolt had no sooner reached Philadelphia, than a committee was appointed by Congress, consisting of General Sullivan and two other gentlemen, in conjunction with President Reed, on behalf of the Council of Pennsylvania, to meet the revolted, and attempt to bring them back to reason. The demands of the mutineers were exorbitant, but were in the end acceded to, with some unimportant modifications. They then moved forward to Trenton, and in the end, although better things were anticipated from the stipulations agreed upon, the Pennsylvania line was almost entirely disbanded. A voluntary performance, by Congress, of much less than was yielded by the committee, would have averted the evil, and saved the division.†

The success of the Pennsylvania mutineers induced the New-Jersey line, then stationed at Pompton, to follow the bad example; and on the night of the 20th of January, a large portion of the brigade rose in arms. Their claims were precisely the same as those which had been yielded to the Pennsylvanians. By this time, however, the commander-in-chief had satisfied himself that he could rely upon the Eastern troops; and, chagrined as he had been by the result of the Pennsylvania revolt, he determined, not only that nothing more should be yielded to the spirit of insubordination, but that such an example should be made as would operate as a check

* Five days after their arrival among the mutineers, viz., on the 11th of January, Sir Henry's emissaries were tried by a court-martial, and executed.

† Although the Pennsylvania line was thus dissolved, the evil was surmounted much sooner than had been anticipated. Before the close of January, Wayne wrote to Washington that the disbanded soldiers were "as impatient of liberty as they had been of service, and that they were as importunate to be re-enlisted as they had been to be discharged." A reclaimed and formidable line was the result in the spring.

to the like proceedings in future. A strong detachment of troops was, accordingly, led against the insurgents by General Howe, with instructions to make no terms whatsoever while they continued in a state of resistance. General Howe was farther instructed to seize a few of the ringleaders, and execute them on the spot. The orders were promptly complied with, and the insurrection was crushed at a blow. The mutinous brigade returned to its duty; and such vigorous measures were taken by the states to supply the wants of the army, as effectually checked the progress of discontent. But it was only by the strong process of impressment that those supplies could be wrung from the people, whose discontents, though less immediately alarming, were, nevertheless, as great as had been those of the army.

The first active demonstration of Sir Henry Clinton, on the opening of the new year, was the expedition against Virginia, under the conduct of General Arnold. The arch-traitor had, in fact, sailed from New-York towards the close of December, but he did not enter the Capes of Virginia until the beginning of January, landing at Westover on the 5th. He marched to Richmond, and after some trifling skirmishes on the way, destroyed the stores at that place, and also at Westham; whereupon he retired to Norfolk. This was a mere predatory expedition, attended by no important result. Farther South, events were continually occurring of greater moment. General Greene having been assigned to the command of that department, after the signal discomfiture of Gates, affairs soon wore a brighter aspect. The loss of the battle of Camden, a few months before, was balanced, and, in its moral effect, more than balanced, by the decisive victory over Tarleton, achieved by General Morgan at the Cowpens on the 17th of January; and although Greene was defeated at Guilford on the 15th of

March, the victory was too dearly won by Earl Cornwallis to render it a just occasion of triumph. So, likewise, in the repulse of Greene by Lord Rawdon at Camden, owing to the misconduct of the militia, the British commander was, nevertheless, so roughly handled, that although he received a re-enforcement in the course of the following night, he deemed it expedient to destroy the town, and retire farther down the Santee. But these apparent disadvantages were amply compensated by the masterly manœuvres of Greene, and the brilliant succession of victories over the smaller works and detachments of the enemy. In these latter affairs, Forts Watkinson, Orangeburgh, Motte, Silver Bluff, Granby, and Cornwallis were successively taken, and the enemy was compelled to evacuate other forts. Lord Rawdon was likewise obliged to fall back upon Charleston, while Cornwallis was pursuing a doubtful march into Virginia. The great disadvantage laboured under by General Greene was the necessity of depending, in a great measure, upon the militia, not having regular troops sufficient to cope with the veterans from Europe. But, though not always victorious in battle, he was invariably so in the results; and his masterly movements proved him far in advance of any of his antagonists in all the requisites of an able commander.

But while events thus propitious to the American arms were occurring at the South, the aspect of affairs, as has already been seen, was sadly discouraging at the North. In addition to the destitution of the main army, causing the insurrections in the Pennsylvania and New-Jersey lines, so wretchedly supplied were the small garrisons from Albany northward and westward, both in respect to food and clothing, that it was only with the utmost difficulty the officers could keep the soldiers upon duty. Ravaged as the whole Mohawk country had been the preceding summer and autumn, no supplies

could be drawn from the diminished and impoverished inhabitants remaining in those settlements; while it was equally difficult to procure supplies, either at Albany or below, or eastwardly beyond that city. It is painful to read the private correspondence of General Schuyler and Governor and General Clinton upon this subject. Orders for impressing provisions were freely issued, particularly against the disaffected portion of the people, who had greatly increased in numbers in that section of the country; but some of the supplies thus taken were returned, from the knowledge of General Schuyler that they had nothing more for their own support. Meantime, emboldened by his successes the preceding year, the enemy hung around the skirts of the settlements, approaching almost beneath the very guns of the forts, cutting off all communication with them, unless by means of strong escorts, so that it was difficult, and often impossible, even to throw such scanty supplies into the garrisons as could be obtained.

The Oneidas having been driven from their country the preceding year, even the slight barrier against irruptions from the more western tribes, who were all hostile, into the Mohawk country, afforded by that slender people, was gone. On the 15th of January, the scouts of Thayendanegea appeared openly in the German Flatts, and attacked some of the inhabitants. During the months of February and March, Brant was hovering about the Mohawk, ready to spring upon every load of supplies destined for Forts Plain, Dayton, and Schuyler, not too strongly guarded, and cutting off every straggling soldier or inhabitant so unfortunate as to fall within his grasp.

On the 6th of March, Major Nicholas Fish wrote to General Clinton, from Schenectady, informing him that a party of fifteen of Colonel Van Cortlandt's regiment, at Fort Schuyler, had fallen into

the hands of Brant's Indians; and on the 2d of April, in moving to the neighbourhood of that fort, to cut off another escort of supplies, the same lynx-eyed chieftain made prisoners of another detachment from that garrison of sixteen men. The difficulty of transporting the provisions, however, the unbeaten snow lying to a great depth, had so greatly retarded the progress of the scouts, that the intrepid warrior was disappointed in this portion of the spoils, having, as it subsequently appeared, attempted to strike too soon.

So great and so universal was the distress for provisions, already adverted to, that on the 29th of March General Clinton wrote to the governor, "I am hourly under apprehensions that the remaining different posts occupied for the defence of the frontiers of this state will be abandoned, and the country left open to the ravages of the enemy." Such continued suffering, of course, produced disaffection in this department also, and the greatest possible prudence was required on the part of the officers to prevent desertions of whole bodies. So critical was their situation, that in a letter to the governor, of May 3d, General Clinton mentions the fact that a small scout, commanded by a corporal, in the neighbourhood of Fort George, having captured a party of the enemy, "with a packet, had been bribed to release them for a guinea each and two silk handkerchiefs." Still worse than this was the fact that the general was afraid to proceed openly to punish the delinquency. On the 5th General Clinton again wrote to the governor, "From the present appearance, I am convinced that the troops will abandon the frontier. It is absurd to suppose they can or will exist under the present circumstances. However, let what will be the consequences, I have nothing to reproach myself with. I have repeatedly called for assistance from every quarter, but could obtain none."

Great blame was imputed to Congress, and likewise to the state governments, for allowing the commissariat to come to such a deplorable pass. The resources of the country were known to be abundant for the comfortable sustenance of a much larger army than was at that time in the field, but the efficient action of Congress was fettered by its want of power. The states, jealous of their own sovereignty, had witholden from the central government powers which were essential to the vigorous prosecution of the war, while it was but seldom that they could be brought into a simultaneous and harmonious exertion of those powers themselves. Hence the frequent and keen distresses of the army, and the complicated embarrassments under which the officers were compelled to struggle during the whole war. Still, the blame did not rest wholly with the states. There were jealousies, and heart-burnings, and intrigues, in the Congresses of that day, as in later times; and their conduct was often the subject of bitter complaint in the letters of the commander-in-chief.

But another disheartening occurrence was at hand. The works of Fort Schuyler, having become much out of repair, sustained great injury by the swelling of the waters in the early part of May. A council of officers was convened by Lieutenant-colonel Cochran, then in command, on the 12th of that month, to inquire and report what should be done in the premises. The council represented that more than two thirds of the works had been broken down by the flood, and that the residue would be in the same condition in a very few days; that the only remaining strength of the fort was to be found in the outside pickets on the glacis; and that the strength of the garrison was altogether inadequate to attempt to rebuild or repair the works, for which purpose five or six hundred men, with an engineer, artificers, &c., would be indispensably necessary.

But even if the works were not altogether indefensible on the 12th, they were rendered so on the following day, when all that had been spared by the deluge was destroyed by fire. Intelligence of this disaster was received by General Clinton at Albany, on the 16th, in a letter from Colonel Cochran. A strong suspicion was entertained that the conflagration was the work of design, a suspicion that was never removed.

In his letter to the governor, enclosing the despatches of Colonel Cochran, General Clinton suggested the expediency, under the circumstances of the case, of abandoning the post altogether, and falling back upon Fort Herkimer.

This suggestion was adopted, and the post so long considered the key to the Mohawk Valley was abandoned.

In addition to this disheartening state of affairs at the westward of Albany, intelligence was received that another storm was about breaking upon the northern frontier. In a letter from General Schuyler to General Clinton, from Saratoga, May 18th, after speaking of the "chagrin" he felt at the destruction of the fort, Schuyler proceeds:

"Last evening, Major M'Cracken, of White Creek, came here, and delivered me a copy of a paper which had been found *there*, in the same handwriting as one that was put in the same place last year, announcing the approach of Major Carleton with the troops under his command."

In a postscript to a letter of the 21st, General Schuyler observed, "Since the above, I have been informed, *from very good authority*, that the enemy's morning and evening guns at Ticonderoga have been distinctly heard near Fort Anne for three or four days past." And on the 24th the general wrote more confidently still of the enemy's approach. "Captain Gray is returned. He has not been near enough to determine the enemy's force, but suffi-

ciently so to discover, by the fires, that they are numerous. Is it not strange, and subject of suspicion, that the Vermonters should not afford us any intelligence of the enemy's approach, as they must certainly know of his arrival at Crown Point and Ticonderoga?"*

This was alarming intelligence, more especially when taken in connexion with the reports simultaneously coming in from the West, of an expedition meditated against Pittsburgh to be led by Sir John Johnson and Colonel Connelly; while other reports were rife, at the same time, of more extensive combinations among the hostile Indians than had previously marked the war. But even this was not all, nor by any means the worst of the case. Treachery was at work, and from the temper of great numbers of the people, the carriage of the disaffected, and the intelligence received by means of spies and intercepted despatches, there was just cause to apprehend that, should the enemy again invade the country, either from the North or the West, his standard would be joined by much larger numbers of the people than would have rallied beneath it at any former period. The poison was actively at work even in Albany. On the 24th of May, General Schuyler announced to General Clinton the return of a confidential agent from the North, "where he met with five of the enemy, whose confidence he so far obtained as to be intrusted with letters written on the spot to persons at Albany, whose names I forbear to mention," says Schuyler, "for fear of accidents. They contained nothing material, except the arrival of the enemy

* This ambiguous conduct of Vermont was the consequence of the quarrel between the settlers of the grants from New-Hampshire, which were within the chartered limits, and the government of New-York. Colonel Allen, not long before, had been in Albany upon the business of the settlers, and had gone away dissatisfied, having uttered a threat on his departure. He was at this time, as General Schuyler was informed, at the Isle au Noix—sick, as was pretended.

in force at Crown Point and Ticonderoga, with this expression in one, 'We shall make rare work with the rebels.'" But other, and more "material" despatches, were soon afterward intercepted, from the tenour of which the conclusion was irresistible, not only that a powerful invasion was about taking place from the north, but that very extensive arrangements had been made in Albany, and the towns adjacent, for the reception of the invaders, whose standard the disaffected were to join, and whose wants they were to supply.

Indeed, the character of these communications showed but too plainly that treason was deeply and extensively at work, and that the enemy was, beyond doubt, correctly advised of the true situation of the country.

Under all these circumstances of internal and external danger, with but slender garrisons at the points of greatest exposure, and those so miserably provided that the soldiers were deserting by dozens, showing dispositions not equivocal of going over to the enemy, without provisions or the means of procuring them, and scarcely knowing whom to trust among their own people, lest the disaffection should prove to be even more extensive than recent disclosures had taught the officers to suppose, the spring of 1781 may well be counted as the darkest period of the Revolution. Had it not been for the gleams of light shooting up from the South, all, indeed, would have been sullen blackness, if not despair. But the truth of the homely adage, that the darkest hour is always just before day, received a glorious illustration before the close of the year. Every possible precaution against lurking treason within was taken, and every practicable means of preparation and defence against invasion from abroad was adopted.

Anticipating, from the presence of the enemy at Ticonderoga, that Tryon county might again be

attacked from that direction, by the way of the Sacandaga, Captain John Carlisle was despatched into the settlements of New Galway, Peasley, and Ballston, accompanied by Captain Oothout and a small party of Indians, to make prisoners of certain persons suspected of disaffection to the American cause, and to remove all the families from those towns to the south side of the Mohawk River. About sixty families were thus removed, and all the suspected persons arrested. The captain, in his report of the expedition, gave a deplorable account of the poverty of the people. He could scarcely procure subsistence for his party during his mission. On arriving at Ballston, however, he drew more liberally upon the stores of the disaffected, and then arrested them. But their disposition, Captain Oothout was glad to inform the commissioners, was such as to "prevent his setting fire to their houses, agreeably to the letter of his orders." Happily, these measures of precaution, and the other preparations, were for that time unnecessary, the enemy, if he was in actual force at Crown Point or Ticonderoga, not then venturing another invasion from that quarter.

But the Mohawk Valley was continually harassed by the Indians and Tories, even to the very precincts of the stockades and other small fortifications. The spirit of the people had in a great measure been crushed, and the militia broken down, during the repeated invasions of the preceding year. Having no other defenders than such as are here described, with the exception of a few scattered companies, or, rather, skeletons of companies, at the different posts extending along the valley, the prospect of the opening summer was indeed gloomy, more especially when men's thoughts reverted to the sufferings of the past. Nor were the inhabitants encouraged to expect any considerable re-enforcements from headquarters, since the commander-in-

chief, in concert with the Count de Rochambeau, was again evidently preparing for some enterprise of higher moment than the defence of those remote settlements against any force that could be brought down upon them from the north.

Still, there was one officer, whose name, among the people of that district, was a tower of strength. That man was Colonel Marinus Willett, who, at the consolidation of the five New-York regiments into two—an event happening at about the same time—was induced, by the strong solicitation of Governor Clinton, to take the command of all the militia levies and state troops that might be raised for the protection of the country. He arrived at Fort Rensselaer (Canajoharie), where he established his headquarters, towards the close of June. The country he was to defend embraced all the settlements west of the county of Albany, including Catskill and the Hudson River. A fortnight after his arrival, he ascertained that the following skeleton detachments composed the full complement of the forces under his command: one hundred and thirty levies, including officers, and Captain Moody's artillery, numbering twenty men, at the German Flatts; at Schoharie he stationed a guard of twenty men; at Catskill about the same number, and about thirty men at Ballston. Exclusive of these diminutive fragments of corps, stationed at great distances apart, the levies of the county amounted to no more than ninety-six men.

On the 30th of June, several columns of smoke were discovered by the garrison of Fort Rensselaer, ascending as from a village on fire, in the direction of Currietown, lying eleven miles down the river, near the estuary of the Schoharie Kill. Colonel Willett was actively employed during the day in collecting the militia, while, through the vigilance of Captain Gross, not only the trail of the Indians was discovered, but the place of their encampment.

Having reason to suppose they would occupy the same encampment that night, the colonel determined to march directly for the encampment, and, if possible, take them by surprise before morning, perhaps while asleep. This encampment was in a thick cedar swamp, five or six miles to the northeast of Cherry Valley, and, of course, to reach it by a march through the woods during an exceedingly dark night, and without any better road than a bridle-path, was no small undertaking. It had been ascertained that the Indians numbered between two and three hundred, commanded by a Tory named John Doxstader, in connexion with an Indian chief named Quack-yack. Colonel Willett's strength, levies and militia included, did not exceed one hundred and fifty rank and file. The plan of falling upon the enemy while asleep did not exactly succeed, in consequence of the difficulties of the march, occasioned by the darkness, the thickness of the woods, and, worse than all, the losing of his way by the guide. It was therefore nearly six o'clock in the morning when they arrived in the vicinity of the encampment; and, instead of falling upon the enemy by surprise, they found him occupying a more favourable situation, and awaiting their reception. Immediate dispositions were made to engage the enemy, with a view to which, a stratagem was laid to draw him from the advantageous situation which he had chosen. For this purpose, before the Indians had become fully aware of Willett's near approach, Jacob Sammons, now a lieutenant in the New-York levies, was detached with ten resolute men, to steal as near to them as possible, give them one well-directed fire, and retreat. The *ruse* succeeded. Sammons and his men turned their backs on the first yell of the Indians, and the latter sprang forward in pursuit. They were soon met by Colonel Willett in person, advancing at the head of his main division, which consisted of one hundred men, while

Captain M'Kean was left with fifty more as a reserve, to act, as occasion might require, on the right. The enemy did not wait an attack, however, but, with great appearance of determination, advanced with their wonted shouts and yells, and began the fire. The onset of the Indians was furious; but they were received with firmness, and in turn the Americans advanced upon them with loud huzzas, and such manifestations of spirit as soon caused them to give way. The Indians, thus driven back, now betook themselves to their old game of firing from behind the trees; but Willett's men understood that mode of fighting as well as themselves. They did not, however, practise it long. Willett pressed forward, waving his hat and cheering his men; calling out that he could catch in his hat all the balls that the enemy might send; and in the same breath exclaiming, "The day is ours, my boys!" These inspiring demonstrations being followed up by a timely and efficient use of the bayonet, the whole body of the enemy was put to flight in half an hour after the commencement of the action. They retreated upon their old path down the Susquehanna, and were pursued to a considerable distance. Their camp was, of course, taken, and the plunder they had gathered recaptured. The loss of the Indians was severe, nearly forty of their dead being left on the field. Colonel Willett's loss was five killed, and nine wounded and missing. Among the wounded was the brave Captain M'Kean, fatally. He received two balls early in the engagement, but kept at his post until it was over and the rout of the enemy complete.

There was one very painful circumstance attending this battle. In their excursion to Currietown the day before, Doxstader and his Indians had made nine prisoners, among whom were Jacob and Frederick Diefendorff, Jacob Myers and a son, a black boy, and four others. The moment the battle commenced, the prisoners, who were bound to standing

trees for security, were tomahawked and scalped by their captors, and left as dead. The bodies of these unfortunate men were buried by Colonel Willett's troops. Fortunately, however, the graves were superficial, and the covering slight: a circumstance which enabled Jacob Diefendorff, who, though stunned and apparently dead, was yet alive, to disentomb himself. A detachment of militia, under Colonel Veeder, having repaired to the field of action after Willett had returned to Fort Rensselaer, discovered the supposed deceased on the outside of his own grave; and he has lived to furnish the author of the present work with an account of his own burial and resurrection.

Shortly after the irruption of Doxstader, there was another descent of Indians and Tories upon Palatine, which was an event of more singularity than importance. A son of Colonel Jacob Klock, with several of his Tory friends, went off to Canada. He returned in about four weeks with a band of Indians and Tories to fall upon the settlement, and encamped for one night in the vicinity of his own neighbourhood. During the night, one of the number, Philip Helmer, having discovered that a part of their object was to plunder and murder the family of his relative, John Bellinger, determined to save that family. Taking a young Indian with him, therefore, under the pretext of reconnoitring the settlement, he proceeded so near to some of the houses, that the Indian, becoming suspicious, ran back to his comrades. Helmer's object was to surrender himself and cause the Indian to be taken prisoner; and he accordingly delivered himself up to Judge Nellis. Expresses were immediately sent to Fort Plain and Stone Arabia for assistance; and the enemy, finding themselves betrayed, took to the woods. Lieutenant Sammons, with twenty-five men, was ordered by Colonel Willett to go in pursuit; and so rapid were they of foot, as to arrive at the enemy's en-

campment before his fires had gone out. William Feeter, with six other volunteers, was sent forward to keep his trail. In about two miles after entering the woods, most luckily, they discovered a number of the Indians lying flat upon the ground. The latter no sooner discerned Feeter's approach, than they rose and fired; but one of their number having fallen, grievously wounded, by the return fire of Feeter's party, while they were stooping down to reload, they sprang to their feet and fled, Tories and all, leaving their provisions, knapsacks, and some of their muskets. They ran down a steep hill, and were measurably shielded from Feeter's fire by the thickness of the shrubbery and trees. One of them gave himself up as a prisoner; three more were wounded, and died on their way to Canada. The Indian first wounded was put to death by Helmer, who ran up and despatched him while he was begging for quarter!

Colonel Willett took early occasion to make the commander-in-chief acquainted with the deplorable situation to which this fine region of country had been reduced by the repeated visitations of the enemy. From this communication, it appears that, at the commencement of the war, the number of enrolled militia in Tryon county amounted to not less than two thousand five hundred; but at the date of the letter (July 6, 1781), the number of inhabitants liable to pay taxes, or to be assessed to raise men for the public service, was estimated at no more than twelve hundred, while the number liable to bear arms did not exceed eight hundred. To account for so large a reduction of the population, it was estimated that one third had been killed or made prisoners, one third had gone over to the enemy, and one third, for the time being, had abandoned the country. The situation of those that remained, the colonel described as so distressing as to provoke sympathy from even the most unfeeling heart. Those who

could afford the expense or perform the labour, had erected blockhouses on their own farms, for the protection of their families. Each neighbourhood had been compelled to erect a fortification for itself, within which the families resided for safety, from ten to fifty families crowding together in a fort. Of these works there were twenty-four between Schenectady and Fort Schuyler. At the time of writing this letter, or, rather, memoir—for the communication was extended through several sheets—Colonel Willett stated that the whole number of men then under his command, exclusive of the militia, did not exceed two hundred and fifty.

The effect of Colonel Willett's presence and example was very soon perceptible. The people reposed the most unlimited confidence in him; and so rapidly did he infuse something of his own fire and energy into the bosoms even of the dispirited and broken militia, that they presently appeared like a different race of men. An illustration of this fact occurred one night early in July. The colonel was informed, at one o'clock in the morning, of the presence of fifty or sixty Indians and Tories in the neighbourhood, at only about six miles' distance. Having barely troops enough in the fort to guard it, he sent immediately for a captain of the militia, and in one hour's time that officer was in search of the enemy at the head of seventy men.

Fortunately, however, less trouble was experienced from the enemy during the summer, in the lower section of the Mohawk Valley, than had been anticipated. The summary and severe chastisement inflicted upon Doxstader and his party had a powerful effect upon that irritating branch of the enemy's service; and for more than three months afterward the inhabitants were only troubled occasionally, and then merely by small flying parties of the enemy, who accomplished nothing worthy of record.

But in the upper section of the valley, the German Flatts, it was otherwise, and several spirited affairs occurred in that neighbourhood, attended by great bravery, though not by important consequences. The name of Solomon Woodworth has twice or thrice occurred in the preceding pages; once, as having been taken a prisoner and making his escape, and again, as alone defending a blockhouse north of Johnstown, and repulsing the enemy from his fortress. In the year 1781 he was commissioned a captain, for the purpose of raising a company of rangers to traverse the wooded country north of Fort Dayton and the German Flatts. He succeeded in enlisting a company of forty brave and kindred spirits; at the head of whom, well armed and provided, he marched from Fort Dayton, for purposes of observation. After a few hours' march, one of Woodworth's men, being a short distance in advance, discovered an Indian, evidently in ambuscade, upon whom he immediately fired. Instantly the forest resounded with the war-whoop, and Woodworth with his little band was surrounded by double his own number. A furious and bloody engagement followed, in which the rangers and Indians fought hand to hand with great desperation; and, for the numbers engaged, there was cruel slaughter. A fiercer engagement, probably, did not occur during the war. Woodworth fell dead. The savages were the victors; and of the rangers, only fifteen escaped to tell the melancholy fate of their comrades. Several were taken captive, and subsequently exchanged.

Another affair, as an individual exploit, was as remarkable for its coolness and bravery as for the singular incident occurring in the course of the battle, or, rather, siege, by which the leader of the enemy was made to supply ammunition to be used against his own troops. There was, and is to this day, a wealthy German settlement about four miles north of the village of Herkimer, called Shell's Bush.

Among those of the settlers who had built block-houses of their own, was John Christian Shell. His stockade was large and substantial, and well calculated for defence. The first story had no windows, but small loopholes, through which the inmates could fire upon any persons venturing to assail them. The second story projected two or three feet over the first, so constructed that the garrison could either fire upon those who approached too near, or cast down missiles upon their heads. Shell had a family of six sons, the youngest two of whom were twins, and but eight years old. In the afternoon of the 6th of August, Donald M'Donald, one of the Scotch refugees who fled from Johnstown, made an attack upon Shell's Bush at the head of a band of sixty-six Indians and Tories, among the latter of whom were two notorious traitors, named Empie and Kasselman. Most of the inhabitants of Shell's Bush, however, had taken refuge in Fort Dayton, four miles distant; but John Christian Shell, being a sturdy believer in the doctrine that every man's house is his castle, refused to quit his own domicile. He and his sons were at work in the field when M'Donald and his party made their appearance, and the children were, unfortunately, separated so widely from their father as to fall into the hands of the enemy. Shell and his other boys succeeded in reaching their castle, and barricading the ponderous door; and then commenced the battle. The besieged were well armed, and all behaved with admirable bravery; but none more bravely than Shell's wife, who loaded the pieces as her husband and sons discharged them. The battle commenced at two o'clock, and continued until dark. Several attempts were made by M'Donald to set fire to the castle, but without success; and his forces were repeatedly driven back by the galling fire they received. M'Donald at length procured a crowbar and attempted to force the door; but while thus engaged he received a shot in the leg from

Shell's blunderbuss, which put him *hors du combat*. None of his men being sufficiently near at the moment to rescue him, Shell, quick as lightning, opened the door and drew him within the walls, a prisoner. The misfortune of Shell and his garrison was, that their ammunition began to run low; but M'Donald was very amply provided, and to save his own life, he surrendered his cartridges to the garrison to fire upon his comrades. Several of the enemy having been killed and others wounded, they now drew off for a respite. Shell and his troops, moreover, needed a little breathing-time; and feeling assured that, so long as he had the commanding officer of the besiegers in his possession, the enemy would hardly attempt to burn the citadel, he ceased firing. He then went up stairs, and sang the hymn which was a favourite of Luther during the perils and afflictions of the great Reformer in his controversies with the pope. While thus engaged, the enemy likewise ceased firing; but they soon afterward rallied again to the fight, and made a desperate effort to carry the fortress by assault. Rushing up to the walls, five of them thrust the muzzles of their guns through the loopholes, but had no sooner done so, than Mrs. Shell, seizing an axe, by quick and well-directed blows ruined every musket thus thrust through the walls, by bending the barrels! A few well-directed shots by Shell and his sons once more drove the assailants back. Shell thereupon ran up to the second story, just in the twilight, and calling out to his wife with a loud voice, informed her that Captain Small was approaching from Fort Dayton with succours. In yet louder notes he then exclaimed, "Captain Small, march your company round upon this side of the house. Captain Getman, you had better wheel your men off to the left, and come up upon that side." There were, of course, no troops approaching; but the directions of Shell were given with such precision, and such apparent earnestness

and sincerity, that the stratagem succeeded, and the enemy immediately fled to the woods, taking away the twin-lads as prisoners. Setting the best provisions they had before their reluctant guest, Shell and his family lost no time in repairing to Fort Dayton, which they reached in safety, leaving M'Donald in the quiet possession of the castle he had been striving to capture in vain. Some two or three of M'Donald's Indians lingered about the premises to ascertain the fate of their leader; and finding that Shell and his family had evacuated the post, ventured in to visit him. Not being able to remove him, however, on taking themselves off, they charged their wounded leader to inform Shell that if he would be kind to him (M'Donald), they would take good care of his (Shell's) captive boys. M'Donald was the next day removed to the fort by Captain Small, where his leg was amputated; but the blood could not be stanch'd, and he died in a few hours. The lads were carried into Canada. The loss of the enemy on the ground was eleven killed and six wounded. The boys, who were rescued after the war, reported that they took twelve of their wounded away with them, nine of whom died before they arrived in Canada.

At a subsequent day, Shell, being at work in the field with his two sons at no great distance from the fort, was fired upon by a party of Indians concealed in the standing wheat, and severely wounded. He called to his sons not to allow the Indians to scalp him, and neither of the brave boys would retreat until a guard came from the fort to their relief. But in the discharge of this filial duty, one of them was killed and the other wounded. John Christian Shell himself died of his wound in the fort. His deeds were commemorated in one of the most rude and prosaic of ballads; but his memory is yet green in the remembrance of the German population of Herkimer.

The policy of the enemy at the North, during the whole season, was to divide their own forces into small detachments, and harass the border settlements at as many different points as possible, thus distracting the attention of the people, and, by allowing them neither a sense of security nor repose, rendering them disgusted with the protracted struggle. The most formidable movement of the Indians and Tories during the summer months was the descent of Captain Cauldwell, from Niagara, upon the border of Ulster county, at the head of about four hundred Indians and Tories.

Captain Cauldwell was an officer in Butler's rangers. Who was the Indian leader on the occasion is not known. Their route from Niagara had been by way of the Chemung, and thence, after crossing the Susquehanna, by the Lackawaxen to the Delaware. The stockade forts at the north of the Lackawaxen, and at Neversink, had been passed unobserved. Luckily, however, for the inhabitants, shortly before Cauldwell reached the settlements, a scouting party had descried his advance, and, eluding the enemy's pursuit, had succeeded in communicating the alarm to the people, who at once fled with their most valuable effects to the picket-forts erected for exactly such emergencies.

It was just at the first blush of morning that Cauldwell passed the small fortress on the frontier of Warwick. Being fired upon by the sentinel, the report alarmed Captain Hardenburgh, who, with a guard of nine men, was stationed at a point about three miles distant from the fort. Proceeding immediately in the direction of the sound, Hardenburgh and his little band met the enemy on his way, directing their course towards the adjoining settlement of Mombackus, now called Rochester. Nothing daunted, the captain gave the enemy battle; but, being closely pressed, he soon discovered that his retreat had been cut off by a party of Indians, who had gained

his rear. In this dilemma, it being yet not quite light, Hardenburgh with his party took refuge in a small stone house near by, owned by a Mr. Kettle, which had probably not been observed by the enemy. Here they found six militiamen more, making sixteen in all; and, being well armed, they gave the invaders a warm reception. The latter advanced several times to carry the house by assault, but as some of their number were each time doomed to fall, they as often gave way, and in the end relinquished the undertaking, leaving thirteen dead upon the field. In marching forward two miles to Hardenburgh's house, the enemy fell in with Kettle, the owner of the premises where they had been so roughly handled. He, poor fellow, was killed and scalped.

Captain Henry Pauling, with a detachment of the regiment of state levies commanded by Colonel Albert Pauling, was stationed at a point about six miles distant from the scene of the action just described. He hastened forward, but arrived too late to have a brush with the enemy, and only in season to capture one straggling prisoner who was lingering for fruit in an apple orchard. Finding his reception rather warm, and perceiving indications of farther and more powerful opposition to his advance, Cauldwell was already in full retreat. Nor did he commence retracing his steps a moment too soon for his own safety. The news of his advance having reached the west bank of the Hudson, where Colonel Pauling, of the state levies, and Colonel John Cantine, with a body of militia, were stationed, those officers marched immediately to the relief of the invaded settlements. They arrived at the outskirts in time to catch a glimpse of the enemy's rear, and to relieve some of the inhabitants, among whom were a man and his wife, who had conducted themselves with distinguished bravery. His house was constructed of unhewn logs, in the woods, and in advance of all others. On the appearance of the foe,

he fled to his castle with his wife, and securing it in the best manner he could, gave battle to a party of the Indians who laid siege to his fortress. Being well armed, he defended himself with so much spirit, that they recoiled with loss. Finding, after several attempts, that they could not force an entrance, the Indians collected a heap of combustibles, and set fire to the premises, retiring a short distance to see the result; the man watched his opportunity, and rushing out with a couple of buckets, he procured water, which was close at hand, and extinguished the fire. The Indians, of course, ran down upon him; but not being quick enough of foot to prevent his gaining the door, hurled their tomahawks at his head, happily without effect. He entered his castle, made fast his sally-port, and recommenced his defence. Just at this moment Colonel Pauling, with his troops, appeared in sight, whereupon the Indians raised the siege and departed. Colonel Pauling was absent, in pursuit, seven days, but did not overtake them. The enemy suffered severely. They lost a goodly number of their men; took only two prisoners, and but little plunder; and were so near starvation, that they were compelled to devour their dogs before they reached their headquarters.

The Shawanese and other western Indians seem to have remained comparatively quiet during the spring and summer of 1781. The Kentucky settlements were, for the most part, unmolested, save by a feeble attack upon M'Afee's station near Harrodsburgh. The assailants, however, were but a straggling party of Indians, who hung about the stockade, and were ultimately punished severely for their temerity. Two of them were killed by an equal number of the M'Afees, whom, having left the fort for some purpose, the Indians attempted to cut off on their return. The Indians then commenced an attack upon the fort, but a party of cavalry arriving suddenly from Harrodsburgh, the garrison sallied

forth, and the savages were quickly dispersed, with a loss of six killed outright, and several others, whom they bore away, wounded. A few days afterward, Bryant's station, which was yet more exposed, was visited by the Indians. Bryant, who was a brother-in-law of Colonel Boon, having arranged a large hunting party of twenty men, left his fort on an expedition down the Elk-horn. Having divided his company in order to sweep a broader extent of country for game, by reason of a fog, and other untoward circumstances, they failed of uniting at the points designated. Meantime the Indians were hanging about both divisions, and by stratagem succeeded in defeating both. In one of their skirmishes Bryant was mortally wounded, and another man severely. It was reported that the hunters, taken by surprise, were deficient in firmness, when Bryant fell. On the following day they encountered the Indians again, and defeated them.

CHAPTER VI.

IMBOLDENED by the feeble state of the country, and by the increased numbers of the disaffected in the neighbourhood of Albany, especially at the north of that city, in consequence of the equivocal indications in Vermont, the scouting parties of the enemy were exceedingly active and audacious in their incursions. Their chief object was to seize the persons of the most conspicuous and influential inhabitants, for transfer into Canada as prisoners. Among the notable leaders in this species of warfare were two bold partisans, named Joseph Bettys and John Waltermeyer. The daring misdeeds of Bettys, if collected, would of themselves furnish

materials for a small volume. Waltermeyer was perhaps equally daring, but less savage in his disposition. In the month of April, a party of fifteen or sixteen of the enemy broke in upon the town of Coxsackie and the contiguous settlements, carrying off several prisoners; among whom were David Abeel and his son, residing a few miles south of Catskill.

At the north of Albany several active citizens were seized and carried away in the course of the season; among whom was Mr. John J. Bleecker, of Tomhantic, whose family had been broken up on the approach of Burgoyne, four years previous. After the surrender of Burgoyne, Mr. Bleecker returned to his sylvan plantation, where he had lived in tranquillity until the month of August of the present year; at which time he was surprised in the field, while assisting his labourers in the wheat harvest, and carried away with two of his men. The enemy having stolen upon him in silence, and seized him without permitting an alarm, Mrs. Bleecker was ignorant of the occurrences. But her husband not returning, as he was wont, on the approach of night, her suspicions were awakened that all was not right. When she went to the field, he was not there, nor could trace of him or his labourers be found. But, as such sudden disappearances were not unusual, his fate was not difficult of conjecture. The neighbourhood was alarmed, and search for him made, but in vain. Mrs. Bleecker, overwhelmed with grief, gave him up as lost, and once more set her face for Albany. Fortunately, however, the captors of her husband fell in with a party of militiamen from Bennington, who rescued the prisoners; and Mr. Bleecker had the happiness to rejoin his wife after six days' absence.

An attempt was also made, during the same season, to seize the person of General Gansevoort. A scheme was devised to seize him at one of the fer

ries which he was about to cross, the execution of which was intrusted to a hostile partisan named Tanckrey. By some means, however, Colonel Henry Van Rensselaer, at Half Moon, obtained information of the project, and lost no time in admonishing the general of his danger by letter. Having also heard of the rendezvous of Tanckrey and his gang, Van Rensselaer despatched a detachment of troops, under Major Schermerhorn, for their apprehension. They were found at the house of a Mr. Douglass; but before Schermerhorn's troops had surrounded the house their approach was discovered, and they were fired upon by the marauders, all of whom, with a single exception, succeeded in getting off through the rear of the house. Two of Schermerhorn's militia were wounded.

But the boldest enterprise of the kind was the projected abduction of General Schuyler from his residence in Albany, or, rather, in the suburbs of that city, in the month of August. Schuyler was not at that time in the army, having exchanged the military for the civil service of his country two years before. Still, his military exertions were almost as great, and his counsels were as frequently sought and as highly valued, as though he were yet in command of the department. Added to which, he had been specially charged by the commander-in-chief with the prosecution of all practicable measures for intercepting the communications of the enemy. Aside from this circumstance, the acquisition of a person of his consideration as a prisoner would have been an important object to Sir Frederic Haldimand, the British commander in Canada. For this purpose, John Waltermeyer, the bold and reckless Tory partisan already mentioned, was despatched to the neighbourhood of Albany, at the head of a gang of Tories, Canadians, and Indians. He had, as it subsequently appeared, been lurking about the precincts of Albany for eight

or ten days, sheltered by the thick growth of low pines and shrub-oaks, which yet spread over much of the common lands appertaining to that city; and some dark intimations had been conveyed to General Schuyler that his person was in danger. These premonitions, it is believed, came first from a Dutch rustic who had fallen into the hands of Waltermeyer, and been examined as to the means of defence and the localities of the general's house, and who had been released only after taking an oath of secrecy. A similar caution had also been conveyed to him by a Loyalist to whom the intention of Waltermeyer was known, but who was General Schuyler's personal friend. Of course the general and his family were on the *qui vive*, since the frequency with which leading citizens had been decoyed into ambush and taken, or snatched away by sudden violence, afforded ample cause for the exercise of all possible vigilance and caution. In addition, moreover, to his own household proper, the general had a guard of six men, three of whom were on duty by day, and three by night.

It was in the evening of a sultry day in August that the general was sitting with his family, after supper, in the front hall of his house, all the doors being open, when a servant entered to say that a stranger waited to speak with him at the back gate. Such an unusual request at once excited suspicion. The evening was so exceedingly warm that the servants had dispersed. The three sentinels who had been relieved for the night were asleep in the cellar, and the three who should have been on duty were refreshing themselves at full length on the grass-plot in the garden. Instead, however, of responding to the invitation to meet the stranger at the back gate, the doors of the house were instantly closed and fastened. The general ran to his bed-chamber for his arms; and having hastily collected his family in an upper apartment, and discovered

from the windows that the house was surrounded by armed men, a pistol was discharged for the purpose of alarming the neglectful guards, and perchance the people of the city. At the same moment Mrs. Schuyler perceived that her infant child had been left, in their bustle, in the cradle below, two flights of stairs. In an agony of apprehension, she was flying to its rescue, but the general would not permit her to leave the apartment. The third daughter, Margaret,* instantly rushed forth, and, descending to the nursery, which was upon the ground floor, snatched the child from the cradle, where it was yet lying unmolested. As she was leaving the room to return, a tomahawk was hurled at her by an unseen hand, but with no other effect than slightly to injure her dress. On ascending a private stairway, she was met by Waltermeyer himself, who exclaimed, "Wench! where is your master?" She replied, with great presence of mind "Gone to alarm the town." The villains had not, indeed, entered the house unopposed: for, on hearing the noise when they were breaking in the doors, the three men in the cellar sprang up, and without stopping to dress, rushed up stairs to the back hall, where their arms had been left standing for convenience, if wanted, and into which the assailants were forcing their way. Most unluckily, however, the arms of the guards were not at hand. Mrs. Church,† who had lately returned from Boston, perceiving that her little son was playing with the muskets, and not entertaining the slightest suspicion that they would be wanted, had caused them to be removed a few hours before the attack, without in-

* Afterward the first lady of the venerable and excellent General Stephen Van Rensselaer.

† Another daughter of General Schuyler, married to John B. Church, Esq., an English gentleman, contractor for the French army in America, and afterward a member of Parliament. He died in 1818. [The venerable widow of Alexander Hamilton is also a daughter of General Schuyler.]

forming the guard of the circumstance. The brave fellows had, therefore, no other means of resistance after the yielding of the doors, than by dealing blows as soundly as they could with their fists, and also by embarrassing the progress of the enemy otherwise as they might, while the general was collecting his family aloft.

But to return. Miss Margaret had no sooner informed Waltermeyer that her father had gone abroad for re-enforcements, than the traitor recalled his followers from the dining-room—where it appeared they were at the moment engaged in bagging the plate, from which work of plunder he had in vain urged them to desist, that they might perform the more important object of their mission—for consultation. Just at that moment, the general threw up a window, and, with great presence of mind, called out, "Come on, my brave fellows, surround the house, and secure the villains who are plundering." The stratagem succeeded, and the party made a precipitate retreat, carrying with them the three men who had vainly, and without arms, opposed their entrance; one of whom had been wounded in defending the passage, while Waltermeyer himself was slightly wounded by one of the shots of Schuyler from the window. Thus, providentially, was the third conspiracy against the person of General Schuyler defeated. The alarm was heard in the city, for the general had fired several shots during the affray; but before any of the citizens arrived at the scene of action, the enemy had fled.

From Albany, Waltermeyer directed his course to Ballston, where he arrived at about daybreak on the next morning. Taking General Gordon, of that place, a prisoner from his bed, the Tory leader pursued his journey back to Canada, having failed in the principal object of his expedition.

It may well be imagined that the situation of a people dwelling in such perpetual insecurity was

exceedingly unpleasant. Nor were they in dread only of a most subtle and wary foe from without. The disaffected were more numerous than ever among themselves, and the inhabitants scarcely knew who among their own neighbours could be trusted. Early in September it was represented to General Gansevoort that the disaffected had not only become formidable in numbers in the western and southern parts of the county of Albany, but were harbouring and administering comfort to parties of the enemy sent from Canada, for the farther prosecution of the species of warfare already described in the present chapter; adding to the seizure of those men who were most active in the cause of their country, the destruction of their dwellings, and the murder of their women and children. Under these circumstances, Colonel Philip P. Schuyler, with a strong detachment of militia from Gansevoort's brigade, was despatched into the settlements designated, particularly to the Beaver Dams, where the family of Captain Deits had been so cruelly murdered in 1777, with orders to arrest the disaffected, and to bring them to Albany, together with their families and effects. The orders of General Gansevoort were issued on the 9th of September. On the 16th, Colonel Schuyler reported that he had executed his commission. From seventy to a hundred families "of the most notoriously disaffected" were arrested and brought into the city, where they were placed under a more vigilant surveillance than could be exercised over them in their own township.

But while these summary proceedings were rendering the country about Albany more secure in its internal relations, the inhabitants at the north were for several months kept in a state of ceaseless inquietude and alarm by the movements of the enemy on Lake Champlain. General Heath was at that time invested with the command of the Nor-

thern Department, his headquarters being in the Highlands. At Saratoga General Stark was in command, and Lord Stirling was also at the north. But, as the commander-in-chief had drawn the main army to Virginia, there were but few regular troops at the disposal of those officers. The consequence was, that with every alarm from Lake Champlain (and the mysterious movements of the enemy rendered those alarms most inconveniently frequent), General Stark was making pressing applications to General Gansevoort for assistance. The conduct of the enemy in the lake was indeed passing strange. It was ascertained that he had more than once ascended the lake from St. John's with a force sufficiently strong, in the then exposed situation of the northern frontier, to make a formidable inroad upon the settlements; and the inhabitants of the New-Hampshire Grants, then arrogating to themselves the character of citizens of the *State of Vermont*, not being in the secrets of their leaders, were as frequently alarmed as were those of the settlements *admitted* by the Vermontese to belong to New-York. Still, the enemy attempted nothing beyond landing at Crown Point and Ticonderoga, and making a few occasional and inexplicable manœuvres with his flotilla upon the lake. These questionable movements were no less annoying than perplexing to the American generals. That a descent upon some point was intended, there seemed little reason to doubt. It was most likely to come from the north; but whenever the fleet was withdrawn down the lake, the idea prevailed that the movements there were intended to create a diversion, while the actual blow might be anticipated from the west. In support of the latter opinion was positive information, by a party of returning prisoners from Montreal, on the 19th of September, of the movements of between two and three hundred of Sir John Johnson's regiment, who were evidently preparing for an expedition in some direction.

There was yet another source of distraction to the state authorities, civil and military, threatening nothing short of hostilities between New-York and the occupants of the New-Hampshire Grants. Those who are versed in the early history of New-York and Vermont cannot be ignorant that, for many years anterior to the war of the Revolution, a controversy had existed between the Governors of New-Hampshire and New-York respecting the jurisdiction of the territory now constituting the State of Vermont. This controversy was begun in 1749, and continued fifteen years, during which the Governor of New-Hampshire was in the practice of making grants of lands and townships in the disputed territory. The grants were declared void, and the settlers were upon this ground called on either to surrender their charters, or to repurchase their lands from New-York. This demand they resisted, and with this resistance the controversy was renewed in another form, and continued with great vehemence, and with but little interruption, for many years. About the year 1770, the celebrated Ethan Allen became conspicuous as a leader of "the Green Mountain Boys" in these proceedings. A military organization was adopted, and the mandates of the courts of New-York were disregarded and its officers and ministers of justice openly set at defiance.

The result was, that the Declaration of Independence of the British crown, by Congress, on the behalf of the twelve United Colonies, of July 4th, 1776, was followed by a convention of the people of the disputed territory, which convention, on the 15th of January, 1777, declared the New-Hampshire Grants to be a free and independent state.

The Legislature of New-York still attempted to assert its right of jurisdiction, but made liberal offers of compromise in regard to titles of lands, offering to recognise and confirm all the titles which had

previously been in dispute. A proclamation to this effect, conceived in the most liberal spirit, was issued by Governor Clinton, in February, 1778; avowing, however, in regard to the contumacious, "the rightful supremacy of New-York over their persons and property, as disaffected subjects." But, like every preceding effort, either of force or conciliation, the present was of no avail. Ethan Allen issued a counter-proclamation to the people of the Grants, and the work of their own independent organization proceeded without serious interruption.

Meantime, the government of the Grants had effected an organization of their own militia, and disclosures had been made to the government of New-York, imputing to the leading men of the Grants a design, in the event of a certain contingency, of throwing the weight of their own forces into the scale of the crown.

But the controversy with the people of the Grants was suddenly interrupted, just at this juncture, by the most formidable invasion of the Mohawk Valley which had taken place during the present year. Indeed, it was the last irruption of the enemy into that section of the country, of any importance, during the struggle of the Revolution.

It has been seen, from the commencement of the contest, that the Johnsons, and those Loyalists from Tryon county most intimate in their alliance with them, appeared to be stimulated by some peculiar and ever-active principle of hostility against the former seat of the baronet, and the district of country by which it was environed. Another expedition against Johnstown was therefore secretly planned in the summer of 1781, and executed with such silent celerity, that on the 24th of October "the Philistines" were actually "upon" the settlements before their approach was suspected. This expedition was organized at Buck's Island, in the River St. Lawrence, a few miles below the foot of Lake Ontario, and

consisted of four companies of the second battalion of Sir John Johnson's regiment of Royal Greens, Colonel Butler's rangers, under the direction of Major Butler, his son, and two hundred Indians; numbering, in all, about one thousand men, under the command of Major Ross. Proceeding from Buck's Island to Oswego, and thence through the Oneida Lake, they struck off through the southeastern forests from that point, and traversed the woods with such secrecy as to break in upon Warrensbush, near the junction of the Schoharie Kill with the Mohawk River, as suddenly as though they had sprung up from the earth. This was on the 24th of October. Warrensbush was about twenty miles east from Fort Rensselaer, the headquarters of Colonel Willett; so that Ross and Butler had ample time for the work of havoc and devastation on the south side of the river, and to cross over to the north side, before the former could rally his forces and dispute their farther progress. Not a moment was lost by Colonel Willett, on hearing the news, in making such dispositions to repel the unexpected invaders as were within his limited means. By marching all night, the colonel reached Fort Hunter early in the following morning, where he learned that the enemy were already in the occupation of Johnstown. The depth of the river was such that floats were necessary in crossing it, and although Willett had but four hundred and sixteen men, all told—only half the enemy's number, exclusive of the Indians—it was afternoon before the crossing was effected. Ross and Butler had crossed the river some distance below Tripe's Hill the preceding day, and moved thence directly upon Johnstown, killing and taking the people prisoners, and destroying buildings, and cattle, and whatsoever came in their way. Soon after ascending the hill just mentioned, the enemy came upon a small scouting party commanded by Lieutenant Saulkill, who was on horseback. He

was fired upon by the enemy's advance, and fell dead to the ground. His men sought safety in flight, and succeeded. This was early in the morning of the 25th. The advance of the enemy being slow, they did not arrive at the village of Johnstown until half past 12 o'clock at noon. Even then, the main body of their forces, avoiding the town, marched round to the west, halting upon the grounds of the baronial hall. The enemy's baggage-wagons, however, passed through the village, and their conductors were fired upon from the old jail, then serving the purpose of a fortress. One man only was wounded by this consumption of ammunition.

Having effected the passage of the river, Colonel Willett pushed on in pursuit with all possible expedition. But deeming it unwise, where the disparity of their respective forces was so great, to hazard an attack in front with his whole force, the position of the enemy was no sooner ascertained with certainty, than Major Rowley, of Massachusetts, was detached with a small body of the Tryon county militia, and about sixty levies from his own state, for the purpose, by a circuitous march, of outflanking the enemy and falling upon his rear, thus attacking in front and rear at the same time. These and other necessary dispositions having been adjusted, Willett advanced upon the enemy at the head of his column. Entering an open field adjoining that occupied by the enemy, Willett displayed his right into line, and pressed Major Ross so closely as to compel him to retire into the fringe of a neighbouring wood. Here a skirmishing was kept up while the remainder of the Americans were advancing briskly in two columns, to bear a part. The battle became spirited and general; and although the only fieldpiece belonging to the Americans was taken, it was speedily retaken, and, for a time, the action proceeded with a promise of victory. But just at the crisis, the militia of Willett were seized with one of those

causeless and unaccountable panics which on most occasions render that description of troops worse than useless in battle, and without any cause the whole of the right wing turned about and fled. The fieldpiece was abandoned, and the ammunition-wagon blown up. The former, of course, fell into the hands of the enemy. Colonel Willett did his utmost to rally his men, but to no purpose. They ran in the utmost confusion to the stone church in the village. Here, having induced them to make a halt, the colonel commenced bringing them again into such order as best he might. But the defeat would still have been complete, had it not been for the precautionary disposition previously made of Major Rowley. Most fortunately, as it happened, that officer emerged from the woods, and arrived upon the field just in time to fall upon the enemy's rear in the very moment of their exultation at their easy victory. Rowley pressed the attack with great vigour and intrepidity, while the enemy were engaged in making prisoners of the stragglers, and the Indians were scalping those who fell into their hands. The fight was now maintained with equal obstinacy and irregularity for a considerable time. Major Rowley was early wounded by a shot through the ankle, and carried from the field; and the enemy were engaged in different bodies, sometimes in small parties separated nearly a mile from each other. In some of these contests the advantage was on the side of the enemy, and in others the Americans were the temporary victors. The battle continued after this fashion until near sunset, when, finding such to be the fact, and that Rowley's detachment alone was holding the enemy at bay, Willett was enabled to collect a respectable force, with which he returned to the field, and again mingled in the fight. The battle was severely contested until dark, when the enemy, pressed upon all sides, retreated in discomfiture to the woods, nor stopped

short of a mountain-top, six miles distant. The loss of the Americans was about forty. The enemy lost about the same number killed, and some fifty prisoners. The Tryon county militia, under Major Rowley, behaved nobly.

Knowing the direction from which Ross and Butler had approached, and that their batteaux had been left at the Oneida Lake, Colonel Willett lost not a moment in making arrangements to cut off their means of retreat by the destruction of their boats, while he likewise determined, if possible, to throw himself into their front. Having been apprized by some of Ross's prisoners, who had made their escape in the night, that it was his intention to strike at the frontiers of Stone Arabia, in order to obtain a supply of provisions, Willett marched to that place on the following morning, and encamped there that day and night, pushing forward a detachment of troops, with instructions to proceed by forced marches to the Oneida Lake and destroy the boats. Ascertaining, on the morning of the 27th, that Ross had avoided Stone Arabia by striking deeper into the wilderness, Willett hastened forward to the German Flatts, where he had the mortification, on the 28th, to learn that the party ordered to the lake had returned without performing their duty.

While at Stone Arabia, a scouting party had been sent upon the enemy's trail by Willett, to ascertain whether he had laid his course in the anticipated direction, or whether he might not have inclined farther to the north, with a view of returning directly through the wilderness to Buck's Island. The scouts having satisfied themselves that the latter course would be taken by Ross, hastily returned; and the result of their observation was communicated to Willett by express.

Immediately on the receipt of this intelligence, Willett determined, if possible, to strike another blow. Having been joined by about sixty warriors

of the Oneida tribe, together with some additional levies and militiamen, the colonel selected about four hundred of his choicest troops, and furnishing them with provisions for five days, on the 29th struck off to the northward, along the course of the West Canada Creek. They marched the whole of that day through a driving snowstorm, halting at night in a thick wood on the Royal Grant. Supposing it probable that the enemy could not be far distant, Jacob Sammons was detached with two Oneida Indians to advance yet farther into the wilderness, and, under cover of the darkness, make such discoveries as might be in their power. "It was with much reluctance," says Sammons in his narrative, "that I undertook this business." They had not proceeded far before the Indians discovered the prints of footsteps. Having knelt down and scrutinized them closely, they pronounced them fresh, and refused any longer to advance. Taking Sammons by the arm, they entreated him to return; but he declined, and they separated. The intrepid scout soon descried fires kindling amid the deep forest-gloom, towards which he cautiously approached until he was enabled to take a survey of the enemy's camp. Having obtained all necessary information, and narrowly escaped detection withal, he returned to the camp of the Americans. Willett had kept his troops under arms, awaiting the return of Sammons; but learning from the latter that the enemy were well provided with bayonets, of which his own men were deficient, a night attack upon the camp was judged imprudent, and he bivouacked his forces on the spot.

Willett lost no time in advancing on the following morning, with a view of bringing the enemy to an engagement. But the latter had been as early on foot as himself, so that it was not until one o'clock in the afternoon that the Americans came up with a small party of the enemy's rear, consisting of about forty men, together with a few Indians, who had

been detached from his main body for the purpose of obtaining provisions. A smart brush ensued, during which some of the enemy were killed, others were taken prisoners, while the residue fled. Pursuing on the enemy's trail, the Americans came up with his main body in a place called Jerseyfield, on the north side of the Canada Creek. A running fight ensued, but the enemy made a very feeble resistance, exhibiting symptoms of terror, and attempting to retreat at a dog-trot by Indian files. Late in the afternoon, as they crossed the creek to the west or southwestern side, Butler attempted to rally his forces and make a stand. A brisk engagement ensued, the parties being on opposite sides of the creek, during which about twenty of the enemy fell. Among them was their bold and enterprising, but cruel leader, Walter N. Butler. He was brought down by the rifle of an Oneida Indian, who, happening to recognise him as he was looking at the battle from behind a tree, took deliberate aim, and shot him through his hat and the upper part of his head. Butler fell, and his troops fled in the utmost confusion. The warrior who made the successful shot sprang first across the creek in the general rush, and running directly up to Butler, discovered that he was not dead, but sorely wounded. He was in a sitting posture near the tree, and writhing in great agony. The Indian advanced, and while Butler looked him full in the face, shot him again through the eye, and immediately took his scalp. The Oneidas no sooner saw the bleeding trophy than they set up the scalp-yell, and stripping the body, left it lying upon the face, and pressed forward in pursuit of the fugitive host. The pursuit was closely followed up, but darkness and fatigue compelled the colonel to relinquish it until morning. The enemy, however, continued their flight throughout the night. And, truly, never were men reduced to a condition more deplorable. The weather was cold, and they

had yet a dreary and pathless wilderness of eighty miles to traverse, without food, and without even blankets, having been compelled to cast them away to facilitate their escape. But, scattered and broken as they were, and having the start of one night, it was judged inexpedient to give longer pursuit; especially as Willett's own troops were supplied with provisions for but two days more. The victory was, moreover, already complete. The colonel, therefore, wheeled about, and led his little army back in triumph to Fort Dayton. The loss of the Americans in the pursuit was only one man; that of the enemy was never known.

So perished Walter N. Butler, one of the greatest scourges, as he was one of the most fearless men, of his native country. No other event of the whole war created so much joy in the Mohawk Valley as the news of his decease. He is represented to have been of a morose temperament, possessing strong passions, and of a vindictive disposition. He was disliked, as has already more than once appeared, by Joseph Brant, who included him among those whom he considered greater savages than the savages themselves. It is quite probable, however, that Walter Butler may have possessed other and better qualities, his friends being judges, than have been awarded to him by his enemies. It has been asserted that, after the massacre of Cherry Valley, General Haldimand refused to see him. But this fact may well be questioned, inasmuch as Haldimand not only approved, but encouraged the despatching of a similar expedition against the scarcely offending Oneidas, who had removed, and were living peaceably in the neighbourhood of Schenectady.

This expedition of Ross and Butler closed the active warlike operations at the North for that year; but while the events traced in the few preceding pages were in progress, others were occurring in a different quarter of the country, both in themselves

and in their results of far greater moment. In the bird's-eye glance taken of the progress of the war in other parts of the confederacy during the first quarter of the year, Arnold was left at Portsmouth, contiguous to Norfolk. He afterward made various movements of the character heretofore described; visiting Richmond again, and committing outrages there and elsewhere. On the death of the British Major-general Phillips, the traitor succeeded to the command of the king's troops in Virginia, and maintained himself there against the Baron Steuben, and afterward against the Marquis de Lafayette, until Lord Cornwallis, having traversed North Carolina, and entered Virginia, formed a junction with him, and assumed the command, sending Arnold from his presence to Portsmouth as soon as possible. After his return to New-York, Arnold led another piratical expedition, early in September, against New-London and Groton. The former town was burned, and Fort Griswold, on the opposite side of the river, having been carried by assault, was the scene of a bloody massacre, the brave Ledyard, who commanded, being thrust through with his own sword.

Meantime, the American commander-in-chief was meditating a blow, which, if successful, could not but have an important, and perhaps a decisive, bearing upon the great question of his country's final emancipation. The combined French and American forces, by an unsuspected, but effectual basis of operations, had been tending as upon a central point towards Virginia, until, before he was aware of serious danger, Earl Cornwallis found himself shut up in Yorktown. The event was fatal to him and to the cause of his master. The post was completely invested by the 30th of September. On the 9th of October, the French and Americans opened their batteries; and on the 19th, his two advanced redoubts having been carried by storm a few days before, despairing of receiving the prom-

ised succours from Sir Henry Clinton, and having, moreover, failed in a well-concerted attempt to evacuate the fortress by night, Lord Cornwallis, submitting to necessity, absolute and inevitable, surrendered by capitulation. The loss of the enemy during the siege was five hundred and fifty-two killed, wounded, and missing; and the number of prisoners taken, exclusive of the seamen, who were surrendered to the Count de Grasse, was seven thousand and seventy-three, of whom five thousand nine hundred and fifty were rank and file.

A summary view of the controversy between New-York and the people of the New-Hampshire Grants has already been given, in addition to which, several incidental allusions have been made to the equivocal movements and intentions of Ethan Allen. A special message from Governor Clinton to the Legislature of New-York communicated important information respecting the designs of Allen and his associates, which had been derived from two prisoners who had escaped from Canada in the autumn of the present year, John Edgar and David Abeel. The substance of the statements was, that several of the leading men of the New-Hampshire Grants were forming an alliance with the king's officers in Canada. Among these leaders were Ethan and Ira Allen, and the two Fays. A man named Sherwood, and Doctor Smith, of Albany, whose name has already been mentioned, were the agents of the negotiation on the part of Great Britain, and their consultations were sometimes held at Castleton, on the Grants, and sometimes in Canada. According to the statement of Edgar, it was understood that the Grants were to furnish the king with a force of two thousand men. Mr. Abeel's information was, that fifteen hundred was the number of men to be furnished, under the command of Ethan Allen. A third account submitted to the Legislature by the governor was somewhat differ-

ent, and more particular as to the terms of the proposed arrangement. In this paper it was stated, first, that the territory claimed by the Vermontese should be formed into a distinct colony or government. Secondly, that the form of government should be similar to that of Connecticut, save that the nomination of the governor should be vested in the crown. Thirdly, that they should be allowed to remain neutral, unless the war should be carried within their own territory. Fourthly, they were to raise two battalions, to be in the pay of the crown, but to be called into service only for the defence of the colony. Fifthly, they were to be allowed a free trade with Canada. General Haldimand had not deemed himself at liberty to decide definitively upon propositions of so much importance, and had, accordingly, transmitted them to England for the royal consideration. An answer was then expected. Such was the purport of the intelligence; and such was the weight of the testimony, that the governor did not hesitate to assert that they "proved a treasonable and dangerous intercourse and connexion between the leaders of the revolt in the northeastern part of the state and the common enemy."

The fact is, according to the admissions, and the documents published by the Vermont historians themselves, that the people of Vermont, though doubtless for the most part attached to the cause of their country, nevertheless looked upon New-York "as a more detested enemy" than Great Britain; and the officers of the latter were not slow in their efforts to avail themselves of the schism. Accordingly, Colonel Beverley Robinson sought to open a correspondence with Ethan Allen as early as March, 1780.

In the months of April and May following, the Governor and Council of Vermont commissioned Colonel Ira Allen, a brother of Ethan, to proceed to Isle au Noix, to settle a cartel with the British

in Canada, and also, if possible, to negotiate an armistice in favour of Vermont. The stay of Allen at the island was protracted for a considerable time, and the conferences with the two commissioners, Sherwood and Smith, on the subject of the political relations of Vermont, were frequent, but perfectly confidential; Allen carefully avoiding to write anything, to guard against accidents. But from the beginning it seems to have been perfectly understood by both parties that they were treating "for an armistice, and to concert measures to establish Vermont as a colony under the crown of Great Britain." It was also stipulated that, during the armistice, the leaders in Vermont were to prepare the people by degrees for a change of government, and that the British officers were to have free communication through the territory of the new state, as it claimed to be.

In September the negotiations were renewed, the commissioners of both parties meeting secretly at Skenesborough, within the territory of New-York, and farther progress was made in the terms of the arrangement, by which Vermont was, in due time, to throw herself "into the arms of her legitimate sovereign." Sir Frederic Haldimand, however, was becoming impatient of longer delay, and a strenuous effort was made for an immediate and open declaration on the part of Vermont. It was at length stipulated, that inasmuch as the royal authority had been received by Sir Frederic Haldimand for that purpose, an army might ascend the lake with proclamations, offering to confirm Vermont as a colony under the crown on the return of the people to their allegiance, the commissioners interposing a request, that the general commanding the expedition would endeavour to ascertain the temper of the people before the proclamation should be actually distributed.

The Legislature of the Grants assembled at

Charlestown in October. Meantime, General St. Leger, agreeably to the arrangement with Allen and Fay, ascended the lake to Ticonderoga with a strong force, where he rested. In order to save appearances, the Vermontese had stationed a military force on the opposite shore, under the command of General Enos, to whom was necessarily confided the secret.

Meantime, a rumour of the capture of Cornwallis and his army at Yorktown was wafted along upon the southern breeze, the effect of which was such upon the people as to induce Allen and Fay to write to the British commissioners with St. Leger, that it would be imprudent at that particular conjuncture for him to promulgate the royal proclamation, and urging delay to a more auspicious moment. The messenger with these despatches had not been longer than an hour at the headquarters of St. Leger at Ticonderoga, before the rumour respecting Cornwallis was confirmed by an express. The effect was prodigious. All ideas of farther operations in that quarter were instantly abandoned, and before evening of the same day, St. Leger's troops and stores were re-embarked, and, with a fair wind, he made sail immediately back to St. John's.

It is in the secret proceedings of the Vermont conspirators that the key is found to the mysterious movements of the enemy on Lake Champlain, which had so greatly harassed the American commanders at the North during that autumn. It was known that St. Leger was upon the lake in great force, and having landed at Ticonderoga, to all human calculation an invasion was intended, which the country was then ill prepared to resist. At times he was apparently balancing upon what point to move. With the means of striking, he did not strike; and his dilatoriness and apparent indecision were alike inexplicable. The effect was to keep the northern part of the state in constant alarm, and to harass the

militia by frequent calls to the field against an enemy hovering upon the shore of the lake, always, apparently, just ready to make a descent, and yet idling away the season without farther demonstration.

With the discomfiture and retreat of Major Ross on the one hand, and the return of St. Leger to St. John's on the other, all active operations ceased with the enemy at the north. But the difficulties of the State Government with the New-Hampshire Grants were on the increase, and the controversy ran so high, that, by the first of December, an insurrection broke out in the regiments of Colonel John Van Rensselaer and Colonel Henry K. Van Rensselaer, in the northeastern towns of the state, while the regiment of Colonel Peter Yates, also belonging to the brigade of General Gansevoort, was in a condition not much better. General Gansevoort was apprized of the insurrection on the 5th. He immediately directed Colonels Yates and Henry K. Van Rensselaer, whose regiments at that time were the least affected with the insurgent spirit, to collect such troops as they could, and repair to St. Coych, to the assistance of Colonel John Van Rensselaer. An express being despatched to the governor at Poughkeepsie with the unwelcome information, and a request for directions what course to pursue in the emergency, the return of the messenger brought very explicit orders from the indomitable chief magistrate: "I perfectly approve of your conduct," said the governor, "and have only to add, that should the force already detached prove insufficient to quell the insurrection, you will make such addition to it as to render it effectual. I have transmitted to General Robert Van Rensselaer the information, and have directed him, in case it should be necessary, on your application, to give assistance from his brigade."

Gansevoort did not receive his instructions from

the governor until the 15th. Meantime, Colonels Yates and Henry Van Rensselaer had made no progress in quelling the insurrection; the insurgents, on the other hand, being on the increase, and having thrown up a blockhouse for defence. On the 16th General Gansevoort took the field himself, repairing, in the first instance, to the headquarters of General Stark at Saratoga, in order to obtain a detachment of troops and a fieldpiece. But the troops of Stark were too naked to move from their quarters, and it was thought improper for him to interfere without an order from General Heath. Gansevoort then crossed over to the east side of the river, in order to place himself at the head of such militia as he could muster in Schaghticoke and Hoosic, but was soon met by Colonel Yates in full retreat from the house of Colonel John Van Rensselaer. He had been able to raise but eighty men to put down the insurgents of John Van Rensselaer's regiment, and on arriving at St. Coych, he discovered a force of five hundred men advancing from the Grants to the assistance of the rebels. Gansevoort retired five miles farther, in order to find comfortable quarters for his men, and then attempted, but without success, to open a correspondence with the leader of the insurgents. Under these discouraging circumstances, the general was compelled to relinquish the expedition, and the insurgents remained the victors, to the no small terror of those of the inhabitants who were well disposed, inasmuch as they were apprehensive of being taken prisoners and carried away, as had been the case with others, should they refuse taking the oath of allegiance to the government of Vermont.* Thus

* The materials for this rapid sketch of the insurrection of Dec., 1781, at the northeast of Albany, have been drawn from the Gansevoort papers, which are broken and imperfect. The controversy with Vermont was continued, with greater or less force, and in different ways, for several years. But a calm and powerful letter from General Washington to Governor Chittenden, written early in January, 1782, had great influ-

terminated the military events of the North, of all descriptions, for the year 1781.

There yet remain a few occurrences, connected with the Indian operations of the year, to be noted before closing the present chapter. It was in the spring of this year that what was called the Coshocton campaign of Colonel Brodhead was performed, and was attended by circumstances that cannot be recalled with other than painful emotions. The expedition was led by Brodhead against the villages of the unfriendly Delaware Indians at the forks of the Muskingum. The towns against which the Americans were proceeding were under the control of Captain Pipe, who had espoused the cause of the crown at the instigation of M'Kee, Elliott, and Girty. On approaching Coshocton, Brodhead's forces were divided into three divisions; and so secret and rapid was their march, that the villages on the eastern bank of the river were fallen upon, and all the Indians who were at home taken, without firing a gun. The immediate object of this visitation was to punish, as it was alleged, the Indians of those towns for some recent cruelties of unwonted atrocity. They had made a late incursion upon the frontiers of Virginia, in the course of which a considerable number of prisoners were taken; but, having been disappointed in the measure of their success, in a moment of rage they bound all the adult male captives to trees, and put them to death by torture, amid the tears and lamentations of their families. It was now Colonel Brodhead's design to inflict summary vengeance for those murders. He had with him a friendly Delaware chief, named *Pekillon*, who point-

ence in causing the government of the Grants to relinquish the territory of New-York, twenty miles broad, upon the eastern side of the Hudson, upon which they had seized. Things remained in an unsettled state, however, until after the adoption of the Federal Constitution by New-York, in 1788, after which the controversy was amicably adjusted; Vermont agreeing to pay thirty thousand dollars as a full indemnification to persons in New-York holding titles to lands within its boundaries.

ed out sixteen of the captive warriors, upon whom he charged the murders in question. A council of war was convened in the evening, which decided that those sixteen warriors should be put to death. They were therefore bound, and despatched with tomahawk and spear, and scalped.

A heavy rain had swollen the river, so that Colonel Brodhead could not cross over to the villages upon the opposite side. On the following morning an Indian presented himself upon the other side, and called for an interview with the "Great Captain," meaning the commander of the expedition. Colonel Brodhead presented himself, and inquired what he wanted. "I want peace," was the reply. "Send over some of your chiefs," said the colonel. "Maybe you kill," rejoined the Indian. "They shall not be killed," was the answer. A fine-looking sachem thereupon crossed the river, and while engaged in conversation with Colonel Brodhead, a white savage, named Wetzels, stole treacherously behind the unsuspecting warrior, and struck him dead to the earth.

Some ten or twelve prisoners were taken from another village farther up the river; and Brodhead commenced his return on the same day, committing the prisoners to a guard of militia. They had not proceeded far, however, before the barbarian guards began to butcher their captives; and all, save a few women and children, were presently despatched in cold blood.

Glancing yet farther south, the Cherokee Indians having again become troublesome, and made an incursion into South Carolina, massacring some of the inhabitants and burning their houses, General Pickens proceeded into their own country, and inflicted upon them severe and summary chastisement. In the space of fourteen days, at the head of less than four hundred men, he killed upward of forty of the Indians, and destroyed thirteen towns. His troops

were mounted men, who charged rapidly upon the Indians, cutting them down with their sabres with great effect. Unused to this mode of warfare, they sued immediately for peace.

The fall of Cornwallis was, in fact, the last important act of that great drama, THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. Although the British were yet in considerable force in New-York, and were likewise in the occupancy of various posts in the Southern States, still the season for active operations was past; and after the loss of the army of Cornwallis, they were not in sufficient force in the North to resist the troops that could now be directed against them. Still, there were other belligerent incidents occurring for months afterward, the record of which will require another chapter.

CHAPTER VII.

AMONG the minor, yet not unimportant events of the border war at the north and west of Albany, was the capture, some time in the winter of 1781-'82, of the celebrated Loyalist marauder, Joseph Bettys, whose name has occurred in connexion with that of John Waltermeyer in the preceding chapter. Bettys, or "Joe Bettys," as he was commonly called, was a man of uncommon shrewdness and intelligence. Bold, athletic, and of untiring activity; revengeful and cruel in his disposition; inflexible in his purposes; his bosom cold as the marble to the impulses of humanity; he ranged the border settlements like a chafed tiger, until his name had become as terrific to the borderers as were those of Kidd and Pierre le Grande upon the ocean in the preceding century. At the commencement of the war, Bettys was an inhabitant of Ballston. He early

took the field in the cause of the Republic, and a sergeant's warrant was conferred upon him in Colonel Wynkoop's regiment. But he had a proud, independent spirit, that could ill brook the severity of military discipline; and for some act of contumacy, he was reduced to the ranks. Still, knowing well his determined character and unflinching courage, and unwilling that his country should lose his services, the same gentleman who had obtained his first warrant procured him another, and a transfer to the fleet under the command of General Arnold on Lake Champlain, in the summer of 1776.

In the severe naval engagement on that lake between Arnold and Sir Guy Carleton, on the 11th of October of that year, Bettys exhibited great bravery, and was of signal service during the battle, which lasted four hours. He fought until every commissioned officer on board his vessel was either killed or wounded. Assuming the command then himself, he continued the fight with such reckless and desperate intrepidity, that General Waterbury, Arnold's second in command, perceiving that his vessel was about to sink, was obliged to order Bettys and the survivors of his crew on board his own vessel. Having thus observed his good conduct, General Waterbury stationed him by his side on the quarter-deck, and gave orders through him, until his own vessel, in turn, became entirely crippled, the crew mostly killed, the general himself wounded, and only two others, exclusive of Bettys, left in fighting condition, when his colours were struck to the enemy. General Waterbury afterward spoke in the most exalted terms of the high courage of Bettys, adding, that the shrewdness of his management showed that his conduct was not inferior to his courage.

While a prisoner in Canada, the arts of the enemy subverted his principles. He was seduced from the service of his country, and entered that of the enemy

with the rank of ensign, proving himself an enemy equally subtle and formidable. From his intimate knowledge of the country and his artful address, he was frequently employed, sometimes as a messenger, at others as a spy, and at others, again, in the double capacity of both. During one of his missions of this nature, he was captured, tried, and condemned to the gallows. But the entreaties of his aged parents, and the solicitations of influential Whigs, induced General Washington, on a promise of reformation, to grant him a pardon. Yet if honour, generosity, and gratitude had ever been qualities of his soul, they had taken their departure.

Losing no time in rejoining the ranks of the enemy, he became alike reckless of character and the dictates of humanity; and instead of suitably requiting the kindness which had successfully interposed to save him from an ignominious death, he became the greatest scourge of his former friends and neighbourhood. Ballston, in particular, had long reason to deplore the ill-judged lenity. He returned, and recruited soldiers for the king in the midst of the settlements; he captured and carried off the most zealous and efficient Whigs, and subjected them to the severest sufferings; and those against whom he bore the strongest hate lost their dwellings by fire, or their lives by murder. No fatigue weakened his resolution, no distance was an obstacle to his purpose, and no danger appalled his courage. No one of the borderers felt secure. Sometimes in the darkness of the night he fell upon them by stealth; and at others, even at midday, he was seen prowling about, as if scorning disguise, and unconscious of danger. Indeed, he boldly proclaimed himself a desperado, carrying his life in his hand, equally careless of it as he said he should be of the lives of others, were any again to attempt his arrest. His liberty, he declared, would only be yielded with his life; and whoever should attempt to take him, might

rest assured that their blood would in the same moment be drunk by the earth. His threats were well understood to be no unmeaning words; and, what added to the apprehension of the people, was the well-known fact that he had always at his beck, openly or in concealment, according to the nature of the purpose immediately in hand, a band of refugees partaking of his own desperate character.

His adventures while engaged in this species of warfare were many and hazardous. Nor did he always confine his operations to the border settlements, since he at one time entered the precincts of Albany, and made a similar attempt to that of Waltermeyer to abduct General Schuyler from the mansion of the patroon, where he was then lodged.

It must not be supposed, however, that all hearts quailed before Joe Bettys. Far from it; and many were the ineffectual attempts made for his arrest before the measures undertaken for that purpose were again crowned with success. But in the course of the winter now under consideration his wonted vigilance was at fault. A suspicious stranger having been observed in the neighbourhood of Ballston, upon snowshoes, and well armed, three men of that town, named Cory, Perkins, and Fulmer, little doubting as to the identity of the man, armed themselves and went in pursuit. He was traced by a circuitous track to the house of a well-known Loyalist, which was approached with so much circumspection as to enable the scouts to reach the door unobserved. Breaking the barrier by a sudden effort, they sprang in upon the traitor, and seized him before he had opportunity of resistance. He was seated at dinner when they entered, his pistols lying upon the table, and his rifle resting upon his arm. He made an attempt to discharge the latter; but forgetting to remove the deer-skin cover of the lock, did not succeed. Powerful and muscular as he was, the three were an over-match for him, and he was

immediately so securely pinioned as to render resistance useless and escape morally impossible.

Apparently resigning himself to his fate, Bettys now requested permission to smoke, which was readily granted. While taking the tobacco from his box, and making the usual preparations, he was observed by Cory adroitly to cast something into the fire. It was instantly snatched thence with a handful of coals, and proved to be a small leaden box, containing a paper in cipher, which the captors could not read; but it was subsequently ascertained to be a despatch addressed to the British commander in New-York. It also contained an order for thirty guineas, provided the despatch should be safely delivered. Bettys pleaded hard for permission to burn the paper, and offered a hundred guineas for the privilege. But they refused his gold, and all his proffered bribes for the means of escape, with unyielding firmness. He then exclaimed, "I am a dead man!" It was even so. He was taken to Albany, where he was tried, convicted, and executed as a spy and traitor.

As already remarked, the substantial fighting of the war was ended by the surrender of Cornwallis. It is true, there were affairs of outposts occurring afterward, and some partial fighting took place at the South, early in the season of 1782, between General Wayne and sundry small British posts, after General Greene had detached the former into Georgia. The most serious of these affairs was a smart brush with a party of Creek Indians, near Savannah, on which occasion the British garrison sallied out to their assistance, but were repulsed. For the most part, however, the year 1782 was rather a time of armed neutrality than of active war. The news of the catastrophe at Yorktown at once and materially strengthened the opposition to the farther prosecution of the contest in the House of Commons, by which a resolution was soon afterward passed, de-

claring "that the house would consider as enemies to his majesty and the country all who should advise or attempt the farther prosecution of offensive war on the Continent of North America." Sir Henry Clinton was superseded in the chief command by Sir Guy Carleton, who was specially instructed to use his endeavours to effect an accommodation with America. Commissioners for the negotiation of a treaty of peace were soon afterward appointed, viz., John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, John Jay, and Henry Laurens on the part of the United States, and Mr. Fitzherbert and Mr. Oswald on that of Great Britain. On the 30th of November these commissioners had agreed on provisional articles of peace, as the basis of a treaty by which the Independence of the United States was acknowledged in its fullest extent.

As the surrender of Earl Cornwallis was the last important military event between the main armies, so was the disastrous expedition of Majors Ross and Butler the last attempt of any magnitude upon the Valley of the Mohawk. True, indeed, that beautiful region of country had been so utterly laid waste, that there was little more of evil to be accomplished. But the chastisement of Major Ross, equally severe and unexpected, had discouraged the enemy from making any farther attempt in that quarter. Not, however, that the Indians were entirely quiet. On the contrary, they hung around the borders of the settlements in small parties, sometimes causing serious alarms, and at others great trouble and fatigue, and likewise inflicting considerable injury. On one occasion a party of thirty-five Indians crossed over from Oswegatchie to Palatine. Falling in with a scouting party, consisting of Jacob Timmerman and five others, the Indians fired upon them. Timmerman was wounded, and, with one of his comrades, taken prisoner. Two of the party were killed, and the other two succeeded in making their escape.

The prisoners were taken to Oswegatchie, and thence down to Montreal, where they were confined until the peace. In consequence of exposures of this description, a vigilant watchfulness was necessary at all points; and Colonel Willett, who retained the command, was exactly the officer for the station. He had frequent occasion to despatch considerable bodies of troops against the straggling parties of Indians and Tories; but their lightness of foot, and dexterity in thridding the mazes of the forests, generally, if not always, enabled them to escape. So that no important event occurred in that section of country during the year.

But while there was so little active warfare on the frontiers of New-York during the summer of 1782, the Indians of the remoter west were more active along the Kentucky frontier than in the preceding year. In May they ravished, killed, and scalped a woman and her two daughters near Ashton's station. The Indians perpetrating this outrage were pursued by Captain Ashton, at the head of a band of twenty-five men. Being overtaken, a battle ensued, in which the Indians were victorious. The captain was killed, together with eight of his men, and four others were mortally wounded. In the month of August another Kentucky settlement, called Hoy's Station, was visited by the Indians, by whom two lads were carried into captivity. This band was also pursued by Captain Holder, with a party of seventeen men, who, coming up with the Indians, were likewise defeated, with a loss of seven killed and two wounded.

On the 15th of August, the post at Briant's station, five miles from Lexington, was invested by a far more considerable party of the enemy, numbering five hundred Indians and Canadians. After killing all the cattle in the neighbourhood, they assaulted the post on the third day, but were repulsed with a loss of about eighty killed, and numbers

wounded; how many, was not known. They were pursued on their retreat by Colonels Todd, Trigg, and Boon, and Major Harland, at the head of one hundred and seventy-six men, well armed and provided. The Indians drew the pursuers into an unfavourable position on the 19th, when a severe battle ensued, in which the Kentuckians were beaten, with a loss of seventy-six men; among whom were Colonels Todd and Trigg, Major Harland, and a son of Colonel Boon. The battle lasted only fifteen minutes. The retreat from the field was yet more disastrous than the battle itself. It was fought on the banks of the main fork of the Licking River, at the great bend, forty-three miles from Lexington. The Kentuckians were pursued across the river, some on horseback, and others on foot. Some were killed in the river, and others while ascending the cliffs beyond. The arrival of the fugitives at Lexington with the melancholy tidings occasioned a scene of weeping and deep lamentation, since a large portion of the male population had fallen. Being re-enforced a few days afterward, Colonel Boon returned to bury the dead, which he represents as an affair of a most painful description. So mangled and disfigured were the bodies, that their identity could not be ascertained. The colonel was afterward informed that, when the Indians discovered their own loss to have been four more than that of the Kentuckians, four of the seven prisoners they had taken were handed over to their young men to be put to death by torture.

On hearing of this disastrous affair, General Clark, who was at the Falls of the Ohio, directed a pursuit of the Indians to their own towns of Old and New Chillicothe, Peccaway, and Wills Town. Colonel Boon seems to have led this expedition, although the fact is not expressly stated in his narrative. Failing in an attempt to fall upon the Indians by surprise, the colonel took possession of their de

sented towns, which were burned. Seven prisoners and fifteen scalps were taken by the Kentuckians, whose own loss was but four men, two of whom were killed by accident, not by Indians. With these incidents closed the Indian war of the Revolution on the Kentucky border.

But there yet remains a tale of murderous character to be recorded, which, in its black and inexcusable atrocity, transcends any and every Indian massacre which marked that protracted and unnatural contest. It is a tale of blood, too, in which the white men, not the Indians, are to be branded as the savages.

On the banks of the Muskingum resided several communities of Indians, who had embraced the peaceable tenets of the Moravians. They were of the Delaware nation, and had removed to the Muskingum from Friedenshuetten, on the Big Beaver, and from Wyalusing and Sheshequon, on the Susquehanna, in the year 1772. Notwithstanding the annoyance experienced by them in consequence of the Cresap war in 1774, their settlements, which were named Schoenbrunn, Salem, and Gnadenhuetten, rose rapidly in importance, and in a short time numbered upward of four hundred people. Among their converts was the celebrated Delaware chief *Glickhickan*, famous alike for his bravery on the war-path, his wisdom in council, and his eloquence in debate. Their location being a kind of half-way station between the white settlements and the hostile Indians of the lakes, was unpleasant after the war of the Revolution came on, and subjected them to difficulties alternately arising from the suspicions of both or all of the belligerent parties, against whose evil intentions towards them they were occasionally admonished. Still, their labours, their schools, and their religious exercises were conducted and practised as usual.

Their spiritual guides, at the period now under discussion, were Michael Jung, David Zeisberger, and John Heckewelder, known in later times as the Indian historian. These people looked upon war with abhorrence, maintaining that "the Great Being did not make men to destroy men, but to love and assist each other." They had endeavoured to dissuade some of their own race from taking any part in the contest, and had likewise given occasional information to the white settlements when threatened with Indian invasions.

The hostile Indians frequently hovered around their settlements, and sometimes threatened their destruction, under the pretext that their neutrality was equivocal, and that they were secretly in alliance with the Americans, to whom they were in the practice of giving timely notice of the hostile advances of the Indians in the service of the king. In 1777 they were visited by the noted Huron chief, *Half King*, at the head of two hundred of his warriors, on his way to attack some of the frontier settlements of Virginia. Half King at first menaced the Moravian non-combatants; but Glickhickan appeased his ire by a timely supply of refreshments, and diverted him from his purpose by an opportune speech, declaring their religious sentiments, and praising their missionaries.

The British authorities at Detroit were by no means friendly to these Moravian towns; early in the year 1781, they applied to the Great Council of the Six Nations, assembled at Niagara, to remove them out of the country. A message was, accordingly, sent by the Iroquois to the Ottawas and Chippewas to this effect: "We herewith make you a present of the Christian Indians to make soup of;" a figurative Indian expression, equivalent to saying, "We deliver these people to you to be killed." But neither the Ottawas nor Chippewas would receive the message, which was returned, with the laconic

reply, "We have no cause for doing this." The same message was next sent to the Wyandots, but they at that time were equally indisposed to make war upon their inoffensive brethren. But in the autumn of the same year, under the influence of M'Kee and Elliott, who had now become captains in the ranks of the crown connected with the Indian service at Detroit, and by reason of the more immediate persuasions of Simon Girty, the bloodthirsty refugee associate of M'Kee and Elliott, who was living among the Wyandots, over whom he had acquired great influence, the poor Moravians, with their pious and self-denying ministers, were forcibly removed, or, rather, compelled by the hostile Indians, at the instigation of those men, to remove to Sandusky. The leaders of the Wyandots compelling this emigration were Girty, Half King, and the celebrated Captain Pipe. The sachem-convert, Glickhickan, was also carried to Sandusky; and a young female relation of his, by her courage and generosity, had wellnigh cost him his life. Apprehending that evil would befall her friends, she stole a fine horse belonging to Captain Pipe, and rode to Pittsburgh, to give the alarm in regard to the captive missionaries and their congregations. In revenge for this courageous action, Glickhickan was seized by a party of the Wyandot or Huron warriors, who raised the death-song, and would have put him to death but for the interference of the Half King in his favour. Glickhickan was subsequently examined by his captors, and his innocence of all participation in the mission of the heroic squaw fully made to appear.

It was at a great sacrifice of property and comfort that these Indians were torn thus from their homes. They had more than two hundred heads of black cattle, and upward of four hundred swine, of which they were deprived, together with large stores of corn, and three hundred acres more just ripening for the harvest. They arrived at San-

usky on the 11th of October, a distance of one hundred and twenty-five miles from their homes. They were treated with great harshness on their march, especially by Girty, who, in the course of the winter subsequent to their removal, caused their missionaries to be arrested by order of the commandant at Detroit, to which place they were transferred.*

While the meek and pious missionaries, amid the tears and other manifestations of grief of their people, were preparing for the journey to Detroit, intelligence of a most painful character was received. Being pressed by hunger at Sandusky, a considerable number of Moravian Indians, with some of their families, had been allowed to return to their former habitations on the Muskingum, to secure their corn, and such other provisions as they could find, and forward the same, from time to time, to their suffering brethren. Unhappily, while this peaceable party were thus engaged at Salem and Gnadenhuetten, the weather being favourable for the operations of scalping parties, a few hostile Indians of Sandusky had made a descent upon the Pennsylvania frontier, and murdered the family of Mr. William Wallace, consisting of his wife and five or six children. A man named John Carpenter was taken prisoner at the same time.

Enraged at these outrages, a band of between one and two hundred men, from the settlements of the Monongahela, turned out in quest of the marauders, thirsting for vengeance, under the command of Colonel David Williamson. Each man provided himself with arms, ammunition, and provisions, and the greater number were mounted. They bent their

* These good men, after many trials and vexations, were ultimately released, and Half King charged all the blame upon Girty, whose iniquity in the premises the Indian prince indignantly exposed and denounced. The British government also censured the conduct of its officers in regard to the proceedings, especially the harsh treatment of the missionaries.

course directly for the settlements of Salem and Gnadenhuetten, arriving within a mile of the latter place at the close of the second day's march. Colonel Gibson, commanding at Pittsburgh, having heard of Williamson's expedition, despatched messengers to apprise the Indians of the circumstance, but they arrived too late.

It was on the morning of the 7th of March that Williamson and his gang reached the settlement of Gnadenhuetten, the very day on which the Indians, having accomplished their labours, were bundling up their luggage for retracing their steps to Sandusky. Some of their number, however, were yet in the fields gathering corn, as were many others in the town of Salem, at no great distance thence. The party of Williamson divided themselves into three detachments, so disposed as to approach the settlements from as many different points at once. The Indians had, indeed, been apprized of Williamson's approach by four Delaware Indians on the day before; but, conscious of their own innocence, and least of all anticipating harm from the Americans, they continued in their pacific occupations without suspicion of danger.

When within a short distance of the settlement, though yet in the woods, the advance guard of one of Williamson's divisions met a young Indian half-blood, named Joseph Shabosh, whom they murdered in the most cruel and wanton manner. The youth was catching horses, when he was shot at and wounded so badly that he could not escape. He then informed them who he was, stated that his father was a white man and a Christian, and begged for his life. But they regarded not his entreaties. His arm had been broken by the first shot. He was killed by a second, tomahawked and scalped, and cut into pieces with the hatchets of his murderers. Another Indian youth, a brother-in-law of young Shabosh, who was engaged in binding corn,

about one hundred and fifty yards from the town, saw the white men approaching. Knowing some of them, however, and supposing them to be friends, he addressed them as such. But he was soon undeceived. He saw them shoot one of his Indian brethren who was crossing the river in a canoe, and immediately ran away in affright. Unfortunately, in his panic he ran from the village instead of towards it, so that no alarm was given until the Americans had quite proceeded into the heart of the town.

Many of the Indians were scattered over the fields at work, and were hailed by Williamson's men, representing themselves as "friends and brothers, who had come purposely from Fort Pitt to relieve them from the distress brought upon them by the enemy, on account of their being friends to the American people." The Indians, not doubting their sincerity, gave credence to their professions, and walking up to them, thanked them for their kindness. Their treacherous visitors next persuaded them to cease work and go into the village, as it was their purpose to take them to Fort Pitt, in order to their greater security from the Wyandots, where they would be abundantly supplied with all they might want. Delighted with such an unexpected friendly visitation, the Indians mingled with the strangers with the utmost cordiality, walking and conversing with them like old acquaintances. They delivered up their arms, and began with all alacrity to prepare food for their refreshment. Meantime a messenger was despatched to Salem, "to inform the brethren and sisters there of what had taken place at Gnadenhuetten; the messenger giving it as his opinion that perhaps God had ordained it so, that they should not perish upon the barrens of Sandusky, and that those people were sent to relieve them."

Pleased with the communication, and yet unwill-

ing to act precipitately, the party at Salem deputed two of their number to confer with their brethren and the white men at Gnadenhuetten. Communications were interchanged, which were mutually satisfactory. The dissembling of Williamson and his men were so complete as to win the entire confidence of the simple-minded people ; and at the solicitation of the party at Gnadenhuetten, those at Salem came over and joined their insidious visitors, for the purpose of removing to the white settlements, where, as they were farther assured, all their wants would be supplied by the Moravian brethren at Bethlehem. A party of Williamson's men were detached to Salem to assist in bringing all the Indians and their effects to Gnadenhuetten ; and, still farther to win upon the easy confidence of their victims, this precious collection of assassins made zealous professions of piety, and discoursed to the Indians, and among each other, upon religious subjects. On leaving Salem, the white men applied the torch to the houses and church of the village, under the pretext of depriving the hostile Indians of their benefit.

Having, like their brethren at Gnadenhuetten, delivered up all their arms, their axes, hatchets, and working-tools, under the stipulation that they were all to be returned to them at Pittsburgh, the party from Salem set out with light hearts to enjoy the white man's kind protection. But on approaching the other village, their apprehensions were awakened, by marks in the sand, as though an Indian had recently been weltering there in his blood. They, nevertheless, proceeded to the village to join their brethren ; but on their arrival thither a sad change came over their waking dream of happiness. Instead of being treated as Christian friends and brothers, they were at once roughly designated as warriors and prisoners ; and already, previous to their arrival, had their brethren, sisters, and children at

Gnadenhuetten been seized and confined, for the purpose of being put to death. The party from Salem were now completely within the toils of their enemies. They could neither fight nor fly. Besides that their religious creed forbade them to do the one, they had no weapons of defence, and they were surrounded by armed men, who would not suffer them to escape.

As a pretext for this usage, Williamson and his men now charged them with having stolen their horses, and all their working-tools and furniture; charges not only untrue, but known to be so by their accusers. A more humble, devout, and exemplary community of Christians, probably, was not at that day to be found in the New World. Under the untiring instructions of their missionaries, they had been taught the dress and practices of civilized life. They were tillers of the soil, and had become so well acquainted with the usages of society, and were so well furnished with the necessaries and some of the luxuries of life, that they could set a comfortable table and a cup of coffee before a stranger. All the animals and articles charged upon them as having been stolen were their own private property, honestly acquired. But their protestations of innocence, and their entreaties, were alike vain. Their betrayers were bent upon shedding their blood.

Still, the officers were unwilling to take upon themselves the exclusive responsibility of putting them to death, and the solemn farce of a council was held upon the subject. By this tribunal it was determined that the question of life or death should be decided by a vote of the whole detachment. The men were thereupon paraded, and Williamson put the question, "Whether the Moravian Indians should be taken prisoners to Pittsburgh, or put to death?" requesting all in favour of saving their lives to ~~stand~~ stand in front of the line. Only sixteen or

eighteen of the whole number were by this process found to be inclined to mercy, and the poor trembling prisoners were immediately admonished that they must prepare to die.

Some, indeed, there were among the bloodthirsty gang eager to commence the work of death *instantly*; but as the victims united in begging a short delay for their devotions, the request was granted. "Then, asking pardon for whatever offence they had given, or grief they had occasioned to each other, the Indians kneeled down, offering prayers to God their Saviour; and kissing one another under a flood of tears, fully resigned to his will, they sang praises unto Him, in the joyful hope that they would soon be relieved from all pains, and join their Redeemer in everlasting bliss. During the time of their devotions, the murderers were consulting on the manner in which they would put them to death." Some were for setting fire to the houses, and despatching them as by an *auto da fê*; others were for killing them outright, and bearing their scalps as trophies back to their homes; while those who had opposed the execution yet protested against "the deep damnation of their taking off," and withdrew. Impatient of delay, the bloodthirsty wretches interrupted the last hymn they could sing in this world, and demanded if they were not ready for death. They were answered in the affirmative, the victims adding, "That they had commended their immortal souls to God, who had given them the assurance in their hearts that he would receive their souls." Then seizing a mallet from a cooper's shop, one of the ruffians commenced the work of murder by knocking the Indians on the head. Having killed fourteen successively in this manner, he desisted, and handing the weapon over to another, remarked, "Go on in the same way; I think I have done pretty well!" Those who had opposed the murder stood at a distance, wringing their hands

and calling God to witness "that they were innocent of the lives of these harmless Christian Indians."

The first victim in the other slaughter-house—for such both in which the Indians were confined became—was an aged Indian woman, named Judith, a widow, of great piety. In a few minutes the work of death was completed. Ninety-six Indians, Christians and unarmed, unoffending in every respect, were murdered in cold blood. Among them were old men and matrons, young men and maidens, and infants at their mothers' breasts. Sixty-two of the number were grown persons, one third of whom were women, and the remaining thirty-four were children. Five of the slain were assistant teachers, two of whom had been exemplary members of the pious Branard's congregation in New-Jersey. The convert chief, Isaac Glickhickan, was also among the slain. Only two of the captives escaped this shocking massacre. They were both young. One of them eluded the murderers by creeping unobserved into a cellar, whence he stole into the woods, and the other, having been knocked down and scalped, feigned death, and escaped after the murderers left the place. This they did not, however, until they supposed all were dead. On completing the work, they retired for a short distance to recruit their strength; but, as though resolved that not a living soul should have the remotest chance of escape, they returned to take another look at the dead, and observing a youth, scalped and bloody, supporting himself with his hands upon the floor in order to rise, the monsters despatched him with their hatchets! As night drew on, they set fire to the buildings, and thereupon departed for their own homes, singing and yelling with demoniac joy at the victory they had achieved. According to the accounts of the American newspapers of that day, this massacre was a very commendable transaction; it was represented that the attack of Williamson

was made upon a body of warriors, who had been collecting a large quantity of provisions on the Muskingum for supplying their own warriors and other hostile savages. It was stated as the cause of their destruction having been so complete, that they were surprised and attacked in their cabins at night; and it was exultingly added, that "about eighty horses fell into the hands of the victors, which they loaded with the plunder, the greatest part furs and skins, and returned to the Ohio without the loss of a man!"

If, through the whole extent of the voluminous records of savage wars in America, a deed of darker treachery or of deeper atrocity than this massacre of the Moravian Indians is to be found, it has thus far escaped the research of the author of the present work. The uncivilized and unchristianized savages themselves were amazed at the enormity of the bloody deed. But the construction they put upon the transaction, as a providential occurrence, was curious and striking. They said they had envied the condition of their relations, the believing Indians, and could not bear to look upon their happy and peaceful lives in contrast with their own lives of privation and war. Hence they had endeavoured to take them from their own tranquil homes, and draw them back into heathenism, that they might be reduced again to a level with themselves. But the Great Spirit would not suffer it to be so, and had taken them to himself.

After this massacre, the Indians at Sandusky, not only those who were Christians, but the Wyandots, and others who were hostile, watched the movements of the whites along the Ohio with ceaseless vigilance. Two months having expired after the destruction of the Moravians, another expedition was organized to go against the Wyandots, and other Indian tribes in the Sandusky country. The number of men volunteering for the campaign was

four hundred and eighty. They were mustered at the old Mingo towns on the western bank of the Ohio. An election was held for the office of commander-in-chief of the expedition, Colonels Williamson and William Crawford being the candidates. The choice devolved upon the latter, who was an unwilling candidate, and accepted the post with reluctance. The same men who had murdered the Moravians composed the present army in part, and the march was commenced with a determination that not the life of an Indian, friend or foe, should be spared. The expedition had been organized with great secrecy, as it was supposed, and, as the men were mounted, the intention was, by a rapid march, to fall upon the Wyandot towns by surprise. Arriving, however, at the Moravian towns where the murders had been committed, three Indians were discovered by Crawford, who fled at a pace too rapid to be overtaken. The pursuit of them was disorderly, and from the conduct of his men on that occasion, their commander lost confidence in them, and from that moment entertained a presentiment of defeat. So far from the advance of Crawford being a secret, it ultimately appeared that the Indians had been narrowly watching his progress at every step. They saw the gathering at the Mingo towns, and counted their numbers. They had also been apprized of the resolve that "no quarter was in any instance to be given." It was to be expected, then, that at some point they would be prepared for Crawford's reception.

Crawford and Williamson had intended first to strike upon the Moravian town on the Sandusky; but on arriving at that place they discovered that the Indians had seasonably withdrawn, so that the brave Williamson had no non-combatants to vanquish. The town was, in fact, covered with tall grass, the Indians having removed to the Scioto some time before. Crawford and Williamson then directed

their course for several towns of the hostile Indians by whom they were unexpectedly drawn into an engagement upon an open prairie, the Indian warriors themselves being concealed by the shrubbery upon its margin. Night came on before the battle was terminated, and the Indians, expecting a reinforcement from the Shawanese before morning, made their dispositions for surrounding the Americans at daylight. But when morning came the white man was not there. The Americans, indeed, had not acquitted themselves like soldiers during the engagement of the preceding afternoon, and they availed themselves of the darkness to escape, greatly to the mortification of the Indians and their daring leader, Captain Pipe. They had encamped upon the prairie, and so silent was their flight, that some of them, not aware of the retreat, were found by the Indians in the morning still sleeping amid the tall prairie-grass, where they had laid themselves down.

An active pursuit of the fugitives took place, and many straggling parties were overtaken and cut to pieces. Upward of a hundred were thus either killed outright or taken. Among the latter were Colonel William Crawford, his son, and Doctor M'Knight. The former of these gentlemen had rendered himself particularly offensive to the Indians by his successful campaigns against them, so that his capture was a triumph. It was still more unfortunate for him that he was taken while serving with such a commander as Williamson, against whom, for his cruel treachery at Gnadenhuetten, the savages were cherishing the bitterest feelings of revenge. Crawford, however, had not been engaged in that shameful affair; but being found among the same men who had murdered their friends and relations in March, the Indians could not draw the distinction. They had anxiously sought for Williamson, but, on being informed that he was among

the first to escape, they called out "Revenge!" "revenge!" on whomsoever they had in their power.

Crawford would probably have made good his retreat, but that he lingered behind in anxiety for his son, whom he supposed yet to be in the rear. After wandering two days in the woods with Dr. M'Knight, both were taken by a party of Delawares, and conducted to the Old Wyandot town. Here Captain Pipe, with his own hands, painted the prisoners black, a certain premonition of the doom that awaited them. Thence they were taken to the New Wyandot town, passing on the way the mangled remains of a number of their fellow-captives. At the new town, the place appointed for the execution of Crawford, they found the noted Simon Girty. It had been decided that Crawford should die by the most aggravated torture, to atone in some degree for the murders by Williamson and his men at Gnadenhuetten. After he was bound to the fatal post, the surviving Christian Indians were called upon to come forth and take vengeance on the prisoner; but they had withdrawn, and their savage relations stepped forward in their stead. Before the work of torture was commenced, Captain Pipe addressed the Indians at some length, and in the most earnest manner, at the close of which they all joined in a hideous yell, and prepared for the work in hand. The fire was kindled, when it occurred to poor Crawford that among the sachems he had a particular friend, named Wingemund. "Where is my friend Wingemund?" he asked: "I wish to see him." It is true that this chief had been the warm friend of Colonel Crawford, by whom he had been entertained at his own house. Under these circumstances, Crawford indulged a faint degree of hope that, if he could see the chief, his life might yet be saved. Wingemund was not far distant, having, in fact, retired from the place of execution, that he might not behold what he

could not prevent. He was sent for, however, and an interesting, and even affecting, conversation ensued between himself and the prisoner.

On turning away from his friend, whom it was not in his power to assist, it is said the old sachem was affected to tears, and could never afterward speak of the incident without deep emotion. The moment the chief had left the colonel, a number of the executioners rushed upon him, and commenced the work of torture, which was in progress three hours before the victim fell upon his face, and expired with a groan. During the proceedings against him, he was continually and bitterly upbraided for the conduct of the white men at Gnadenhuetten. The sufferings of the son followed close upon those of the father; but with Dr. M'Knight it was otherwise. He was reserved for sacrifice by the Shawanese, and while on his way thither, contrived to escape, and, after twenty-one days of hardship and hunger in the wilderness, succeeded in gaining Fort M'Intosh.

The defeat of Colonel Boon at the Blue Licks, in August, the massacre of the Moravian Indians, and the fate of Crawford and his expedition, are the last tales of blood connected with the American Revolution. It is true that, in September following, a large body of Indians laid siege to the fort at Wheeling, but the siege was raised without farther bloodshed than the death of one man in the fort, and of three or four without. A barn was burned at Rice's Fort, which was also invested, but not seriously, and the Indians withdrew to their own wilds.

With the exception of the Indian details in the present chapter, the year 1782 passed away without furnishing any military operations of moment, under the immediate direction of the respective commanders-in-chief. Sir Guy Carleton had probably been restrained from offensive war by instructions conforming to the pacific vote of the House of Commons, cited in the early part of the present chapter; while

the condition of the American army, had Washington been otherwise disposed, disabled him from making any attempt on the posts in possession of the British. Generals Greene and Wayne had reconquered the South; and Sir Guy Carleton had directed the officers of his majesty in the North to send out no more Indian expeditions, and to recall those already on foot. Still, notwithstanding all these conciliatory indications, there remained a possibility that the conflict was not yet ended. A change of ministers in England might produce a change of policy. In view of this uncertainty, the commander-in-chief relaxed none of his efforts during the year to preserve the discipline of the army, and keep the country in an attitude of defence. In pursuance of this policy, in the month of January, 1783, news of the signing of a treaty of peace not having yet been received, the commander-in-chief conceived the project of surprising and obtaining possession of the important fortress of Oswego. It was the occupation of this post which gave the British such ready facilities for intriguing with the Six Nations on the one hand, and for pouring their motley battalions down upon the American settlements; and the commander-in-chief judged wisely that, in the event of another campaign, the possession of that fortress would be of the first consequence to the Americans, being then one of the most formidable military defences on the continent.

Having determined to attempt its capture by surprise, the execution of the project was confided to Colonel Willett. With the utmost secrecy, therefore, as to destination, the troops of his command were suddenly assembled at Fort Herkimer on the 8th of February. Commencing their march immediately, on the night of the 9th they crossed the Oneida Lake, and arrived at Oswego Falls, a few miles from the fortress, by two o'clock P.M. on the following day. With the small force under his

command, and without the means of prosecuting a siege, it was, of course, necessary to carry the works by escalade, if at all. Halting, therefore, at the falls, the necessary ladders were constructed, and the march was resumed. At 10 o'clock in the evening they were within four miles of the fort. After which, having marched about two hours, and not coming in sight of the point of destination, an investigation of the cause was undertaken, when, to the astonishment and mortification of the commander, and to the vexation of the whole corps, it was ascertained that, by diverging from the river, their guide, a young Oneida Indian, had lost his way. The situation was, indeed, awkward and perplexing. They had been at one time nearly within speaking distance of the works, and the shout of victory was almost raised in anticipation, when suddenly they discovered that they were lost in a deep forest, in the depth of winter, and amid mountains of snow. It was too late to prosecute the enterprise any farther that night. They could not remain in the vicinity of the fortress over the ensuing day without being discovered; and the instructions of the commander-in-chief were peremptory, that if they failed in surprising the fort, the attempt would be unwarrantable. The only alternative, therefore, was to relinquish the enterprise, and reluctantly retrace their steps. It was a sad mistake of the poor Indian, but not an error of design. The march had been one of great severity and fatigue. The guide had led them into a swamp, and while they were standing still, after discovering themselves to be lost, so cold was the weather, that the feet of some of the men froze in the mire. The return march was even more painful still, because of the lameness of some, and the varied sufferings of others. One man was frozen to death. But all happened well in the end; for, on Colonel Willett's return to Fort Rensselaer, and thence to Albany, he arrived

at the ancient Dutch capital just in season to hear the welcome news of peace proclaimed by the town-clerk at the City Hall, and to mingle his rejoicings with those of the inhabitants.

An agreement for the cessation of hostilities between the United States and Great Britain was signed by the respective commissioners of the two powers on the 20th of January, upon the basis of the articles stipulated in Paris on the 30th of the preceding November; and on the 24th of March, a letter was received from the Marquis de Lafayette announcing a general peace. On the 11th of April Congress issued its proclamation, declaring the cessation of arms by sea and land.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN the treaty with the United States, Great Britain had made no stipulation in behalf of her Indian allies. Notwithstanding the alacrity with which the aboriginals, especially the Mohawks, had entered the service of the crown—notwithstanding their constancy, their valour, the readiness with which they had spilled their blood, and the distinguished services of their great captain, Thayendanega, the loyal red man was not even named in the treaty; while the ancient country of the Six Nations—the residence of their ancestors from the time far beyond their earliest traditions—was included within the boundary granted to the Americans. What with the descent of Colonel Van Schaick upon the Onondagas, and the expedition of General Sullivan into their territory farther west, their whole country had been ravaged with fire and sword; and the Mohawks, in particular, had sacrificed the entire of their own

rich and beautiful country. It appears, however, that when the Mohawks first abandoned their native valley to embark in his majesty's service, Sir Guy Carleton had given a pledge, that as soon as the war was at an end they should be restored, at the expense of the government, to the condition they were in before the contest began. In April, 1779, General Haldimand, then captain-general and commander-in-chief in Canada, ratified the promise of his predecessor, pledging himself, under hand and seal, as far as in him lay, to its faithful execution, "as soon as that happy time should come."

At the close of the war, the Mohawks were temporarily residing on the American side of the Niagara River, in the vicinity of the old landing-place above the fort. The Senecas, who had been in closer alliance with the Mohawks during the war than any other of the Six Nations, and who had themselves been chiefly induced by the former to take up the hatchet against the United States, offered them a tract of land in the valley of the Genessee. But, as Captain Brant long afterward said, in one of his speeches, the Mohawks were determined "to sink or swim" with the English; and, besides, they did not wish to reside within the boundaries of the United States. The generous offer of the Senecas was therefore declined, and the Mohawk chief proceeded to Montreal, to confer with the superintendent-general of Indian affairs, Sir John Johnson, and thence to Quebec, to claim from General Haldimand, the commander-in-chief, the fulfilment of his pledge. The general received the warrior with great kindness, and evinced every disposition to fulfil the pledge in the most honourable manner.

The country upon the Ouise, or Grand River, flowing into Lake Erie some forty miles above the Falls of Niagara, was indicated to General Haldimand as a location every way convenient, not only for maintaining a ready intercourse with the residue

of the Six Nations, but also as affording facilities for corresponding with the nations and tribes of the upper lakes. His excellency approved of the suggestion, and promptly ordered a purchase to be made in conformity with the request. On inquiring the extent of the territory expected by the Mohawks, the captain replied, "Six miles on each side of the river, from the mouth to its source." With assurances that the grant should be formally secured in fee, in due season, the chief returned once more to Niagara, and shortly afterward entered into possession of the lands allotted for the new home of his people.

The policy to be observed by the United States towards the Indians residing within their borders was a question of grave and weighty importance, and early arrested the consideration of American statesmen.

Immediately on the conclusion of the war, England having made no stipulation in behalf of the Indians, a disposition was manifested by the Legislature of New-York to expel the Six Nations from all the country within the bounds of that state which had not been ceded by them previous to the war. This disposition, which seems likewise to have been entertained, to some extent, in other states, was viewed with great concern by Generals Washington and Schuyler, who united in the opinion that such a line of policy would be alike injudicious, inhuman, and unjust. Upon this whole subject of Indian policy there was an entire coincidence of opinion between Washington and Schuyler. Most happily, it prevailed; and the subsequent cession by the states of their Indian lands to the General Government facilitated the benevolent action of the latter under that system, the wisdom of which, irrespective of its justice and humanity, has become every year more apparent since.

It was while the Mohawk chief was occupied in

making his final arrangements with the Canadian commander-in-chief, as has been seen a few pages back, that the sachems and warriors of the Six Nations were holding a treaty with the United States at Fort Stanwix. At this negotiation, the Mohawks, Onondagas, Senecas, Oneidas, Cayugas, Tuscaroras, and Seneca-Abeal* nations were represented. The commissioners on the part of the United States were Oliver Wolcott, Richard Butler, and Arthur Lee. Beyond doubt the representatives of the Six Nations at that council were opposed to a separate negotiation with the United States. Their desire was, that no definitive treaty of peace and boundaries should be concluded, unless the whole ground was covered at once; and, as a consequence, they strenuously urged that the Hurons, Ottawas, Shawanese, Chippewas, Delawares, Pottawattamies, the Wabash Confederates, and the Cherokees, should be represented, in order that the whole question of boundaries, on all the Indian borders, might be determined. But the commissioners on the part of the United States would listen to no such delay. The Six Nations, as such, had taken up the hatchet in favour of the crown, and it was determined to punish them by a dismemberment of their territory. Red Jacket, a somewhat younger chief than the Corn-Planter, was opposed to a burial of the hatchet, and spoke with great eloquence and vehemence in favour of a continuance of the war by the Indians on their own account. The Corn-Planter was a wiser man than his junior associate. He saw the folly of a war to be waged by the Indians single-handed against the United States, and exerted himself with all his power in favour of peace. He saw that the only alternative of his people was the relinquishment of a portion of their territory by compromise, or the loss of the whole by force. His efforts were in the

* The clan of the Senecas residing with the Corn-Planter on the Allegany.

end successful, and on the 22d of October a treaty was signed, by which the United States gave peace to the Mohawks, Senecas, Onondagas, and Cayugas, the four hostile nations of the confederacy, and received them under their protection on condition that all the prisoners, white and black, in the possession of the said nations, should be delivered up. All the Six Nations were to be secured in the possession of the lands they were then occupying; and six hostages were to be delivered to the United States, to remain in their possession until all the prisoners, whose liberation was stipulated, should be surrendered by the Indians. There was likewise a stipulation that the Indians should deliver up certain persons of their own people, who were considered very great offenders, to be tried by the civil laws of the United States. Two persons were surrendered under this stipulation; but the Indians afterward complained that, instead of being tried according to law, they were wrested from the hands of the magistrate by some of the lowest of the white people, and immediately put to death.

The result of this negotiation gave great dissatisfaction to the Indians generally; and the crafty Red Jacket afterward availed himself of the advantages of his position, in stealing the hearts of the Senecas from the Corn-Planter to himself. The Mohawk chief, Thayendanegea, was likewise highly displeased with the conditions of the treaty, the more so, doubtless, from the circumstance that Captain Aaron Hill, a subordinate chief of the Mohawk nation, was detained as one of the hostages under the treaty. When he heard of the proceedings, the old chief was at Quebec. He had completed his business with Sir Frederic Haldimand, and was on the point of embarking for England, to adjust the claims of his nation upon the crown for their sacrifices during the war. The design of going abroad was immediately relinquished for that season, and Captain Brant

hastened back to his own country, to look after the welfare of his own people at home.

How he proceeded to accomplish his object is not very clearly known, nor with what success; but the probability is, that the difficulty in regard to the detention of Hill was satisfactorily adjusted. In any event, Captain Brant accomplished his purpose of visiting England at the close of the year following (1785). Before his embarkation, however, he seems to have formed a plan somewhat analogous to that entertained, and in part accomplished, twenty years before, by Pontiac—that of combining all the great northwestern Indian nations into a single grand confederacy, of which he was to be chief. In furtherance of this design, he visited the country of the upper lakes, and held councils with the nations. Ostensibly, his visit to England was undertaken for the purpose of adjusting the claims of the Loyal Mohawks upon the crown, for indemnification of their losses and sacrifices in the contest from which they had recently emerged. And such, probably, was the sole design of the visit, when originally projected the preceding year. But the dissatisfaction existing in regard to the treaty of Fort Stanwix, and other indications among the Indians, had probably increased the objects of his mission. At all events, it soon appeared that, coupled with the special business of the Indian claims, was the design of sounding the British government touching the degree of countenance or the amount of assistance which he might expect from that quarter, in the event of a general Indian war against the United States.

He was received by the nobility and gentry with great consideration and respect. His arrival at Salisbury was thus noted in a letter from that place, dated December 12, 1785, and published in London. "Monday last, Colonel Joseph Brant, the celebrated king of the Mohawks, arrived in this city from

America, and after dining with Colonel De Peister, at the headquarters here, proceeded immediately on his journey to London. This extraordinary personage is said to have presided at the late grand Congress of confederate chiefs of the Indian nations in America, and to be by them appointed to the conduct and chief command in the war which they now meditate against the United States of America. He took his departure for England immediately as that assembly broke up, and it is conjectured that his embassy to the British court is of great importance. This country owes much to the services of Colonel Brant during the late war in America. He was educated at Philadelphia; is a very shrewd, intelligent person, possesses great courage and abilities as a warrior, and is inviolably attached to the British nation."

What particular Indian council is referred to in the preceding quotation is unknown. Most likely it was connected with the ambitious project of Thayendanegea already indicated; and it is, moreover, very likely that the discontents of the north-western Indians, chiefly in relation to questions of boundary, which ultimately produced the war of 1789-'95, may, even thus early, have been at work in the bosoms of the Indians. Certain it is, that while prosecuting the just claims of the Mohawks at the British court, he did not fail, with great adroitness, though indirectly, to present the other subject to the consideration of Lord Sidney, then secretary for the colonies.

The reception of the distinguished Mohawk in the British capital was all that the proudest forest king, not unacquainted with civilized life, could have desired. In the course of the war he had formed many acquaintances with the officers of the army, upon whom he must have made a highly favourable impression, since all who met him in London recognised him with great cordiality. Some of these he

had met in the *salons* of Quebec, as well as been associated with them in the field. On one of these occasions the Baroness Riedesel met him at the provincial court, which gave her occasion to speak of him thus in her memoirs: "I saw at that time the famous Indian chief, Captain Brant. His manners are polished; he expressed himself with fluency, and was much esteemed by General Haldimand. I dined once with him at the general's. In his dress he showed off to advantage the half-military and half-savage costume. His countenance was manly and intelligent, and his disposition very mild." Aside, therefore, from the novelty of gazing upon an Indian prince in the British capital, his education and associations, his rank as a warrior, and his bravery, were so many substantial reasons why he should be received with kindness and courtesy. Earl Moira, afterward Marquis of Hastings, who had served in America as Lord Rawdon, had formed a strong attachment to Captain Brant, and gave him his picture set in gold. With the late Duke of Northumberland, then Lord Percy, he had likewise formed an acquaintance in America, which ripened into a lasting attachment, and was maintained by a correspondence, continued at intervals until his death. With the Earl of Warwick, and others of the nobility and gentry, he had become acquainted during his first visit, ten years before. His acquaintance was also sought by many of the distinguished statesmen and scholars of the time, among whom were the Bishop of London, Charles Fox, James Boswell, and many others. He sat for his picture for Lord Percy, as he had done for the Earl of Warwick and Boswell when first in England; and Fox presented him with a silver snuff-box, bearing his initials. With the king and royal family he was a great favourite; not the less so, on the part of his majesty, for having proudly refused to kiss his hand on his presentation. The dusky chief, how-

ever, in declining that ceremony, with equal gallantry and address remarked that he would gladly kiss the hand of the queen.

Equally well did he stand in the graces of the Prince of Wales, who took great delight in his company; sometimes inviting him in his rambles to places "very queer for a prince to go to," as the old chief was wont to remark in after-life.

But, amid all the attractions of the metropolis, and the hospitalities in which he was called to participate, the chief did not neglect the special object, or *objects*, of his mission. He had left his nation suffering from their losses of property and other sacrifices, by which, as well as their arms, they had proved their loyalty, or, rather, their good faith to the king as allies, during the late war, and his first object was to obtain relief. The forest chief was not an unsuccessful diplomatist, for on the 6th of April, 1786, Lord Sidney, then colonial secretary, wrote to him that the king had directed the losses sustained by the Indians, in the progress of the war, to be made good, and that Sir Guy Carleton, then about proceeding to America as governor-general of Canada, had instructions to take the necessary measures for that purpose.

It appears that, during his negotiations with the ministers, conversations had been held touching his claim to half pay; but from the loss of papers, it is difficult to arrive at the precise circumstances of the case. Captain Brant held his majesty's commission during the war as a captain. But it was probably a special commission, not in the regular line of the army, and, consequently, there may have been doubts as to his title to half pay on the reduction which followed the war. No matter, however, for the exact circumstances of the case: such doubts were entertained, and were the occasion of the following magnanimous letter from the chief to one of his majesty's under-secretaries, a copy of which

was preserved among the private papers of the warrior :

CAPTAIN BRANT TO SIR EVAN NEPEAN. (No date.)

" SIR,

" Since I had the pleasure of seeing you last, I have been thinking a great deal about the half pay, or pension, which you and I have talked about.

" I am really sorry that I ever mentioned such a thing to you. It was really owing to promises made to me by certain persons several times during the late war, that I should always be supported by the government, at war or peace. At that time I never asked anybody to make me such a promise. It was of their own free-will.

" When I joined the English at the beginning of the war, it was purely on account of my forefathers' engagements with the king. I always looked upon these engagements, or covenants, between the king and the Indian nations, as a sacred thing. Therefore, I was not to be frightened by the threats of the rebels at that time. I assure you I had no other view in it. And this was my real case from the beginning.

" However, after this, the English gave me pay and a commission from the commander-in-chief, which I gladly received as a mark of attention, though I never asked for it; and I believe my trouble and risques was of equal value to the marks of attention I received : I am sure not too much in the eyes of the Indians, or I should not have accepted them, as I should be sorry to raise jealousies. My meaning for mentioning those things to you, is because I saw there was some difficulty on your part how to act on this head relative to half pay or pension ; and when it does not seem clear, I should be sorry to accept it. Therefore, I beg of you will say no more about it; for was I to get it when there were doubts about the propriety of it, I should

not be happy. For which reason I think it is best to go without it.

"I am now, sir, to beg you will return my best thanks to government for what they [have] done for me, and am, sir,

"Your most obedient, humble servant,

JOSEPH BRANT.

"To Sir Evan Nepean, Under-secretary at Home."

Though deficient in his literary acquisitions, Brant, with great strength of mind and shrewdness of observation, had, moreover, sufficient taste and cultivation to appreciate society of elevated and intellectual character. The natural reserve of the Indian temperament he could assume or throw off at pleasure, and with a keen sense of the ludicrous, he could himself use the weapons of humour and sarcasm with a good share of skill and dexterity.

Several anecdotes have been preserved in well-authenticated tradition, illustrative of these traits of character. Among the gentlemen of rank with whom Brant was acquainted, was a nobleman of whom it was scandalously reported that his place was purchased by the illicit favours bestowed upon another by his beautiful wife. On one occasion his lordship undertook to rally the forest chief upon the wild and rude manners and customs of the Indians, to which they pertinaciously adhered, notwithstanding all the attempts made to improve them by the arts of civilization. Some of their absurd practices, of which the English, as his lordship remarked, thought very strange, were particularized. Brant listened very patiently until it became his turn to speak, when he replied that there were customs in England, also, of which the Indians thought very strange. "And pray what are they?" inquired his lordship. "Why," answered the chief, "the Indians have heard that it is a practice in England for men who are born chiefs to sell the virtue of their squaws

for place, and for money to buy their venison!" The Mohawk occupied a position which enabled him to say what he pleased with impunity. But in the present instance the rebuke was doubly withering, from the gravity and assumed simplicity with which it was uttered, and the certainty that the titled gentleman could not mistake the direction of the arrow, while he could neither parry, nor avoid, nor appear to notice it.

During his stay in London, a grand fancy ball or masquerade was got up with great splendour, and numerously attended by the nobility and gentry. Captain Brant, at the instance of Earl Moira, was also present, richly dressed in the costume of his nation, wearing no mask, but painting one half of his face. His plumes nodded as proudly in his cap as though the blood of a hundred Percies coursed through his veins, and his tomahawk glittered in his girdle like burnished silver. There was, likewise, in the gay and gallant throng a stately Turkish *diplo-mat* of rank, whose attention was particularly attracted by the grotesque appearance of the chieftain's singular, and, as he supposed, fantastic attire. He scrutinized the chief very closely, and mistaking his *rouge et noir* complexion for a painted visor, took the liberty of attempting to handle his nose. Brant had, of course, watched the workings of his observation, and felt in the humour of a little sport. No sooner, therefore, had Hassan touched his facial point of honour, under the mistaken idea that it was of no better material than the parchment nose of the Strasburgh trumpeter, than the chieftain made the hall resound with the appalling war-whoop, and at the same instant the tomahawk leaped from his girdle, and flashed around the astounded Mussulman's head as though his good master, the sultan, in a minute more, would be relieved from any future trouble in the matter of taking it off. Such a piercing and frightful cry had never before rung through

that *salon* of fashion: and breaking suddenly, and with startling wildness, upon the ears of the merry throng, its effect was prodigious. The Turk himself trembled with terror, while the female masquers shrieked, screamed, and scudded away as though the Mohawks had broken into the festive hall in a body. The matter, however, was soon explained, and the incident was accounted as happy in the end as it was adroitly enacted by the good-humoured Mohawk.

But neither the pleasures of society, nor the follies of the Prince of Wales, nor the special business of his mission, nor the views of political ambition which he was cherishing, made him forgetful of the moral wants of his people. Notwithstanding the ceaseless activity of his life, he had found time to translate the Gospel of Mark into the Mohawk language; and as most of the Indian Prayer and Psalm Books previously in use had been either lost or destroyed during the war, the opportunity of his visit was chosen by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, to bring out a new and superior edition of that work under Brant's own supervision, and including the Gospel of Mark as translated by him. This was the first of the Gospels ever translated entire into the Mohawk language. The book was elegantly printed in large octavo, under the immediate patronage of the king. It was printed in alternate pages of English and Mohawk; and the volume contained the psalms and occasional prayers before published, together with the services of communion, baptism, matrimony, and the burial of the dead. It was embellished with a number of scriptural engravings, elegant for the state of the arts at that day; the frontispiece representing the interior of a chapel, with portraits of the king and queen, a bishop standing at either hand, and groups of Indians receiving the sacred books from both their majesties.

It is not known at what time of the year 1786 Captain Brant turned his back upon the gay metropolis of England, to bury himself once more in the deep forests towards the setting sun. It must, however, have been soon after receiving Lord Sidney's despatch of April 6th, since, among the papers of the chief, there is a letter addressed to him after his return, by Major Matthews, who was attached to the military family of Sir Guy Carleton, dated at Montreal, July 24, 1786. Early in the month of December following, he will also be found attending an Indian council far in the country of the Great Lakes.

CHAPTER IX.

UNHAPPILY, the treaty of peace did not bring the United States and Great Britain immediately to so good an understanding with each other as could have been desired. Several important questions remained for subsequent arrangement. The treaty proposed a general restoration of confiscated property to all such Loyalists as had not actually borne arms in the service of the king. The American Congress passed a resolution recommending the fulfilment of this clause of the treaty by the several states; but it was not considered binding, and South Carolina alone approached to a compliance therewith. There was, likewise, an explicit provision in the treaty, respecting the payment of debts due by Americans to British subjects, not resting upon a recommendation only, the fulfilment of which was sadly neglected. Indeed, the states in which those debts chiefly lay showed but too plainly an indisposition to aid in carrying the stipulation into effect.

On the other hand, the negroes belonging to American citizens who were in the possession and service of the officers of the British army were not restored; and, contrary to all expectation, Great Britain refused to surrender the military posts upon the American side of the great lakes. The surrender of those posts was expected with the utmost confidence, as one of the most immediate consequences of the ratification of the treaty. To this end, Congress instructed the commander-in-chief to make all the necessary arrangements to receive and occupy the posts in the summer of 1783; and in July of that season, the Baron Steuben was despatched by General Washington on a mission to Sir Frederic Haldimand at Quebec, to concert the necessary dispositions, and proceed along the frontiers as far as Detroit, to examine the different posts, and report in regard to their condition, and how many and which of them it would be expedient for the United States permanently to occupy. The baron met General Haldimand at Sorel, on his way to visit the country of the lakes himself. But, on making known his business, the British commander informed him that he had received no instructions for the evacuation of the posts, or for any other objects than a cessation of hostilities, with which he had complied. He did not consider himself at liberty to enter into any negotiations with the baron upon the subject, and even refused him the necessary passports for visiting Niagara and Detroit. In addition to this, under the pretext that the government of the United States had not sufficient power to enforce the observance of a commercial treaty, Great Britain refused to join in the negotiation of such an instrument. Thus situated, the government and people of each nation complaining of the other, crimination and recrimination ensued, until the public feeling became irritated almost to exasperation.

The Indians, in the mean time, brooding over the real or fancied wrongs they had sustained at the treaty of Fort Stanwix, and irritated at the onward current of the white population pressing in their own direction, were becoming restiff, particularly the more distant tribes at the southwest, and their movements indicated anything but pacific intentions. Indeed, along some portions of the western frontier, particularly on the Ohio River, it could scarcely be said that they had been at peace. Both in 1785 and in 1786, acts of individual hostility were not unfrequent on the banks of the Ohio and on the Kentucky border; and in both of those years larger parties had repeatedly attacked the crews of boats descending the river. Two years only had elapsed after the close of the war before a hostile combination of the great northwestern nations was supposed to have been formed; and documentary proof has been adduced that a powerful and influential messenger, in the person of Captain Brant, had been instructed by those nations to ascertain prospectively the measure of assistance they might, in the event of hostilities, expect to receive from Great Britain. It is true that Lord Sidney, in his reply to the message of Thayendanagea, had avoided committing himself either way upon this point. But the message of the Mohawk chief, and the reply of the minister, were alike unknown to the public at that day. Still, it was to the detention of the posts on the lakes that the hostile temper manifested by the Indians, and their frequent outrages on the frontier, were ascribed; with more justice, as will hereafter appear, than Great Britain would be willing to allow.

The conduct of Captain Brant, moreover, when illustrated by his private correspondence as well as his public actions, will presently appear very mysterious, if not equivocal. By retiring with his own nation into Canada, the Mohawks had not with-

drawn from the confederacy of the Six Nations, nor had Thayendanegea relinquished his official rank as the principal or superior chief of the whole, though five of them remained within the United States. The differences which thus early sprang up between the United States and the Indians arose upon a question of boundary, the latter maintaining that the Ohio River was not to be crossed by the people of the former. Captain Brant espoused the cause of the Indians at large upon this question, and had early and strenuously exerted himself to compass a grand confederation of all the northwestern tribes and nations, of which, it is believed, he intended to be the head. The incipient steps to the formation of such a confederacy, the reader has already seen, had been taken in 1785, previous to his departure for England. On his return in the following year, his efforts for that object were renewed. In December, 1786, a grand confederate council of the Indians northwest of the Ohio, including the Six Nations, was held at Huron Village, near the mouth of the Detroit River. This council was attended by the Six Nations, and the Hurons, Ottawas, Twitchtwees [Miamies], Shawanese, Chippewas, Cherokees, Delawares, Pottawattamies, and the Wabash Confederates. On the 18th of that month, an address to the Congress of the United States was agreed upon, the tone of which was pacific, provided the United States made no encroachments upon their lands beyond the Ohio. They attributed the "mischief and confusion" that had arisen, to the fact that the United States would have everything their own way; that they would "kindle the council fires wherever they thought proper, without consulting the Indians." At the treaty of Fort Stanwix in 1784, they had urged a different policy; and they believed that, had the course then recommended, of treating only in a general conference of the nations, been pursued, all would have continued peace and

concord between them. Notwithstanding the mischiefs that had happened, the council professed their strong desire of peace. In order to ensure this desirable result, they proposed a grand confederate council, to be holden at some half-way place in the ensuing spring, recommending to the United States, in the mean time, to prevent their surveyors and other people from crossing to the Indian side of the Ohio.

Captain Brant was present and active at this council, as appears by a letter to him from General Knox, the American Secretary of War, in answer to one from Brant, enclosing "the original speech by the several nations of Indians to the United States, in Congress assembled." This speech or address was in all probability written by Brant; that it was in accordance with his views appears from a letter written to him by Sir John Johnson in March, 1787, the following extract from which is worthy of preservation, as affording the first authentic evidence of the equivocal attitude Great Britain was assuming with regard to the Indian relations of the United States.

"Do not suffer bad men or evil advisers to lead you astray; everything that is reasonable and consistent with the friendship that ought to be preserved between us, will be done for you all. Do not suffer an idea to hold a place in your mind that it will be for your interests to sit still and see the Americans attempt the posts. It is for your sakes chiefly, if not entirely, that we hold them. If you become indifferent about them, they may perhaps be given up; what security would you then have? You would be left at the mercy of a people whose blood calls aloud for revenge; whereas, by supporting them, you encourage us to hold them, and encourage the new settlements, already considerable, and every day increasing by numbers coming in, who find they can't live in the states. Many thousands are preparing to come in. This increase of his majesty's subjects

will serve as a protection for you, should the subjects of the states, by endeavouring to make farther encroachments on you, disturb your quiet. At present I think there is little to apprehend from any but the Southern States; those to the eastward are already opposed to each other in arms,* and have shed blood, and the disorder seems to be spreading throughout. Men of character are coming in here to see if no assistance will be given them; and the people of New-England, who were the most violent at the commencement of the war, are now the most desirous of returning under the British government, should Great Britain incline to receive them, which many think they would not."

The object of this communication will be seen at a glance. It is unfortunate that the letter of Thayendanegea, giving the private history of the great Amphictyonic council of the Indians, has not been discovered. Still, enough can be learned from the scattered correspondence that remains to show that Great Britain was by no means an indifferent observer of the storm gathering in the northwest. It is also evident that the officers of the crown in Canada were rejoicing in the insurrection of Captain Shays in Massachusetts, which, though at one moment of threatening importance, had been crushed but a few days before the baronet's letter was written, of which result he had not then been apprized. But the policy of Great Britain to foment hostile dispositions between the Indians and the United States, and especially to encourage the former by retaining possession of the military posts, is still more clearly indicated by a long letter to Captain Brant from Major Matthews, an officer in the suite of Sir Guy Carleton, now become Lord Dorchester. It was written in May, 1787, and professing to speak the sentiments, and, indeed, the very language of his

* This allusion refers to the memorable insurrection of Captain Shays, in Massachusetts.

lordship, brought forward every inducement that could be urged to dissuade the Indians from entering into friendly relations with the Americans, short of an absolute promise to join in the direct prosecution of hostilities.

There are neither printed nor written records from which any additional information can be drawn respecting the conduct and movements of Captain Brant during the residue of the year 1787.

There had been great delay in the transmission of the proceedings of the council held at the Huron Village to the government of the United States, and, of course, the early reply expected by the nation had not been received; in consequence of which another council was held at the same place in the autumn of 1788, having been summoned in January, and at this also Brant was present.

He had, however, begun to distrust all the nations of his own confederacy, excepting only the Mohawks, and probably not without reason. The Congress of the United States, in the autumn of the preceding year, had given instructions to Major-general St. Clair, then governor of the Northwestern Territory, to inquire particularly into the temper of the Indians, and if he found it still hostile, to endeavour to hold as general a treaty with them as he could convene; and although the purchase of the Indian right to the soil was not to be considered a primary object, yet he was instructed, if possible, to extinguish their title as far westward as the Mississippi River. Brant had, even thus early, reason to suppose that in a war with the United States the majority of the Five Nations would not be found in arms.

Three of his letters have been preserved, in which this opinion is clearly expressed, the first written so early as March, 1788. In the second, written at the Huron Village, on the 28th of August, he speaks very doubtfully of the prospect; the Hurons, he says, were desirous to be at peace with the Ameri-

cans, and he was preparing to exert himself strenuously in endeavours to restore unanimity of feeling and sentiment among the several tribes; of which, however, he had no great confidence. The following extract from the third, written on the 7th of October, seems to show that he had changed his opinions, and was now an advocate for peace with the United States; having discovered, perhaps, that there was no prospect of successful war:

“Upon my arrival at Detroit, I found the nations there. All had forgot our last fall’s agreements, and were averse to attend the council at this place. However, we talked over matters with them, and convinced them of the necessity there was for our being unanimous, and determining the business that has been so long in agitation; and after some time I prevailed, and have got them all here. After waiting at this place for near five weeks, the arrival of the Shawanese, Miamis, Onias, and the rest of the nations westward of this, are at last arrived; so that I am in hopes in a few days to be able to give you the particulars of our meeting. I have still my doubts whether we will all join or not, some being no ways inclined for peaceable methods. The Hurons, Chippewas, Ottawas, Pottawattamies, and Delawares will join with us in trying lenient steps, and having a boundary line fixed; and, rather than enter headlong into a destructive war, will give up a small part of their country. On the other hand, the Shawanese, Miamis, and Kickapoos, who are now so much addicted to horse-stealing that it will be a difficult task to break them of it, as that kind of business is their best harvest, will, of course, declare for war, and not giving up any of their country, which, I am afraid, will be the means of our separating. They are, I believe, determined not to attend the treaty with the Americans. Still, I hope for the best. As the major part of the nations are of our opinions, the rest may be brought to, as no-

thing shall be wanting on my part to convince them of their error. I sincerely hope our business may terminate to our general interest and satisfaction."

No records of the proceedings of the grand council, so long assembling in the autumn of 1788, have been discovered. The presumption is, that the council came to no harmonious conclusion, inasmuch as a treaty was shortly afterward held with the Americans at Fort Harmar, which was attended by only a part of the Indians, while its proceedings were subsequently disavowed by other and the larger portions of the nations.

Be these things, however, as they may, on the 2d of May following (1789) General St. Clair wrote to President Washington from New-York, announcing that on the 9th of the preceding month of January he had concluded two separate treaties with the Indians assembled in council at Fort Harmar; the first with the sachems and warriors of the Five Nations, the Mohawks excepted, and the second with the sachems and warriors of the Wyandot, Delaware, Ottawa, Chippewa, Pottawattame, and Sac nations.

Captain Brant was no more exempt than other men from the ill-will and evil machinations of the envious and jealous. Difficulties had already sprung up in the administration of his affairs, not only with the provincial government, in regard to the nature of the title which the Mohawks were to receive of the lands granted them on the Ouise, or Grand River, but also between the chief and some of the Indians themselves; not Mohawks, but stragglers from other tribes of the Iroquois confederacy. During the protracted absence of the captain to the councils of the preceding year, in the country of the great lakes, it appears that a council of disaffected Indians had been held at Montreal; the object of which was to denounce the conduct of Brant, but in what respects does not exactly appear. Strong complaints were preferred against him, however, at that council.

"not only in the name of the Five Nations, but by some of his relations and intimate friends," under circumstances, and with an air so imposing, as to give serious alarm to his friends at the castle of St. Lewis.

On the 3d of January, 1789, Major Matthews addressed a long letter to his Mohawk friend on the subject of that council, and the charges then and there preferred against him. This letter was written by Matthews, with the knowledge and approbation of a distinguished personage, who, although his name is not given, must have been Lord Dorchester.

The answer of Captain Brant was full and frank, manifesting on his own part a feeling of dignified and conscious rectitude. The charges themselves were not specified by the chief in his defence, but the inference deduced from his language is, that his integrity had been impeached in regard to their lands, and his loyalty questioned to the king; and farther, that he had been censured for introducing a few white settlers upon the Indian lands; his object in so doing being to benefit the Indians by the better examples of the whites in husbandry, and also by the introduction of some of the mechanic arts among them. He regrets that his enemies, few in number, as he says, had availed themselves of his absence to assail his character, at a moment, too, when in a distant country he was exerting all his energies for the benefit of his people; and regrets still more that his friends in Montreal had listened to the charges for a moment, until after he could have a hearing. If he had erred at all, he maintained that it could only have been in the warmth of his ardour to promote the substantial interests of his nation. In the course of his letter he pointed, with modest exultation, to the proceedings of a full council of the Five Nations, held at Niagara, in presence of the agent and the commanding officer, subsequent to the denunciation at Montreal, by which his conduct had been approved. Should

the proceedings of this council be insufficient to remove "the censure thrown upon him by a seditious and discontented few, and make the complainants appear in their proper light," the captain suggested that he should make application to the agents at Detroit and Niagara for certificates of his conduct during the war and since the peace; and, thus provided, he would repair to headquarters with all the principal men, both sachems and warriors, of all the nations settled in that country, and let them speak freely. After which, he hoped to stand better with "the great men below" than he had reason to suppose he did at that time.

With the conclusion of the treaties of January, 1789, by General St. Clair, the purpose of forming a grand Indian confederacy, to include the Five Nations, which should be lasting, was defeated, at least for that time; and although peace had not been restored to the southwestern settlements on the Ohio, yet the name of Captain Brant does not again appear in connexion with the affairs of the western Indians during the residue of the year 1789 and the two succeeding years. It appears, however, by the copy of a letter found among his papers, addressed by him to Colonel M'Donnell, in September, that the Shawanese had then just sent an embassy, "inviting the Five Nations very strongly to a grand council of the different nations, to be held at the Wyandot Town, near Detroit, for the purpose of RENEWING and STRENGTHENING the confederacy." Whether the proposed council was held, or whether, if held, Captain Brant participated in its deliberations, is not known.

Relieved, temporarily at least, from the cares and labours of diplomacy among the nations of the more distant lakes, Brant was enabled, early in the year 1789, to direct his attention more closely to other matters of business, not forgetting the pursuits of literature, so far as, under the disadvantages of his situation, he was enabled to attend to its cultivation.

He was ever anxious for the moral and intellectual improvement of his people ; and, as a primary means of such improvement, he now earnestly sought for the settlement of a resident clergyman among them. Visiting Montreal for that purpose, he wrote to Sir John Johnson, who was absent (probably at Quebec) at the time, and through him appealed to Lord Dorchester to procure the removal of the Rev. Mr. Stuart from Kingston to the neighbourhood of Grand River. Many of the Indians, he said, wished to be near a church where there should be a proper minister ; and nowhere, as he thought, could one be found who would suit their disposition so well, and exert such a desirable influence over the morals of the young people, as Mr. Stuart, who had been a missionary among them in the Valley of the Mohawk. "This good thing," he said in his letter to Sir John, "I know must be done by his lordship, and through your kind interposition : which, be assured, I would not mention if I was not very well convinced of the good that would arise from it." He wrote other pressing letters to the same purport, but the transfer of Mr. Stuart was not effected.

He is believed, at about the same time, to have resumed the labour of translating devotional books into the Mohawk language. In addition to the work published in England in 1786, as already mentioned, he translated the entire liturgy, and also a primer, a copy of each of which works was presented to Harvard University.

The work of translating the New Testament was continued by Captain Brant's friend and fellow-chief, John Norton, alias Teyoninhokaraven, which was his Indian name. This chief translated the Gospel of John, which was printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society ; and he intended to proceed with the Gospels of Matthew and Luke, but probably the work was not completed.*

* Norton was a half-breed, his father being an Indian, and his

But, aside from the cultivation of letters, Captain Brant had ample employment for both mind and body, in regulating his domestic Indian relations. The planting of his own nation upon their new territory at Grand River, and the exertions necessary to bring them into order, and persuade them to substitute the pursuits of husbandry for the chase, were labours of no small moment. The grant of land on the Grand River was doubtless intended solely for the Mohawks, who had been dispossessed of their own native valley; but other Indians of the Six Nations intruded upon them, even some of those who had borne arms against the crown and the Mohawks. Jealousies and heart-burnings were the consequence, which occasionally called for the interposition of the chief, sometimes to the injury of his popularity, as has already appeared.

Nor was his attention alone required to regulate the affairs of the Indians on the British side of the line. Difficulties sprang up as early as 1789 among the Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, and Senecas, in consequence of the intrusion of the whites upon their lands, and the unlawful purchases effected by some of them from Indians not authorized to sell. All the weight of these troubles seemed to fall upon the shoulders of Captain Brant, between whom and Governor George Clinton an active correspondence took place upon the subject in 1789, and the following year. The governor made every possible effort to cause justice to be done to the Indians; for which purpose several councils were held at Fort Stanwix, and at least one special interview was held between

mother a Scotch woman. He received a classical education at an English school. Next to Thayendanega, Teyoninhokaraven was the most distinguished of the modern Mohawks. His observations were said to be acute, and his language in conversation strong and elegant. He was well versed in ancient and modern history, and particularly well informed in geography. On every subject connected with his own country and people his knowledge was minute. In his person he was tall and muscular, with a large and expressive eye.

the governor and the chief in relation to it. The result was an amicable arrangement. In his letters, Governor Clinton treated the Indian chieftain not only with marked respect, but with evident personal kindness and regard.

CHAPTER X.

NOTWITHSTANDING the treaties of peace concluded by General St. Clair with all the Six Nations, the Mohawks excepted, and with several of the great northwestern tribes, the tranquillity of the frontier settlements, now extending four hundred miles along the Ohio, had not been secured. The Shawanese, Miamis, and Wabash Indians still kept up a bloody war, ravaging the settlements of Kentucky, and the territory now known as Ohio, and causing serious apprehensions in the frontier settlements of Virginia. The President had made every possible effort to conciliate the Indians by just and pacific overtures, but in vain. Even the Indians with whom one of the treaties had been formed could not, all of them, be restrained from the war-path. There was, moreover, another angry cloud lowering in the western sky. The governments of the United States and Spain were at issue on the question of the navigation of the Mississippi, respecting which strong solicitude was felt by the people of the West, especially of Kentucky. Not satisfied with fomenting discontents among the Indians at the North, the English government, availing itself of the Spanish question, and hoping, should the mouth of the Mississippi be ultimately closed against the commerce of the United States, that disaffection might ensue in the West, was believed to have despatched secret

agents into Kentucky, with propositions to test the fidelity of the people to the Union. Among these emissaries was Lieutenant-colonel Connolly, of Detroit, a Loyalist, formerly of Fort Pitt, who had espoused the cause of the crown in the Revolution. He held several confidential conferences with some of the most influential citizens of Kentucky, and attempted to seduce them into a project for making a descent upon New-Orleans, seizing the city, and securing the navigation of the Mississippi by force, as a necessary consequence. Information of these secret proceedings was transmitted to the President, who, looking upon the intrigue as an attempt to divide the Union, was prompt in concerting measures to detect any farther machinations of the kind. What progress was made in sowing the seeds of disaffection, or whether any, does not appear.

In the spring of 1790, Antoine Gamelin, an experienced Indian merchant, was despatched to visit all the principal tribes of the West, as a messenger of peace, with a view of ascertaining the general temper of the Indians. Among the tribes who had entered into the treaty, he found the old chiefs and warriors generally well disposed, and by no means hostile. But, with these exceptions, the war feeling was almost universal. Of the spirit that prevailed, an idea may be formed from the following notes of Gamelin, of his interview with the Ouiatanons and Kickapoos: "After my speech, one of the head chiefs got up and told me, 'You, Gamelin, my friend and son-in-law, we are pleased to see in our village, and to hear by your mouth the good words of the Great Chief. We thought to receive a few words from the French people [traders], but I see the contrary: none but the Big Knife is sending speeches to us. You know that we can terminate nothing without the consent of our elder brethren, the Miamis. I invite you to proceed to their village, and to speak to them. There is one thing

in your speech I do not like. I will not tell of it. Even was I drunk, I would not perceive it; but our elder brethren will certainly take notice of it in your speech. You invite us to stop our young men. It is impossible to do it, being constantly encouraged by the British.'” Another chief said, “The Americans are very flattering in their speeches: many times our nation went to their rendezvous. I was once there myself. Some of our chiefs died on the route, and we always came back all naked; and you, Gamelin, you came with a speech, but with empty hands.” Another chief said, “Know ye that the village of Quiatanon is the sepulchre of our ancestors. The chief of America invites us to go to him, if we are for peace; he has not his leg broke, being able to go as far as the Illinois. He might come here himself, and we should be glad to see him in our village. We confess that we accepted the axe, but it was by the reproach that we continually receive from the English and other nations, which received the axe first, calling us women: at the same time they invite our young men to war. As to the old people, they are wishing for peace.”

All the endeavours of the President to give security to the parties by peaceful arrangements having proved unavailing, vigorous offensive measures were determined upon, and an expedition against the hostile tribes was intrusted to General Harmar, a veteran of the Revolution. His force consisted of fourteen hundred and fifty men, three hundred and twenty of whom were regular troops, and the residue levies of the Pennsylvania and Kentucky militia. The object was to bring the Indians to an engagement, if possible; if not, in any event, to destroy their settlements on the waters of the Scioto and Wabash. The expedition left Fort Washington on the 30th of September, 1790. The Indians at first abandoned their principal town, after applying the torch to it, but rallied subsequently upon a detach-

ment of two hundred and ten men, commanded by Colonel Harden, thirty of whom were regulars, and gave battle. At the first fire Harden's militia all ran away. The regulars maintained their ground for a time, and fought bravely until but seven of their number were able to escape. On the next day, Colonel Harden, at the head of three hundred and sixty men, sixty of whom were regulars, undertook to retrieve their disgrace. They were met by the Indians, and a bloody conflict ensued near the junction of the St. Joseph and St. Mary Rivers. The militia, for a miracle, fought bravely on this occasion. Overpowered by numbers, however, they were defeated, with the loss of several gallant officers, and one hundred and eighty-three men, many of whom were regulars. Ten militia officers were also among the slain. The Indians lost about one hundred and twenty warriors. The battle was severely fought, and ended in the flight of the Americans. General Harmar thereupon returned to Fort Washington, and claimed the victory; with what propriety has never been ascertained.

Flushed and imboldened by their success, the depredations of the Indians became more frequent, and the condition of the frontier was more deplorable than it had been previous to this ill-fated expedition.* Nor were their aggressions confined to the settlements along the Ohio and the Kentucky border. Two of the Seneca Indians having been murdered by the whites, that nation, with others among the warriors of the Six Nations, were becoming more hostile; and the consequence was, that early in the Spring of 1791, the Pennsylvania settlements along the Alleghany River, above Pittsburgh, experienced

* "It appears, from the most indubitable testimony, that from 1783, when peace was made, to October, 1790, when the United States commenced offensive operations against them, on the Ohio and the frontiers, the Indians killed and wounded, and took prisoners, about fifteen hundred men, women, and children; besides taking away two thousand horses and a large quantity of other property."

repeated and fearful visitations of Indian retribution. Several stations of the settlers were entirely broken up. The murders of women and children were frequent, and were often attended with circumstances of undiminished inhumanity, while many people were carried into captivity.

News of the disastrous victory of General Harmar having reached the seat of government, a regiment was added to the permanent military establishment, and the President was authorized to raise a body of two thousand men for six months, to appoint a major and a brigadier-general, to continue in command so long as he should think their services necessary. No time was lost in calling this augmented force into the field, and Major-general Arthur St. Clair, governor of the territory northwest of the Ohio, was appointed commander-in-chief, and charged with the conduct of the meditated expedition; the immediate objects of which were to destroy the Indian villages on the Miamis, to expel the Indians from that country, and to connect it with the Ohio by a chain of posts, which would prevent their return during the war.

It appears that, on the repulse of Harmar, the confederated nations of the Chippewas, Pottawattamies, Hurons, Shawanese, Delawares, Ottawas, Tustans, and Six Nations, after a consultation at the foot of the Miami Rapids with Captain M'Kee, deputed a representation of chiefs and warriors to visit Lord Dorchester at Quebec, for the purpose of consultation, and also to ascertain whether any, and if any, what, assistance might be expected from the British or provincial government. Lord Dorchester's views were doubtless at that time pacific, as also were those of Captain Brant, provided, always, that the United States would establish the Ohio as the boundary, and relinquish all claims of jurisdiction beyond that river.

Colonel Gordon, commanding the British post at

Niagara, was also at that time, and afterward, a friend of peace. On the 4th of March he addressed a letter to Captain Brant, from which the following is an extract: "I hope you will embrace the present opportunity of the meeting of the chiefs of the Five Nations in your neighbourhood, to use your endeavours to heal the wounds between the Indians and Americans. I dare say the states wish to make peace on terms which will secure to the Indians their present possessions in the Miami country, provided the young men are restrained from committing depredations in future." The temper of the chief himself, at this period, can best be determined by the following extracts from a letter addressed by himself to Captain M'Kee, three days after the letter from Colonel Gordon was written, and probably immediately on its receipt:

CAPTAIN BRANT TO CAPTAIN M'KEE. (EXTRACTS.)

"Grand River, March 7th, 1791.

* * * * *

"I have received two letters from the States, from gentlemen who have been lately in Philadelphia; by which it appears the Americans secretly wish to accommodate the matter, which I should by all means advise, if it could be effected upon honourable and liberal terms, and a peace become general."

* * * * *

"I am happy to see, in Sir John's last letter to me, that he has suggested to his lordship the necessity of their interference in bringing about a peace between the Indians and the United States; by which it appears he has an idea of recommending the line settled in 1768 [qu. ? 1765] between the Indians and government, as the northern and western boundary of the states in that quarter. I expect to hear more from him in the spring on that subject, as I have pressed him hard to give me his sentiments on

the utility of my interference in the present dispute."

Lord Dorchester's speech in reply to the deputation already mentioned was of a similar tenour. His lordship informed them that he should be glad to be instrumental in restoring peace. He informed them that the line marked out in the treaty of peace with the United States implied no more than that beyond that line the king, their father, would not extend his interference; and that the king had only retained possession of the posts until such time as all the differences between him and the United States should be settled. In regard to the questions of the deputation, whether it was true that, in making peace with the States, the king had given away their lands, his lordship assured them that such was not the fact, inasmuch as the king never had any right to their lands, other than to such as had been fairly ceded by themselves, with their own free consent, by public convention and sale. On this point, his lordship likewise referred to the treaty with Sir William Johnson, at Fort Stanwix, in 1765. In conclusion, he assured the deputation that, although the Indians had their friendship and goodwill, the provincial government had no power to embark in a war with the United States, and could only defend themselves if attacked. He also informed them that the command of the province was about to devolve upon General Clarke; and that Prince Edward,* who had just arrived with a chosen band of warriors, would be the second in command. His lordship himself was on the eve of embarking for England, where it would afford him great pleasure to hear that peace had been established between the Indians and the United States upon a just and solid foundation.

This speech afforded but small encouragement

* The late Duke of Kent, father of the present young Queen of England.

to the Indians, and most likely but ill corresponded with the expectations that had been raised by M'Kee, and other subordinate officers in the British Indian Department at the remote posts, of whom several, like M'Kee, were refugee Americans, indulging bitter hatred towards the country which they had deserted in the hour of its peril. Indeed, there is no reason to distrust the manly and honourable conduct of Lord D. W. Chester during the greater part of this singular border contest, the progress of which was marked by so many vicissitudes of feeling and action on the part of many of the provincial authorities; and besides, the attitude of the two nations was at that moment less seemingly belligerent than it shortly afterward became.

During these side negotiations in Canada, and while the preparations for another campaign by the American government, as already mentioned, were in progress, no relaxations of efforts to prevent the farther effusion of blood were allowed to take place.

Captain O'Bail, or the Corn-Planter, as he was usually called, the principal chief of the Senecas, being in Philadelphia in the month of December, after the defeat of General Harmar, was induced not only to use his influence to prevent the warriors of the Six Nations from taking a part in the contest, but also to undertake a mission with other friendly Indians to the country of the Miamis, to persuade them to peace also, if possible. In March following, the Corn-Planter, with whom Colonel Proctor, an active officer in the (American) Indian Department, had been associated, set out upon the mission. Meantime, measures were adopted to draw the Indians of the Six Nations to a general conference at a distance from the theatre of war, in order, not only to prevent their joining the war, but, if necessary, to obtain some of their young warriors for the service against the Miamis and the other hostile tribes. This attempt to create a di-

version of the Six Nations, however, was looked upon with displeasure by the provincial authorities in Canada, as will be seen by the annexed letter from Colonel Gordon to Captain Brant. It also appears, from this letter, that these provincials were ambitious of being appealed to by the government of the United States as mediators in the controversy. Nor was this an individual conceit of Colonel Gordon, inasmuch as Sir John Johnson had hinted the same thing, after consultation with Lord Dorchester. It will farther appear, by the address of the letter, that the ever-vigilant Brant was already once more in the country of the Miamis, although but a very few days previous he had been assisting at a private council at Buffalo :

COLONEL GORDON TO CAPTAIN BRANT.

“Niagara, June 11th, 1791.

“DEAR SIR,

“I was glad to find by your letter, from the foot of the Rapids, to Colonel Butler, that you was in good health ; and I very sincerely hope the business you are engaged in will be attended with success.

“From the inconsistent proceedings of the Americans, I am perfectly at a loss to understand their full intentions. While they are assembling councils at different quarters, with the avowed purpose of bringing about a peace, the Six Nations have received a speech from General St. Clair, dated at Pittsburgh, 23d April, inviting them to take up the hatchet against their brothers, the western nations.

“Can anything be more inconsistent ? or can they possibly believe the Indians are to be duped by such shallow artifices ? This is far from being the case ; the Indians at Buffalo Creek saw the business in its proper light, and treated the invitation with the contempt it deserved. It must strike you very forcibly, that, in all the proceedings of the different

commissioners from the American States, they have cautiously avoided applying for our interference, as a measure they affect to think perfectly unnecessary; wishing to impress the Indians with ideas of their own consequence, and of the little influence, they would willingly believe, we are possessed of. This, my good friend, is not the way to proceed. Had they, before matters were pushed to extremity, requested the assistance of the British government to bring about a peace on equitable terms, I am convinced the measure would have been fully accomplished long before this time.

"I would, however, willingly hope they will yet see the propriety of adopting this mode of proceeding; and that peace, an object so much to be desired, will at length be permanently settled.

"I am the more sanguine in the attainment of my wishes by your being on the spot, and that you will call forth the exertion of your influence and abilities on the occasion. Let me hear from time to time how matters are going forward, and with my wishes for your health, believe me

"Your friend,

"A. GORDON.

"*Captain Brant.*"

The council of the Six Nations, always excepting the Mohawks, was successfully held by Colonel Timothy Pickering, in the Chemung country, in the month of June. But the Corn-Planter and Colonel Proctor met with insurmountable difficulties in the prosecution of their mission. The special object of that mission, after traversing the country of the Six Nations, and exerting such wholesome influence upon them as might be in their power, was to charter a vessel at Buffalo Creek and proceed to Sandusky, and, if possible, induce the Miamis to meet General St. Clair in council on the Ohio. They were everywhere well received on the route from

Alleghany to Buffalo Creek, at which place a grand council was called in honour of their arrival, and attended by Red Jacket and other chiefs. After having been welcomed by a speech from Red Jacket, Colonel Proctor opened to them the message from General Washington, the great chief of the Thirteen Fires. Red Jacket replied that many persons had previously, at different times, been among them, professing to come by the authority of the Thirteen Fires, but of the truth of which declarations they were not always convinced. In the course of the conversation, it was ascertained that, at a private council held at that place one week before, at which Captain Brant and Colonel Butler, of the British Indian Department, were present, these officers had uttered the same doubts now started by Red Jacket. Brant had advised the Indians to pay no attention to Proctor and O'Bail, of whose approach and purpose he was aware, and to render them no assistance in their projected visit to Sandusky, assuring them it should do no good; but that Colonel Proctor, and all who would accompany him to the country of the Miamis, would be put to death. They also ascertained that, while holding the said private council, in anticipation of their visit, Captain Brant had received secret instructions from "headquarters" to repair to Grand River, and thence to Detroit. It was believed by a French trader who gave the information, and also by Captain Powell of the British service who confirmed it, that the Mohawk chief had been sent to the Indians hostile to the United States with instructions of *some* kind; and the Indians at Buffalo Creek had been charged by Brant to conclude upon nothing with Proctor and O'Bail before his return.

Colonel Proctor and O'Bail continued at Buffalo from the 27th of April to the 22d or 23d of May. The Indians collected in large numbers, and many councils were held. On the 8th of May, the Fish-

carrier, one of the principal Cayuga chiefs, and the right-hand man of Captain Brant, declared in a speech that O'Bail had taken a course that was not approved by them; that more than one half of the Indians there *were not for peace*; and that Captain Brant had been sent to the council-fire of the Miamis. "We must, therefore," he added, "see his face, for we can't determine until we know what they are about. So we beg you to grant our request, to keep your mind easy; for we who do this business look on you, and hold ourselves to be slaves in making of peace. Now, we all say you must look for Captain Brant's coming, to hear the words that come from his mouth, for then we can say to you what towns will be for peace; and this is all that we have to say to you for this time."

An effort was made by Red Jacket to induce Proctor and O'Bail to go down to the British fortress at Niagara to hold a consultation with Colonel Butler; but Colonel Proctor declined the adoption of any such course. The Indians thereupon despatched a messenger for Colonel Butler to meet them at Buffalo Creek, which he accordingly did, but previously called a separate council at Fort Erie. He afterward had an interview with Proctor, and endeavoured to dissuade him from visiting the country of the hostile Indians; proposing that the negotiations for a peace should be left to Captains Brant and M'Kee, who, Colonel Butler thought, could best manage the business. Of course a proposition going to clothe British subjects with power to negotiate for the government of the United States was promptly rejected.

One of the leading objects of Colonel Proctor in meeting the Six Nations at Buffalo was to induce as many of their sachems and warriors as he could to accompany the Corn-Planter and himself to the Miamis country, to aid, by their influence, in bringing the hostile Indians into a more pacific temper;

but, from the whole cast of the deliberations, it was perfectly evident that the majority of the leading chiefs were under the direct influence of the British officers, who, it was obvious, had now suddenly become less pacific than they had very recently been. Colone' Proctor met with but little success in persuading a portion of the warriors to accompany him to the Miamis; and on applying to Colonel Gordon, commanding at Niagara, for permission to charter a British schooner on Lake Erie, to transport himself, and such Indians as might feel disposed to accompany himself and Corn-Planter to Sandusky, the request was peremptorily refused. The expedition was thus abruptly terminated, and Colonel Proctor returned to Fort Washington.

Before leaving Buffalo, however, according to an entry in his journal, Colonel Proctor seems to have been apprized of the fact, which will subsequently appear, that Captain Brant had not gone to the Miamis as a messenger, or an observer merely, but that he had actually gone to join them with his warriors:

"*May 21st.*—Being in private conversation this evening with Captain O'Bail, and sitting between him and the New-Arrow sachem, I hinted to Captain O'Bail that if he would go and join General St. Clair, with thirty-five or forty of his warriors, as well equipped as he could make them, purely to counterbalance the force that Brant had taken with him to the unfriendly Indians, I would use endeavours with the Secretary of War to procure him a commission that should yield to him and his people a handsome stipend. He replied, that the Senecas had received a stroke from the bad Indians, by taking two prisoners, a woman and a boy, from Conyatt; and that, should the hatchet be struck into the head of any of his people hereafter, he would then inform me what he would undertake to do "

The natural import of this entry in Proctor's journal is, that Captain Brant had at that time actually joined the Miamis in hostile array against the United States. It is possible, however, that such was not *at that time* the fact; and it is certain that General Knox, the Secretary of War, after the return of Colonel Proctor to Philadelphia, did not so construe it. In writing to Colonel Pickering respecting the council which he was then preparing to hold at the Painted Post, on the 13th of June, the secretary speaks of Brant's journey to the western Indians as having probably been undertaken for pacific purposes, under the direction of the British officers, who were using him with a view to a peace, of which they intended to claim the merit at some future time. And this construction would comport with the idea of a British intervention, as heretofore suggested by Colonel Gordon and Sir John Johnson.

But it is, nevertheless, a curious fact, which speaks largely of the talents and address of Brant, and the high importance which was attached to his influence, that if the British authorities were then thus using his services, the American government was at the same time seeking his assistance for the same object. Colonel Pickering was instructed to treat him with "great kindness," if he could be persuaded to attend the council at the Painted Post; and on the 12th of April the Secretary of War addressed a letter to Governor Clinton, requesting him to exert the influence he was known to possess with Brant, and, if possible, induce him to undertake the conciliation of the western Indians to pacific measures. Governor Clinton replied to this letter on the 27th, that he had made overtures to Brant, in the preceding June, for an interview, which he had hopes of effecting in the course of the coming summer.

Captain Brant has been charged with great vanity, and with attaching undue importance to his position and influence. But how few are the men, In-

dians or whites, who would not have stood in danger of being somewhat inflated, on finding two such nations as Great Britain and the United States apparently outbidding each other for his services and friendship? Still, he was looked upon with no inconsiderable distrust by the American Secretary of War. In his letter of reply to Governor Clinton, dated May 11th, the secretary, after speaking of the hostility of Brant to the Corn-Planter, refers to the former design of the Mohawk chief to place himself at the head of the great Indian confederacy, so often spoken of, northwest of the Ohio, the Six Nations included; and cites a letter which he had just received from the Rev. Mr. Kirkland, the Indian missionary, intimating that he had not abandoned that project. Indeed, Brant himself had then just written to Mr. Kirkland that he should yet like to compass that measure, should he find it practicable. The United States could not, of course, be favourable to the formation of any confederacy by which the whole of the then vast body of Indians might be moved by a single impulse; and, with a view of diverting him from such a purpose, and of securing his friendship to the United States, Governor Clinton was requested, if possible, to effect the interview of which he had spoken with Captain Brant. Authority was also given the governor to enter into any pecuniary engagements which he should judge necessary to make sure of his attachment to the United States.

It has already been observed, that the council held with the Six Nations by Colonel Pickering at the Painted Post, in June, had been to a great extent successful. Although the chiefs at Buffalo were for the most part under the influence of the British officers in Upper Canada, and, of course, not very friendly to the United States at that time, yet the warriors in general were more amicably disposed. The women, moreover, were anxious for

peace, and addressed Colonel Proctor upon the subject. Before that officer left Buffalo the Indians began to draw off to meet Colonel Pickering, and the council with him was well attended; serving, if no other good purpose, to divert the attention of the Indians, and by the distribution of presents to keep the young warriors from indulging their favourite propensity, by stealing away and joining the Miamis. Colonel Pickering had also induced Captain Hendrick Aupamut, the justly celebrated chief of the Muhheconnuck,* to undertake the mission to the Miamis, which Colonel Proctor and Corn-Planter had been prevented from performing. Captain Brant, it was also reported to the War Department about the first of August, had returned to Niagara from the Miami town, accompanied by some of the western chiefs. The Indians at Pickering's treaty had asserted that, after all that had transpired, Brant's designs were still pacific; and since Lord Dorchester, as already stated, had expressed himself favourable to a pacification of the Indian tribes, and Sir John Johnson was about to assemble the Six Nations again at Buffalo, strong hopes were entertained by the American government that the border difficulties would soon be adjusted without the necessity of another appeal to arms.

But, notwithstanding these favourable indications, the preparations for another offensive campaign were not relaxed. And it was well that they were not. The movements of Brant, beyond doubt the most influential warrior of his race, were yet mysterious, and his designs too cautiously veiled to be penetrated. The unlimited power with which the President had been clothed the preceding year, to call mounted militia into the field, had been exercised by General Washington as far as was deemed necessary, and two expeditions had been conducted

* The Stockbridge Indians, who had removed from Massachusetts to the Oneida country in 1785

against the villages on the Wabash ; the first led by General Scott, in May, and the second by General Wilkinson. These desultory excursions, however, were unattended by any beneficial results. A few warriors had been killed, and a small number of old men, women, and children captured. But such results were not calculated to make any serious impression upon the savages, nor to have any particular influence on the war. It was likewise well known that the Indians had received from the British posts large supplies of provisions and ammunition immediately after the defeat of General Harmar the preceding autumn. This fact, it is true, was disclaimed by Lord Dorchester, but it was nevertheless certain; and it was also certain that, in addition to the unfriendly influence of the British officers on the frontiers, the English and French traders, scattered among the Indian towns, were constantly inciting them to acts of hostility.

Under these circumstances, all the efforts of the United States to bring the hostile Indians to a friendly council having failed, the conquest of the Miami country and the expulsion of the Indians became necessary. The most vigorous measures within the power of the executive had failed in raising the troops and bringing them into the field until the month of September. On the 7th of that month General St. Clair moved from Fort Washington north, towards the Miamis, establishing, on his way, two intermediate posts, at the distance of more than forty miles from each other, as places whence to draw supplies should the army be in need, or upon which to fall back in the event of disaster. At the farthest of these posts, called Fort Jefferson, reinforcements of militia, to the number of three hundred and sixty, were received, augmenting the army to about two thousand men. With this force St. Clair moved forward, but the necessity of opening a road through the forests rendered his progress slow. The

Indians hung in small scattered parties upon the flanks, and, by the skirmishing that took place, were somewhat annoying. Added to these vexations, the militia began to desert; and as the army approximated more nearly to the enemy's country, sixty of them went off in a body. It was likewise reported to be the determination of those "brave defenders of their country's soil" to fall upon the supplies in the rear; to prevent which act of moral treason, it was judged necessary to detach Major Hamtramck in pursuit.

After these reductions, the effective force of St. Clair that remained did not exceed fourteen hundred men, including both regulars and militia. Moving forward with these, the right wing commanded by General Butler and the left by Lieutenant-colonel Darke, both, like the commander-in-chief, veterans of Revolutionary merit, on the 3d of November they had approached within about fifteen miles of the Miamis' villages. The army encamped for the night on the margin of a creek, the militia crossing in advance, to encamp on the other side. Here a few Indians were discovered; but these fleeing with precipitation, the army bivouacked for the night, the situation, and the dispositions both for defence and to guard against surprise, being of the most judicious character.

This position had been selected with a view of throwing up a slight defence, and awaiting the return of Major Hamtramck with the first regiment. Both designs were anticipated, and circumvented by the Indians. About half an hour before sunrise on the morning of the 4th, just after the soldiers were dismissed from parade, the militia, who were about a quarter of a mile in front, were briskly attacked by the Indians. Like most militiamen, their first impulse was to run, and that impulse was obeyed in the greatest terror and wildest confusion. Rushing through the main encampment, with the enemy

close upon their heels, no small degree of confusion was created there also. The lines had been formed at the firing of the first gun; but the panic-stricken militia broke through, and thus opened the way for the enemy—an advantage which was not lost upon him. The officers endeavoured to restore order in vain, although, for a time, the divisions of Butler and Darke, which had encamped about seventy yards apart, were kept in position. But the Indians charged upon them with great intrepidity, bearing down upon the centre of both divisions in great numbers. The artillery of the Americans was of little or no service, as the Indians fought in their usual mode—lying upon the ground and firing from behind the trees—springing from tree to tree with incredible swiftness, and rarely presenting an available mark to the eye even of the riflemen. Having, in the impetuosity of their pursuit of the fugitive militia, gained the rear of St. Clair, they poured a destructive fire upon the artillerists from every direction, mowing them down by scores, and with a daring seldom practised by the Indians, leaping forward, and completing the work of death at the very guns. General St. Clair was himself sick, having been severely indisposed for several weeks. He assumed his post, however, and though extremely feeble, delivered his orders in the trying emergency with judgment and self-possession. But he was labouring under the disadvantage of commanding militia upon whom there was no reliance, and having few, if any, but raw recruits among his regulars. These, too, had been hastily enlisted, and but little time for drill or discipline had been allowed. Hence, though brave, and commanded by officers of the highest qualities, they fought at great disadvantage. General Butler fell early in the action, mortally wounded, and was soon afterward killed outright, under circumstances of deep atrocity. Among the Indian warriors were considerable numbers of Canadians,

refugees from the United States, and half-breeds— young men born of Indian mothers in the remote Canadian settlements. These motley allies of the savages were even more savage than their principals. Among them was the noted and infamous Simon Girty, whose name has occurred in a former part of the present work. After the action, Girty, who knew General Butler, found him upon the field, writhing from the agony of his wounds. Butler spoke to him, and requested him to end his misery. The traitor refused to do this, but turning to one of the Indian warriors, told him the wounded man was a high officer; whereupon the savage planted his tomahawk in his head, and thus terminated his sufferings. His scalp was instantly torn from his crown, his heart taken out, and divided into as many pieces as there were tribes engaged in the battle.

The Indians had never fought with such fury before. The forest resounded with their yells, and they rushed upon the troops, under their favourite shelter of trees, until they had partially gained possession of the camp, artillery and all. Ascertaining that the fire of their troops produced no perceptible effect upon the Indians, recourse was had to the bayonet. Colonel Darke made an impetuous charge at the head of the left wing, and drove the enemy back about four hundred yards, with some loss. But not having a sufficient number of riflemen to maintain his advantage, he gave over the pursuit, being instantly pursued, in turn, under a deadly fire. The same gallant officer was subsequently ordered to make a second charge, which he performed with equal bravery, clearing for the moment that portion of the camp to which his attention was directed. But the Americans were now completely surrounded; and while he was driving the Indians in one direction, clouds of them were seen to fall, "with a courage of men whose trade is war," upon another point, keeping up a most destructive fire from ev

ery quarter. The use of the bayonet was always attended with temporary success, but each charge was also attended by severe loss, especially of officers; nor in a single instance were the Americans able to retain the advantage thus severely gained. Finally, a large proportion of the best and bravest officers having fallen, nearly all that had been preserved of order disappeared. The men huddled together in groups, and were shot down without resistance. Having done all, under the circumstances, that a brave man could do, and finding that the day was lost past recovery, General St. Clair directed Colonel Darke, with the second regiment, to charge a body of Indians who had gained the road in the rear, and thus open a door of retreat. The order was promptly and successfully executed, and a disorderly flight ensued. The victorious Indians followed up their advantage to the distance of only four miles, when, leaving the pursuit, they directed their attention to the plunder, and ceased fighting, to revel in "the spoils of the vanquished." The fugitives continued their flight thirty miles, to Fort Jefferson. Here they met Major Hamtramck with the first regiment; but it was not deemed advisable to make a stand, and the remains of the army fell back to Fort Washington, as Harmar had done the year before. The retreat was indeed most disorderly and cowardly. "The camp and the artillery," says General St. Clair, in his narrative of the campaign, "were abandoned; but that was unavoidable, for not a horse was left to draw it off, had it otherwise been practicable. But the most disgraceful part of the business is, that the greatest part of the men threw away their arms and accoutrements, even after the pursuit had ceased. I found the road strewed with them for many miles, but was not able to remedy it; for, having had all my horses killed, and being mounted upon one that could not be pricked out of a walk, I could not get forward myself, and the orders I sent for

ward, either to halt the front or prevent the men parting with their arms, were unattended to."

This was one of the severest battles ever fought with the Indians, the latter being unaided by any other description of force excepting the wild half-breed Canadians already mentioned. The loss of the Americans, in proportion to the number engaged, was very severe. Thirty-eight commissioned officers were killed on the field, and four hundred and ninety-three non-commissioned officers and privates killed and missing. Twenty-one commissioned officers were wounded, several mortally, and two hundred and forty-two non-commissioned officers and privates were also wounded. General Butler, who fell early in the action, was a brave man, and, with many other excellent officers who fell, "had participated in all the toils, the dangers, and the glory of that long conflict which terminated in the independence of their country."

The loss of the Indians was about one hundred and fifty killed, and a considerable number wounded. Their immediate booty was all the camp equipage and baggage, six or eight fieldpieces, and four hundred horses. As the contest was one for land, the Indians, in their mutilations of the dead, practised a bitter sarcasm upon the rapacity of the white men, by filling their mouths with the soil they had marched forth to conquer.*

General St. Clair imputed no blame to his officers. On the contrary, he awarded them the highest praise for their good conduct; and of those who were slain, he remarked, "It is a circumstance that will alleviate the misfortune in some measure, that all of

* Two years afterward, when the battle-ground was reoccupied by the army of Wayne, its appearance was most melancholy. Within the space of about three hundred and fifty yards square were found five hundred scull bones, the most of which were collected and buried. For about five miles in the direction of the retreat of the army, the woods were strewn with skeletons and muskets. Two brass fieldpieces were found in a creek not far distant.

them fell most gallantly doing their duty." From the fact of his being attacked at all points, as it were at the same moment, it was the general's opinion that he had been overwhelmed by numbers. But, from subsequent investigation, it appeared that the Indian warriors counted only from a thousand to fifteen hundred. But they fought with great desperation. Their leader, according to the received opinion, was *Meshecumqua*, or the *Little Turtle*, a distinguished chief of the Miamis. He was also the leader of the Indians against General Harmar the year before. It is believed, however, that though nominally the commander-in-chief of the Indians on this occasion, he was greatly indebted both to the counsels and the prowess of another and an older chief. One hundred and fifty of the Mohawk warriors were engaged in this battle; and General St. Clair probably died in ignorance of the fact, that one of the master-spirits against whom he contended, and by whom he was so signally defeated, was none other than JOSEPH BRANT.* How it happened that this distinguished chief, from whom so much had been expected as a peacemaker, thus suddenly and efficiently threw himself into a position of active hostility, unless he thought he saw an opening for reviving his project of a great Northwestern Confederacy, is a mystery which he is believed to have carried in his own bosom to the grave.

The news of the decisive defeat of General St. Clair spread a gloom over the whole country, deepened by the mourning for the many noble spirits who had fallen. The panic that prevailed along the whole northwestern border, extending from the confines of New-York to the estuary of the Ohio, was great beyond description. The inhabitants feared that the Indians, imboldened by success, and with greatly augmented numbers, would pour down upon

* This interesting fact has been derived by the author from *Thayendanegea's* family. He has in vain sought for it in print.

them in clouds, and lay waste all the frontier settlements with the torch and the tomahawk, even if some modern Alaric of the forest did not lead his barbarians to the gates of Rome. Nor were these apprehensions by any means groundless. During the twelve months that followed the rout of St. Clair, the depredations of the savages became more furious and ferocious than ever before, and some of the most tragical scenes recorded in history took place on the extended line of the frontiers.*

There was another cause of disquietude. It was feared that, flushed with this defeat of a second expedition, even the five of the Six Nations who had concluded treaties with the United States, but of whose ultimate fidelity many grains of distrust had been entertained, would now grasp their hatchets, and rush to the ranks of the Miamis and their western allies. The most earnest appeals to the gov-

* Thatcher's Lives of the Indian Chiefs—Little Turtle. As an example, the author cites a well-authenticated case, occurring in what was then, perhaps, the most populous section of the West. The proprietor of a dwelling-house in Kentucky, whose name was Merrill, being alarmed by the barking of his dog, on going to the door received a fire from an assailing party of Indians, which broke his right leg and arm. They attempted to enter the house, but were anticipated in their movement by Mrs. Merrill and her daughter, who closed the door so firmly as to keep them at bay. They next began to cut their way through the door, and succeeded in breaking an aperture, through which one of the warriors attempted to enter. The lady, however, was prepared for the event, and as he thrust his head within, she struck it open with an axe, and instantly drew his body into the house. His companions, not knowing the catastrophe, but supposing that he had worked his way through successfully, attempted, one after another, to follow. But Mrs. Merrill dealt a fatal blow upon every head that pushed itself through, until five warriors lay dead at her feet. By this time the party without had discovered the fate of their more forward companions, and thought they would effect an entrance by a safer process, a descent of the chimney. The contents of a feather bed were instantly emptied upon the fire, creating a smoke so dense and pungent as to bring two more warriors headlong down upon the hearth in a state of half-suffocation. The moment was critical, as the mother and daughter were guarding the door. The husband, however, by the assistance of his little son, though sorely maimed, managed to rid himself of those two unwelcome visitors by a billet of wood. Meantime, the wife repelled another assault at the door, severely wounding another Indian; whereupon the assailants relinquished the siege.

ernment for protection were therefore sent forward by the inhabitants of the border towns, to which a deaf ear could not be turned.

The popular clamour against St. Clair, in consequence of his disastrous defeat, was loud and deep. With the great mass of the people, it is success only that constitutes the general, and St. Clair had been unfortunate. The surrender of Ticonderoga in 1777 was an event which had occasioned great disappointment and dissatisfaction at the time, and the recollection was revived, in connexion with this signal reverse. But in neither instance did the fault lie at the door of the commanding general; Ticonderoga was evacuated because indefensible, and the battle lost by the cowardice of the militia. Fully conscious himself that no blame was justly attributable to him, General St. Clair applied to the President for an investigation by a court of inquiry. The request was denied, only for the reason that there were not officers enough in the service of the requisite rank to form a legal court for that purpose. Aware of the prejudices excited against him in the public mind, the unfortunate general spontaneously announced his intention of resigning his commission, suggesting, however, that he should prefer retaining it until his conduct could be investigated in some way; but as the military establishment at that time allowed only one major-general, and as the service required the speedy designation of a successor, this request was also denied, though with reluctance, by the President. Complaints, it is true, were poured into the ears of the President against him. Among others, General John Armstrong, the hero of Kittaning, and an experienced Indian fighter in Pennsylvania, addressed a letter to the President, censuring the generalship of St. Clair. It is believed, however, that the veteran governor of the Northwestern Territory continued in the full enjoyment of the President's confidence to the last.

The appointment of a successor to St. Clair as commander-in-chief of the army was a source of no little perplexity to the President. His own inclinations were in favour of Governor Henry Lee of Virginia; but it was apprehended that difficulties would arise in procuring the services of officers who had been his seniors in the army of the Revolution as subordinates under him. There appear to have been several candidates, among whom were Generals Morgan and Scott, and Colonel Darke, who had served under St. Clair during the last campaign. Ultimately, the appointment was conferred upon General Anthony Wayne. The selection was most unpopular in Virginia, but the result demonstrated its wisdom.

CHAPTER XI.

At the treaty with the Six Nations, except the Mohawks, holden by Colonel Pickering at the Painted Post,* in the preceding month of June, an arrangement was made with certain of the chiefs to visit Philadelphia, then the seat of government of the United States, during the session of Congress to ensue in the winter of 1791-92. The motive for this invitation was threefold. First, if possible, to attach them more cordially to the interests of the

* From the earliest knowledge the white men have possessed of the country of Western New-York, the Painted Post has been noted as a geographical landmark. When first traversed by the white men, a large oaken post stood at the spot, which has retained the name to this day. It was painted in the Indian manner, and was guarded as a monument by the Indians, who renewed it as often as it gave evidence of going to decay. Tradition says it was a monument of great antiquity, marking the spot of a great and bloody battle, according to some statements. According to others, it was erected to perpetuate the memory of some great war-chief.

United States. Secondly, to consult as to the best methods of extending to them the advantages and blessings of civilization. Thirdly, to impress them with just opinions as to the physical and moral strength of the country, that they might see with their own eyes how futile must be every warlike effort of the Indians against the United States. The improvement of the moral and social condition of the Indians was an object dear to the heart of the President, and he lost no opportunity, on all proper occasions, of impressing upon their minds the desire of the United States to become the protectors, friends, and ministers of good to all the sons of the forest peaceably disposed. From the great influence of Captain Brant, not only with the Six Nations, but over all the Indian nations, it was deemed an important point to persuade him to attend the anticipated council at Philadelphia. Great efforts were accordingly made for the attainment of that object.

The first invitation was given by Colonel Pickering by letter. Apprehending, however, that a mere invitation would not be a sufficient inducement for the veteran chief to undertake the journey, the Secretary of War, on the 20th of December, wrote to the Rev. Mr. Kirkland, the well-known Indian missionary, requesting him to repair from Oneida to Genessee, to meet the chiefs of the Six Nations who were going to Philadelphia, and conduct them thither. Arriving at that place, Mr. Kirkland was instructed to write to Captain Brant in his own name, and despatch messengers, assuring him of his welcome reception by the government of the United States, and pledging himself for his personal safety. These steps were promptly taken by Mr. Kirkland, to whom Captain Brant wrote a reply, declining the invitation; for what reasons, as this letter seems not to have been preserved, can only be inferred from the subsequent correspondence of the Secretary of War and Mr. Kirkland. By a letter from

the former, it appears that the chief thought the invitation not sufficiently formal. By a letter from Mr. Kirkland, also addressed to the chief himself, it would seem that the latter was apprehensive that, should he undertake the journey, the American government would expect him to travel like the common herds of Indians who frequently, as now, were in the habit of visiting the capital of the Republic, and who are usually led through the country in a drove by a single conductor.

To remove these impressions, both Mr. Kirkland and the secretary wrote to him, the former assuring him of the high respect for his person and character entertained by the American government, and of the cordial reception that awaited him at Philadelphia; the latter repeating the invitation formally, in language most flattering to the chief, and with protestations of the honourable and humane motive for which his presence was desired. These letters were forwarded to the care of Colonel Gordon, at Niagara, who transmitted them to Brant, but with them a letter written by himself dissuading Brant from going to Philadelphia, on various specious pretexts, which it is not deemed needful to specify, inasmuch as the chief resolved to make the journey, not a little to the chagrin of his friends at Quebec, who had no desire to see his talents and influence employed in establishing peace between the United States and the western tribes of Indians. General Chapin was appointed to accompany the chief, as agent of the Five Nations.

Pending this correspondence, however, the proposed conference, with a deputation of the Six Nations, took place in Philadelphia. It was begun on the 13th of March, and protracted until near the close of April. Fifty sachems were present, and the visit resulted to the mutual satisfaction of the parties. In addition to arrangements upon other subjects, the delegations agreed to perform a pacific mission

to the hostile Indians, and endeavour to persuade them to peace. But such were their dilatory movements, that they did not depart from Buffalo for the Miamis until the middle of September. At the head of this embassy was that fast friend of the United States, the Corn-Planter.

The necessary arrangements having been adjusted, Brant's journey was commenced early in June. General Chapin not being able to accompany the chief to the seat of government, he was attended by the general's son, and by Doctor Allen, and two body-servants of his own, all mounted. Their route from Niagara to Albany was through the Mohawk Valley. At Palatine, by previous invitation, the captain visited Major James Cochran, who had then recently established himself in that place. But the feelings of the inhabitants had become so embittered against him during the war of the Revolution, and such threats were uttered by some of the Germans, of a determination to take his life, that it was deemed prudent for him privately to leave the inn, where his friend Major Cochran was then at lodgings, and sleep at the house of Mrs. Peter Schuyler in the neighbourhood, where he would be less likely to be assailed. He did so, and the next morning pursued his journey. With this exception, he was well received at every point of his journey. His arrival in New-York was thus announced in the newspapers: "On Monday last arrived in this city, from his settlement on Grand River, on a visit to some of his friends in this quarter, Captain Joseph Brant of the British army, the famous Mohawk chief who so eminently distinguished himself during the late war as the military leader of the Six Nations. We are informed that he intends to visit the city of Philadelphia and pay his respects to the President of the United States."

He arrived in Philadelphia on the 20th of June where he was announced in terms very similar to

the above, and received by the government with marked attention. But few memorials of this visit have been preserved. The President announced his arrival in respectful terms, on the 21st of June, in a letter addressed to Gouverneur Morris; and he speaks of the circumstance again in a subsequent letter, but makes no allusion to the result of his interviews with him. No doubt strong efforts were made, not only to engage his active interposition with the Indians to bring about a peace, but likewise to win him over permanently to the interests of the United States. By one of his letters to a friend in Canada, it appears that he was offered a thousand guineas in hand, and twice the amount per annum which he received from the British government, as half-pay and pension, merely if he would use his endeavours to bring about a peace; and that subsequently the offer was increased to twenty thousand pounds' worth of land (currency) and fifteen hundred dollars per annum. These offers he rejected, considering that what was asked of him in return might be detrimental to British interests.

But notwithstanding his refusal of these propositions, the result of the interview seems at the time to have been mutual satisfaction. The true causes of the war with the western Indians were explained to him; and great pains were taken by the President and Secretary of War to impress upon his mind the sincere desire of the United States to cultivate the most amicable relations with the sons of the forest, of any and every tribe. In the end, the chief was induced to undertake a mission of peace to the Miamis, for which purpose he was furnished with ample instructions by the Secretary of War. Most emphatically was he enjoined to undeceive the Indians in regard to their apprehensions that the United States were seeking to wrest from them farther portions of their lands. On this point the government solemnly disclaimed the design of taking a foot

more than had been ceded in the treaty of Muskingum, in 1789. The chief left Philadelphia about the 1st of July, by the same route, lingering a few days in New-York, where he was visited by some of the most distinguished gentlemen in the city. It has been mentioned, a few pages back, that Brant was apprehensive of some attempt upon his life in the Mohawk Valley. Indeed, he had been informed that it would be unsafe for him to traverse that section of country, lest some real or fancied wrong, connected with the war of the Revolution, should be avenged by assassination. Nor were these apprehensions groundless; for, while resting in New-York, he ascertained that he had not only been pursued from the German Flatts, but that the pursuer was then in the city watching for an opportunity to effect his purpose. The name of this pursuer was Dygert. Several members of his father's family had fallen in the battle of Oriskany, fifteen years before, and this man had deliberately determined to put the leader of the Indian warriors to death; in revenge. Brant's lodgings were in Broadway, where he was visited, among others, by Colonel Willett and Colonel Morgan Lewis, both of whom he had met in the field of battle in years gone by. While in conversation with these gentlemen, he mentioned the circumstance of Dygert's pursuit, and expressed some apprehensions at the result, should he be attacked unawares. Before his remarks were concluded, glancing his quick eye to the window, he exclaimed, "There is Dygert now!" True enough, the fellow was then standing in the street, watching the motions of his intended victim. Colonel Willett immediately descended into the street, and entered into a conversation with Dygert, charging his real business upon him, which he did not deny. "Do you know," asked Willett, "that if you kill that savage, you will be hanged?" "Who," replied the ignorant German, "would hang me for killing an Indian!"

"You will see," rejoined the colonel: "if you execute your purpose, you may depend upon it you will be hanged up immediately." This was presenting the case in a new aspect to Dygert, who, until that moment, seemed to suppose that he could kill an Indian with as much propriety in time of peace as in war—in the streets of New-York as well as in legal battle in the woods. After deliberating a few moments, he replied to Colonel Willett, that if such was the law, he would give it up and return home.* He did so, and the Mohawk chief shortly afterward reached Niagara in safety.

Independently of the proposed mediation of Captain Brant, the government of the United States, in its great solicitude to prevent the effusion of blood, had employed a large number of messengers of peace, among whom, in addition to the fifty chiefs of the Six Nations already mentioned, were the Rev. Mr. Heckewelder, General Rufus Putnam, Colonel Hardin, Major Trueman, and a man named Freeman. The celebrated Hendrick, chief of the Stockbridge Indians, was also employed upon the same service.

Three of those named, Messrs. Trueman, Free

* These particulars have recently been communicated to the author in a conversation with the venerable Governor, then Colonel Lewis, and confirmed by a letter from Major Cochran, with whom Brant conversed on the subject. Indeed, the hostility of the Mohawk-Germans towards all Indians, after the close of the war, was deep and universal. The author well remembers a pensioner living in the neighbourhood of the village of Herkimer, named Hartmann, who, some years after the war, deliberately killed an Indian at the German Flatts, moved only by his revolutionary thirst for vengeance. Hartmann, it is true, had been grievously hacked and wounded by the Indians, so that he was disabled from labour for life. He was a very ignorant man, and thought it no harm to kill an Indian at any time. Happening one day, in after years, to fall in with a son of the forest, he persuaded the savage to let him examine his rifle. The moment he obtained the weapon, he dropped slowly behind, and shot his confiding companion. He was arrested and carried to Johnstown for trial, but the investigation was so managed as to produce an acquittal. The excuse of Hartmann for the commission of the deed was, that he saw the Indian's tobacco-pouch, which was, as he said, made of the skin of a child's hand. It was, probably, a leather glove which the Indian had found.

man, and Hardin, were killed by the Indians during the season; and Brant wrote to the Secretary of War, expressing his opinion that the appointment of so many messengers was injudicious, as it excited the suspicions of the red men. Perhaps he would have preferred to appropriate all the credit of terminating the war by his single efforts.

Apprehensive, from the opposition of his friends to his Philadelphia mission, that evil reports might have been circulated concerning him, and distrust of his fidelity engendered among the upper nations, on the 29th of July the captain wrote to his friend M'Kee, at Detroit, making inquiries as to that and various other points, and also with a view of ascertaining whether his presence would be acceptable at the then approaching council at the Miamis. In reply, Colonel M'Kee assured him that, "whatever bad birds had been flying about," the opinions of the western Indians respecting him were unchanged, and that they were anxious for his presence among them, to aid in their consultations for the general welfare. In regard to the murder of the American messengers, Colonel M'Kee said they were killed by a banditti, and the circumstance was regretted, "although the Indians considered that the messengers had been sent more with a view to gain time, and lull the confederacy into a fatal security, than to effect a peace, since they have proposed no other terms than what the nations rejected at first; and you must be perfectly sensible," added Colonel M'K., "that after two successful general engagements, in which a great deal of blood has been spilt, the Indians will not quietly give up by negotiation what they have been contending for with their lives since the commencement of these troubles." Captain Brant having expressed an opinion that the hostile nations would not be likely to move again until the effect of farther negotiation should be known, M'Kee replied that the Indians did not look upon

“the hostile preparations” of the Americans, “such as forming posts and magazines in the heart of their country, as indicating much sincerity on their part; nor do they [the Indians] think that such establishments would tend to conciliate or convince them that the Americans wish for peace on any reasonable terms, or on the terms proposed by the confederacy the beginning of last year. A great council is soon to be held at the Au Glaize, the chiefs not judging it proper to move lower down at present, on account of the American force collecting at Fort Jefferson.” In regard to the treaty of Muskingum (Fort Harmar), Colonel M’Kee said, “Duintate, the chief who conducted that business, is dead, but he always declared that he, and all the chiefs who were with him there, were imposed upon, imagining that what they signed was a treaty of amity, and not a cession of country; and were not undeceived until they had been some time returned to their respective villages, and had their papers explained to them. Some messengers are arrived at the Glaize from the westward of the Mississippi, announcing that large bodies of their nations are collected, and will shortly be here to give their assistance to the general confederacy; so that, in all probability, more nations will soon be assembled here than at any former period.”

The letter from which the preceding extracts have been made was dated from the “Foot of the Miami Rapids, September 4th, 1792.” The council of which it speaks was held at the Au Glaize, on the Miami of Lake Erie, in the course of the autumn. A fit of sickness, however, prevented the attendance of Thayendanega. The Corn-Planter, and forty-eight of the chiefs of the Six Nations, residing within the boundaries of the United States, repaired thither, together with about thirty chiefs and warriors of the Mohawks, and other Canada Indians. But they were not well received, in their character of

peacemakers, by the hostiles, who were sturdily bent upon continuing the war. The council was numerously attended on the part of the western tribes; the Shawanese were the only speakers in favour of war, and Red Jacket, from the Senecas, was alone the orator in opposition, or in behalf of the friendly Indians. The Shawanese taunted the Six Nations with having first induced them to form a great confederacy, a few years before, and of having come to the council now "with the voice of the United States folded under their arm." There were indications of an angry passage between the two parties in the earlier stages of the council; but after mutual explanations, harmony was restored. The result was, that the hostile Indians finally agreed to suspend belligerent operations for the winter, and to meet the United States in council at the Rapids of the Miami in the following spring. The basis of the proposed armistice, however, was, that the United States should withdraw their troops from the western side of the Ohio. Nor did they hold out any prospect of treating in the spring upon any other principle than that of making the Ohio the boundary, and receiving payment for their improvements on the southeastern side of that river. They insisted that the United States should allow them all the lands they possessed in Sir William Johnson's time, and that upon no other terms would they agree to a treaty of peace. The council was dissolved about the 10th or 12th of October, and Captain Brant did not arrive at the Au Glaize until after it had broken up. It was a very large council. There were representatives in attendance from the Gora nations, whom it had taken a whole season to travel thither. There were also present, besides the Six Nations and the northwestern tribes, twenty-seven nations from beyond the Canadian territory.

On the return of the friendly Indians to Buffalo, a grand council was called, at which the Indian agents

of the Five Nations were present, and also Colonel Butler, and a number of other gentlemen from Niagara. At this council, the proceedings and speeches at the Au Glaize were rehearsed, and, in conclusion of their mission, the Six Nations transmitted a speech to the President of the United States; from which it appeared that, though friendly to them, the Six Nations, after all, were yet more friendly to the Miamis, and their claim of the Ohio for a boundary.

Notwithstanding the stipulations of the Shawanese and Miamis to call in their warriors, and commit no farther hostilities until the grand council should be held in the following spring, the armistice was not very rigidly observed, and skirmishes were frequent along the border. On the 6th of November, Major Adair, commanding a detachment of Kentucky volunteers, was attacked by a large body of Indians in the neighbourhood of Fort St. Clair. The battle was sharp and severe, and the Indians were rather checked than defeated. General Wilkinson, who was in command of the fort, could render no assistance, from the strictness of his orders to act only on the defensive. He bestowed high praise on the good conduct of Major Adair, as the latter did upon his officers and men.

It was about this period that a change was made in the Canadian government, which, from the character and dispositions of the new officers introduced upon the stage of action, may not have been without its influence in the progress of Indian affairs. During the visit of Lord Dorchester to England in 1791-93, what had previously been the entire province of Canada was divided, and an upper province with a lieutenantancy created. Colonel J. G. Simcoe was the first lieutenant-governor assigned to the newly-organized territory; an able and active officer, who, in the progress of events, though very friendly at first to the United States, was not long disposed to manifest any particular good-will

for them, farther than courtesy to public officers and the discharge of indispensable duties required. He arrived at Quebec in the spring of 1792, but was detained in the lower province several months, while waiting for other officers from England, whose presence and assistance were necessary to the organization of the new government. Colonel Simcoe established his headquarters at Niagara, which was temporarily constituted the seat of government. He was the bearer of a letter of introduction from the Duke of Northumberland to the Mohawk chief, Thayendanega. The duke, who had served in the Revolutionary war as Lord Percy, had been adopted by the Mohawks as a warrior of their nation, under the Indian name, conferred by Brant himself, of *Thorighwegéri*, or *The Evergreen Brake*. The name involves the very pretty conceit that a titled house never dies. Like the leaves of this peculiar species of the brake, the old leaf only falls as it is pushed from the stem by the new ; or, rather, when the old leaf falls, the young is in fresh and full existence.

Thus strongly and affectionately introduced, by the head of the British peerage, to the head chief of a nation, a close intimacy was formed between Governor Simcoe and Captain Brant, as will more clearly be disclosed in the progress of these pages. The regular chain of history will now be resumed.

On the 19th of February, 1793, pursuant to the arrangement made by the Indians at the Au Glaize in the preceding autumn, General Benjamin Lincoln, Beverly Randolph, and Colonel Timothy Pickering were commissioned by the President to attend the great council at the Miamis, to be held in the course of the ensuing spring.

Meantime, the Indians of the confederate nations, dissatisfied with what they considered the evasive reply which had been received from the President to the address on their behalf, transmitted by the Six Nations, held another council at the Glaize in Feb-

ruary, at which a very explicit address upon the subject was framed, and transmitted to the Six Nations. They were apprehensive that the Six Nations had either not understood them, or that, in communicating with the executive of the United States, they had not made themselves understood. Reminding the Six Nations that when in council they had understood them to be of one mind with themselves touching the boundary question, they now repeated that they would listen to no propositions from the United States, save upon the basis of the Ohio for a boundary and the removal of the American forts from the Indian territory. This was the irrevocable determination of the confederates, and they deemed it right and proper that the government of the United States should be fully apprized of the fact before the commissioners should set out upon their journey. They likewise advised the Six Nations, in this address, of their determination to hold a private council at the Miami Rapids before they would proceed to meet the American commissioners at Sandusky, that they might adjust their own opinions, so as to be of one mind, and speak one language in the public council. It was their farther determination, before they would consent to meet the commissioners at all, to ascertain whether the commissioners had been clothed with authority to meet them upon the terms thus preliminarily prescribed. A postscript enjoined that the United States should send no messengers into their country, except through the Five Nations.

The communication was dated February 27th. On the same day the commissioners left Philadelphia for Buffalo Creek, accompanied, as the Indians had requested, by several members of the Society of Friends, so strongly had the nations become attached to the disciples of the beneficent Penn.* Col-

* The names of the Quaker gentlemen who went upon this benevolent errand were, John Parish, William Savory, and John Elliot, of Phil-

onel Pickering and Mr. Randolph proceeded directly across the country, while General Lincoln took the route via Albany, to superintend the forwarding of supplies. General Wayne, now in command of the Northwestern army, had been instructed, in the mean time, to issue a proclamation, informing the people of the frontiers of the proposed treaty, and prohibiting all offensive movements on the part of these people until the result of the council should be known.

Messrs. Randolph and Pickering arrived at the Queenston landing (Niagara River) on the 17th of May. Governor Simcoe, who was at home, had no sooner heard of their arrival in his vicinity, than he sent invitations insisting that they should consider themselves his guests during their stay at that place. He treated them with great hospitality, and at their request readily despatched a vessel to Oswego, to receive General Lincoln and the stores for the expedition. The latter gentleman did not reach Niagara until the 25th.

On their arrival at that place, the commissioners were informed that Captain Brant, with a body of Mohawks, had set off for the West about the 5th of May. There was a preliminary council to be held at the Miami Rapids, which it was the purpose of that chief to attend. The United States had fixed the 1st of June for the time of meeting; but Colonel M'Kee had written to Niagara, stating that that period would be quite too early, since the Indians were ever slow in such proceedings, and, withal, would not then probably have returned from their hunting. The Indians, however, were collecting at

adelphia; Jacob Lindlay, of Chester county; and Joseph Moore and William Hartshorn, of New-Jersey. It may be noted as a singular fact, that while the Quakers solicited the appointment on this pacific mission at the hands of the President, the Indians, at about the same time, and evidently without consultation or arrangement, requested of some of the American agents that some Quaker might be appointed on the commission to treat with them.

the Au Glaize, and Colonel M'Kee advised Governor Simcoe that the conference with the American commissioners would probably be held at Sandusky. In the mean time, it was proposed that the commissioners should remain at Niagara until all things were ready for the conference.

Such being the position of affairs, the commissioners were detained with Governor Simcoe, occasionally visiting some of the Indian towns in that region, until near the middle of July. Every hospitable attention was bestowed upon them by the governor, who spared no pains to render their sojourn with him agreeable. On the 4th of June the king's birthday was celebrated, on which occasion the governor gave a *fête*, ending with a ball in the evening, which was attended by "about twenty well-dressed and handsome ladies, and about three times that number of gentlemen. They danced from 7 o'clock until 11, when supper was announced, and served in very pretty taste. The music and dancing were good, and everything was conducted with propriety. What excited the best feelings of the heart was the ease and affection with which the ladies met each other, although there were a number present whose mothers sprang from the aborigines of the country. They appeared as well dressed as the company in general, and intermixed with them in a manner which evinced at once the dignity of their own minds and the good sense of others. These ladies possessed great ingenuity and industry, and have great merit; for the education they have received is owing principally to their own industry, as their father, Sir William Johnson, was dead, and the mother retained the manners and dress of her tribe."

Thus far the deportment of Governor Simcoe was conciliatory, and in all respects indicative of anything rather than a hostile spirit. Reports having reached the ears of the commissioners that the gov-

ernor had qualified the expressions of his desire that the Indians might determine upon a peace with the United States by advising them that they should not relinquish any of their lands to obtain it, those gentlemen addressed him a note upon the subject. The imputation was promptly and satisfactorily disclaimed ; and, at the request of the commissioners, several British officers were detailed to accompany them to the council. Colonel Butler, the British Indian superintendent of that station, had already departed with a large number of the Six Nations residing at the Buffalo Creek, to attend with Captain Brant the preliminary council at Miami.

Advices from Colonel M'Kee, at Detroit, having communicated the fact that all was ready on the part of the Indians, the commissioners took their departure from Niagara on the 26th of June. Reports had been bruited about, however, that, should the council break up without making peace, it was the determination of the hostile Indians to fall upon the commissioners and sacrifice them. In consequence of this intimation, they were furnished with a letter from the governor, expressed in the strongest terms, enjoining the officers in the Indian Department at the West to take care that they should be neither injured nor insulted by the savages ; adding, " that an injury to them would greatly affect him, the commander-in-chief, the British nation, and even the king himself."

The commissioners were detained by contrary winds at Fort Erie, at which point they were to embark, until the 5th of July. Here another serious interruption to their progress took place. The extreme jealousy of the Indians naturally prompted them to magnify everything bearing a hostile appearance ; and they had been watching with much suspicion, during the whole season, the movements of General Wayne, who was then occupying the country about Fort Washington. It was understood

that he was not to advance beyond that position pending the negotiations. But the Indians were, nevertheless, suspicious lest he should avail himself of the absence of their chiefs and warriors at the council, and fall upon their towns. Governor Simcoe had called the attention of the commissioners to this subject, and they, in turn, had urged the consideration, through the Secretary of War, upon General Wayne. But, notwithstanding every precaution that could be adopted, the Indians at the preliminary council became alarmed; and, greatly to the surprise of the commissioners, while waiting to embark at Fort Erie, on the 5th of July, a vessel arrived from Miami, having on board Captain Brant, Colonel Butler, and a deputation of about fifty Indians from the northwestern tribes, attending the council, with instructions to have a conference with the American commissioners in the presence of Governor Simcoe. The object of their visit was twofold: first, they were desirous of being enabled "to possess their minds in peace" in regard to the movements of General Wayne with the army; secondly, they were desirous of obtaining information whether the commissioners were empowered to establish a new boundary line, or, rather, to stipulate that the American settlers should fall back upon the Ohio, since the great majority of the Indians had uniformly disclaimed the boundary specified in the treaty of Fort Harmar.

In regard to the warlike indications of which the deputation complained, the commissioners assured them that they might "possess their minds in peace," and stated to them the orders that had been transmitted to General Wayne, and the other precautionary measures adopted by the great chief, General Washington, to prevent any act of hostility during the negotiations. On the subject of the second query of the Indians, the commissioners replied explicitly, that they had authority to run and

establish a new boundary. This question, they were aware, was to be the great subject of discussion at the council, and they hoped that the result would be satisfactory to both parties; but in saying this, they reminded the Indians that, in almost all disputes and quarrels, there was wrong on both sides, and, consequently, that in the approaching council both parties must be prepared to make some concessions. The commissioners requested information as to the names of the nations, and the number of the chiefs assembled at the Rapids of the Miami; and, in conclusion, reassured the chiefs of the groundlessness of their apprehensions respecting the movements of General Wayne, and explained to them that they might place themselves perfectly at rest upon this point; promising, moreover, immediately to send a messenger on horseback "to the great chief of the United States, to desire him to renew, and strongly repeat his orders to his head-warrior, not only to abstain from all hostilities against the Indians, but to remain quiet at his posts until the event of the treaty should be known."

While these deliberations were in progress, a deputation from the Seven Nations of Canada arrived at Niagara, to the number of two hundred and eighty. The proceedings were terminated with a confident expectation, on all hands, that the result of the mission would be a pacific arrangement. With the public despatches transmitted to the Secretary of War from this place, however, General Lincoln addressed a private letter to that officer, advising him that if the reports in circulation were in any degree true, General Wayne must have violated the clearest principles of a *truce*, and expressing great solicitude for the result, less, however, on account of the personal safety of the commissioners, whose lives would be thereby jeopardized, than for the apprehensions felt for the honour of the country. Captain Brant had given information as to the move-

ments of Wayne, of the certainty of which there could be but little doubt; and those movements caused the commissioners as much uneasiness as they did the Indians; being, moreover, viewed by the British officers at Niagara as unfair and unwarrantable.

Captain Brant and the Indian deputation proceeded on their return to Miami, in advance of the commissioners, the latter embarking from Fort Erie on the 14th. On the 21st they arrived at the mouth of the Detroit River, where they were obliged to land, the British authorities at Detroit forbidding their approach farther towards the place of meeting. They were, however, hospitably entertained at the landing-place by Captain Elliot, Colonel M'Kee's assistant in the Indian Department. The latter officer was in attendance upon the council at the Rapids, to whom the commissioners lost no time in addressing a note, apprizing him of their arrival, and of their design to remain there until the Indians should be ready to remove the council to Sandusky. They also requested the good offices of Colonel M'Kee in expediting the proceedings of the Indians. This despatch was borne by Captain Elliot himself, who returned on the 29th, bringing an answer from the colonel, and attended by a deputation of upward of twenty Indians from the different nations in council. An audience of these Indians was had on the day following, at which a Wyandot chief, whose name in English was *Carry-one-about*, opened their business with a brief address, and concluded by placing in the hands of the commissioners a written paper, alleging that the conference at Niagara had not resulted in a specific understanding, and putting forth a categorical demand that the adoption of the Ohio River as the boundary should be recognised at once as the basis of the proposed treaty. It purported to have been agreed upon in general council, and was signed by the Wyandots, Delawares, Shawanese, Miamis, Mingoes, Pottawattamies, Ottawas

Connoys, Chippewas, and Munsees, but not by the Six Nations. The commissioners replied to them at great length in the afternoon. They began, after the Indian custom, by repeating their speech, and then gave a succinct statement of the conferences at Niagara, and the perfect understanding then had, that some concessions would be necessary on both sides, of which they were to speak face to face. They had already been detained sixty days beyond the time appointed for the meeting, and were desirous of proceeding to business in council without farther delay. The commissioners next recited briefly the history of all the treaties that had been formed with the northwestern Indians, from the treaty of Fort Stanwix, held before the Revolution, to that which was commenced at the falls of the Muskingum by General St. Clair, and completed at Fort Harmar. At this treaty the Six Nations renewed their treaty of Fort Stanwix, of 1784, and the Wyandots and Delawares renewed and confirmed the treaty of Fort M'Intosh. There were also parties to this treaty from the Ottawas, Chippewas, Pottawattamies, and Sacs. Under these treaties the United States had acquired the territory now claimed by the Indians north of the Ohio, and on the faith of these, settlements had been formed that could not now be removed; and hence the commissioners replied explicitly that the Ohio could not be designated as the boundary. After attempting to explain the impossibility of uprooting the settlements beyond the Ohio, and the great expenses incurred by the people in forming them, they spoke again of the promised "mutual concessions," and proposed, as the basis of negotiation, that the Indians should relinquish all the lands ceded by the treaty of Fort Harmar, and also a small tract of land at the Rapids of the Ohio, claimed by General Clark; in return for which, they proposed to give the Indians "such a large sum in money or goods as was

never given at one time for any quantity of Indian lands since the white people set their foot on this inland." They likewise proposed a large annuity in addition to the amount to be paid in hand. Originally, under the treaty of peace with England, the American commissioners had claimed the right to the soil of all the lands south of the great lakes; but this claim the commissioners said they thought was wrong; and as a farther concession, if the lands already specified were relinquished by the Indians, the United States would relinquish all but the right of pre-emption to the vast tracts that remained.

The Wyandot chief replied, denying the validity of the treaties referred to by the commissioners, re-asserting the right of the Indians to the lands as far as the Ohio, and intimating that there was little prospect of agreement; but, withal, desiring the commissioners to wait while the chiefs consulted the head warriors.

From the 1st to the 14th of August the commissioners were detained at the place of their first landing, in the daily expectation of receiving an invitation to join the council at the Rapids. They had information thence several times, and on the 8th were informed that all the nations were disposed for peace, excepting the Shawanese, Wyandots, Miamis, and Delawares. The Six Nations, and the Seven Nations of Canada, exerted themselves strongly to bring about a pacification. It was understood, however, that the debates had been long and animated. Captain Brant and the Corn-Planter were unwearied in their efforts to accomplish this desirable object, and both spoke much in council. The discussions being thus protracted, the former availed himself of the time to endeavour to enlist the direct interposition of Governor Simcoe to bring the Indians into a more pacific temper. For that purpose the captain despatched messengers to

York, at which place* the Upper Canadian government was about being established, with letters to the governor, informing him of the intractable disposition of the Indians, and soliciting his influence to induce them to compromise the boundary question. Governor Simcoe wrote back on the 8th of August, declining any interference. His excellency declared in this letter that, as his correspondent (Brant) well knew, he had always, both in private conversation and in public messages, endeavoured to impress a disposition and temper upon the Indians that might lead to the blessing of peace. Still, he thought the Indians were the best judges as to the terms upon which a treaty of peace should be negotiated; and at their request he had directed the Indian agents to attend their councils, and explain to them any circumstances which they might not clearly understand.

This letter contains the only authority extant for the fact that Governor Simcoe himself had been proposed as the mediator, and rejected, and he may have been piqued thereat. Still, although he cautiously abstained from the remotest interference, there was nothing in this communication calculated to defeat a pacific determination of the council. The commissioners were yet anxiously awaiting the result at the mouth of the Detroit River. On the 11th of August they were informed that the debates were still running high in council; that the chiefs of the Six Nations had spoken twice, and were about to speak a third time. Indeed, so desirous were they now of effecting a pacific arrangement, that Thayendanagea was determined to transcend the ordinary rules of an Indian council, and speak a fourth time, should it become necessary. It was added that nearly half the four tribes, who were persisting for war, had been won over; and

* Now Toronto, the capital of Upper Canada.

hence, when the messengers left the council, they even anticipated that runners with pacific news would overtake them. Having waited, however, until the 14th, and receiving no farther news, the commissioners proposed to repair to the council in person, but were prevented by the British authorities, who would not suffer them to move in that direction, unless by special invitation from the council. Impatient of longer delay, their next measure was to send a speech to the council, with a request to Captain Brant to bring it before them, urging upon them the necessity of a speedy determination of the question of peace or war, one way or the other.

But all the anticipations of a pacific adjustment of the difficulties proved fallacious. Two days after this address had been despatched, the commissioners received a long address from the council, in writing, in answer to their own speech of July 31st, which put an end to the negotiation.

In their address, the council entered upon an extended review of the negotiations heretofore referred to, and the circumstances under which the treaties of Fort M'Intosh and Fort Harmar were made. They contended that these treaties had not been properly obtained, and were not binding upon the Indians, inasmuch as but few of their chiefs and warriors had been present at the councils, and those few were not empowered to cede away any of their lands. Of this fact they said they had apprized General St. Clair before the treaties were made, and admonished him not to proceed. But he persisted in holding councils in which their nations were not consulted, and in receiving cessions of an immense country, in which the few who, under constraint, had signed the treaty, were no more interested than as a mere branch of the general confederacy, and had no authority to make any grant whatever. In reply to the remarks of the commis-

sioners respecting the impracticability of breaking up the settlements on the disputed territory, and their offers of large sums of money for a confirmation of the grant under the treaty of Fort Harmar, the speech of the council was ingenious and forcible.

They declared that money was of no value to them ; that the land was essential to the support of their women and children ; and shrewdly proposed that the sums proposed to be given to them should rather be employed in buying out the settlers who had taken possession of their territory. They argued, also, forcibly enough, that the offer of money was an acknowledgment of their right ; and reiterated, more explicitly than ever, their demand for the Ohio boundary, as the *sine qua non* of negotiation.

This address was signed by the Wyandots, the Seven Nations of Canada, the Delawares, Shawanese, Miamis, Ottawas, Chippewas, Senecas (of the Glaize), Pottawattamies, Connoys, Munsees, Nantikokes, Mohegans, Missisaguas, Creeks, and Cherokees ; the name of each nation being written, and its emblem, or escutcheon, rudely pictured opposite the name. The Six Nations did not sign it. Indeed, it is believed that Captain Brant and the Six Nations "*held fast together*" in their efforts to make peace to the last, and that the character of the final answer of the council was not communicated to them previous to its being sent off. On the contrary, they were told that it was a proposition to meet the commissioners on the Miami instead of Sandusky, about five miles below their then place of sitting ; and so well assured were they of the fact, that they proposed removing thither the day after the runners were despatched from the council fire.

Nothing could be more explicit than this ultimatum of the Indians. Their *sine qua non* was the Ohio for the boundary. To this proposition the

commissioners could never assent, and they accordingly wrote to the chiefs and warriors of the council at the Rapids that "the negotiation was at an end." So imperfect are the records of Indian history, preserved, as they are, for the most part, only in the tablets of the brain, the memory being aided by belts and other emblems, that it is a difficult matter to determine the precise merits of the controversy sought to be terminated at this council. Being the weaker party, belonging to a doomed race, the law of the strongest was, of course, left to decide it in the end, and the Indians were driven beyond the Mississippi. But an impartial survey of the case, at the distance of only forty years, presents strong reasons for believing that the Indians were the party aggrieved. Certainly it would form an exception in the history of their dealings with the white man if they were not, while it is very evident that they themselves solemnly believed they were the injured party; and, thus believing, nothing could have been more patriotic than the attitude assumed in their address, or more noble than the declarations and sentiments it contained.

CHAPTER XII.

THE return of the commissioners to the eastern extremity of Lake Erie was immediate; whence both the government of the United States and General Wayne were apprized of the failure of the negotiation, for which such long and anxious preparation had been made. It has been charged that, notwithstanding the apparent friendship of Governor Simcoe and his little court at Niagara, and their seeming desire of peace, this unpropitious result was measurably, if not entirely, produced by the in-

fluence of the British officers in attendance upon the Indian councils, Colonel M'Kee, Captain Elliot, and the notorious Simon Girty. The Rev. Mr. Heckewelder, at the request of General Knox, accompanied the commissioners, and was present at the delivery of the last message from the council, refusing an interview, which, as delivered, both in matter and manner, was exceedingly insolent. Elliot and Girty were both present when this message was delivered, the latter of whom supported his insolence by a quill, or long feather, run through the cartilage of his nose crosswise. He was the interpreter of the message, and Mr. Heckewelder states that he officiously added a sentence not transmitted from the council. Two Delaware chiefs, visiting the commissioners from the council while at Detroit River, on being questioned by Mr. Heckewelder why the commissioners were not allowed to proceed to their quarters at the Rapids, replied, "All we can say is, that we wish for peace; but we cannot speak farther, our mouths being stopped up when we left the council!" In other words, they had been forbidden to disclose any of its secrets.

These circumstances, from the pen of such a witness, furnish strong presumptive testimony of duplicity on the part of the Canadian administration. But there is yet other evidence of the fact, so strong as to be indisputable. It is that of Captain Brant himself, who, of all others, participated most largely in the deliberations of those councils. In one of the speeches delivered by him in the course of his land difficulties with the Canadian government, some time subsequent to the war, the following passage occurs: "For several years" (after the peace of 1783) "we were engaged in getting a confederacy formed, and the unanimity occasioned by these endeavours among our western brethren enabled them to defeat two American armies. The war continued without our brothers, the English, giving any assistance, ex-

cepting a little ammunition; and they seeming to desire that a peace might be concluded, we tried to bring it about at a time that the United States desired it very much, so that they sent commissioners from among their first people, to endeavour to make peace with the hostile Indians. We assembled also for that purpose at the Miami River in the summer of 1793, intending to act as mediators in bringing about an honourable peace; and if that could not be obtained, we resolved to join with our western brethren in trying the fortune of war. But, to our surprise, when on the point of entering upon a treaty with the commissioners, we found that it was opposed by those acting under the British government, and hopes of farther assistance were given to our western brethren, to encourage them to insist on the Ohio as a boundary between them and the United States."

The deputation from the Six Nations and the Seven Nations of Canada (the Caughnawagas) having returned from the Miami, a council was convened at the village of the Onondagas residing at Buffalo Creek, to hear their report, intended not only for their own people, but for the information of the British and American superintendents, Colonel Butler and General Chapin. The council fire was kindled on the 8th of October. The procedure, it will be seen, was characteristic and striking. The belts, pictures, and emblems used by the several nations, represented in the Grand Council at the Miami Rapids, were forwarded to the Six Nations by the hands of their deputies; and after the council had been regularly opened, these were produced, and the speeches with which their delivery had been accompanied were repeated, in the form of a report, with incidental explanations. By this process, though tedious, the proceedings of the Grand Congress were probably reported to the Buffalo council, with as much accuracy as though they had been written out

in form by a committee of the more civilized "Congress of the Thirteen Fires."

At this council, Captain Brant made a proposition which he and the Six Nations hoped would prove satisfactory to the western Indians and the United States, and be effectual in the establishment of peace. It was, that the Ohio should be recognised as the boundary, but that the Indians should give up all lands beyond that were actually settled and improved, under guarantee that no farther claims should be admitted. The Six Nations requested General Chapin to bear this proposition to the American seat of government.

Agreeably to this request, General Chapin proceeded to the seat of government, to submit their speech to the President, and make the necessary explanations. The Secretary of War replied on the 24th of December, reiterating the desire of the United States to cultivate relations of friendship with the Indians, evading a decision upon the boundary recommended by Captain Brant, and proposing another Indian council in the spring, to be held at Venango. But in the event of the Indians, hostile or otherwise, agreeing to meet in such council, they were distinctly told that the army would not, in the mean time, be restrained from hostile operations, as had been the case the preceding season. Farther to secure the good-will of the Six Nations, however, a supply of warm winter clothing was sent to them, with the letter from the secretary containing the President's decision, which was delivered, and well received at a council holden at Buffalo Creek on the 7th of February, 1794. This council had been convened expressly to receive the answer to the proposals of Captain Brant; and the same having been read, it was soon perceived to be less acceptable to the Indians than they had anticipated.

The "speech" or letter of the secretary, the Indians said, had given them great uneasiness. They

had expected a direct answer, and the holding of a council, as proposed, would be very inconvenient. They desired time to deliberate, and promised to give a final reply in two months and a half.

Notwithstanding the postponement of a definitive answer, on the part of the Indians, to the proposition for the assembling of another council at Venango, it was the opinion of General Chapin, at the close of these proceedings, that they would yet accede to it. Circumstances, however, arose during the intervening time, which materially changed the aspect of the border relations of the United States, and the tone and temper of the Six Nations. The protracted and sanguinary wars between England and the French Republic had then commenced, as also had the invasions of the rights of neutrals by those powers, so frequent and so aggravated during that furious contest. In order to cut off the supplies of bread-stuff from France, Great Britain had resorted to the strong and questionable measure of stopping all vessels loaded, in whole or in part, with corn, flour, or meal, bound to any port in France, and sending them in to the most convenient ports, where their cargoes were to be purchased for his majesty's service, at a fair value, after making a due allowance for freight, &c. The British government laboured to justify this measure by citations from some modern writers upon national law, but it was, nevertheless, esteemed a violation of neutral rights, and produced much feeling among the American people, and strong remonstrances from the government. The assumption set up by Great Britain of the right of impressing seamen, British subjects, from neutral vessels, by the exercise of which it was asserted that many American seaman had been seized and carried forcibly into foreign service, was now producing farther and still greater irritation. Added to all which were the incendiary machinations of Citizen Genet to undermine the administration of Washington, alien-

ate from his government the affections of the people, and involve the United States in a war with Great Britain. Party spirit was already running high, and from the blind zeal with which the Anti-Federalists had espoused the cause of Revolutionary France, as against England, very serious apprehensions were entertained that another war between the latter power and the United States would be the result.

One of the consequences of the apparent probability of such an event was a manifest change of temper on the part of the British officers in the Canadas, and at the posts yet in British occupancy along the northwestern frontier of the United States. That during the whole controversy between the Indians and the United States, from 1786 to the defeat of St. Clair, the former had been countenanced and encouraged by English agents, and repeatedly incited to actual hostilities by the traders, there was no doubt. Latterly, however, a better state of feeling had been manifested. Lord Dorchester, previous to a visit to England at the close of the year 1791, had sent a speech to the Indians, of a complexion rather pacific; and it has been seen, that in the summer of the preceding year (1793), Governor Simcoe had displayed a better feeling than had previously been evinced by the officers of that nation since the close of the Revolutionary contest. But the difficulties between the two nations, already referred to, now daily becoming more serious, and threatening, at no distant day, a resort to the *ultima ratio regum*, had wrought a decided change in the views of the Canadian authorities respecting an Indian pacification. In the event of a war, the Indians would again be found valuable auxiliaries to the arms of his majesty, for the annoyance they would inflict upon the United States, if not by reason of any important victories they might gain. Hence, instead of promoting a pacification, the efforts of the Canadian government were obviously exerted to

prevent it. *Meshecunnaqua*, or the *Little Turtle*, had made a visit to Lower Canada, after the victory over St. Clair, for the purpose of engaging all the Indian forces he could in that quarter, in the farther prosecution of the war. Lord Dorchester had now returned from England, and was waited upon by the Indians of the Seven Nations of Canada, as a deputation from all the Indians at the Grand Miami council of the preceding Autumn. Their object was to ask advice, or procure countenance or assistance, in regard to the boundary for which they had been so long contending. His lordship answered the deputation on the 10th of February, in language, respecting the United States, far from conciliatory or pacific.

He accused the Republican government of "breaking the line" agreed upon at the close of the war, declared that the king would recognise no rights or claims set up by the United States under purchase from the Indians, and expressed a confident belief that there would be war between the United States and England before the close of the year, in which case a new line "must be drawn by the warriors."

There could be no doubt as to the effect of such an address upon the warlike tribes of the upper lakes, chafed, as they were, by what they really believed to be wrongs, and by the presence of a hostile army in the heart of their own country; buoyed up in their spirits, moreover, by the complete success which had crowned their arms in the two preceding campaigns. But the governor-general did not here cease his exertions to keep the Indians, the Six Nations not excepted, under the stimulus of the war feeling. Soon after the close of the council at Buffalo, in the same month, his lordship transmitted an inflammatory speech to those tribes, which was interpreted to them by Colonel Butler, and produced an obvious and decided change in their feelings towards the United States. Large presents were

likewise sent up from Quebec and distributed among them, and the British officers in the Indian Department took pains, on all occasions, to represent to them that a war between the two nations was inevitable. Such was doubtless their opinion, for with the arrival of Lord Dorchester's speech, early in April, Governor Simcoe repaired over land to Detroit, and with a strong detachment of troops proceeded to the foot of the Miami Rapids, and commenced the erection of a fortress at that place. This movement caused fresh irritation among the American people, since the retention of the old posts had been a continual source of dissatisfaction, although the non-fulfilment of a portion of the treaty of peace by the United States still furnished the pretext for such occupancy. But the movement of Governor Simcoe into the Miami country, and the erection of a fortress there, the territory being clearly within the boundaries of the United States, awakened yet stronger feelings of indignation in the bosom of the President. Mr. Jay was at that time the American minister near the court of St. James, and the President gave vent to his feelings in a private letter to that functionary, in the most decided terms of reprobation.

It was under these altered circumstances that General Chapin met the Six Nations again in council on the 21st of April, to receive their reply to the communication from the Secretary of War, General Knox, proposing the holding of another treaty at Venango, as heretofore mentioned. It was a refusal to attend the proposed council, accompanied by renewed protestations of the Indian right to the lands beyond the Ohio, and of their determination not to surrender them, even though war should be the consequence.

Thus was extinguished the hope of a council of pacification at Venango; and not only that, but the altered temper of the Six Nations seemed to threat

en an augmentation of the hostile Indian power at the West, by the desertion to their cause of the whole of the Iroquois Confederacy, under a leader whose prowess and wisdom had both often been tested. In the mean time, all the accounts from the West concurred in the fact that the distant tribes were gathering for a renewal of the conflict, encouraged, as they were, by promises of strong assistance from the English. The traders and the "mixed multitude," constituting the refugees and part-coloured inhabitants of Detroit, were doubtless active in promoting these hostilities, and very probably made promises to the credulous chiefs, as coming from Governor Simcoe, of which he himself was ignorant. Two Pottawattamies were taken prisoners on the 5th of June by the troops of General Wayne, who made a variety of disclosures upon this subject. They represented, and intelligence to that effect was despatched to the interior tribes by their chiefs, that Governor Simcoe was to march to their assistance with fifteen hundred men. He was giving them clothing and all necessary supplies, and "all the speeches received from him were red as blood. All the wampum and feathers were painted red, the war-pipes and hatchets were red, and even the tobacco was painted red." Several Shawanese prisoners, however, were soon afterward captured, who were less confident of English assistance. They said "they could not depend upon the British for effectual support; that they were always setting the Indians on, like dogs after game, pressing them to go to war and kill the Americans, but did not help them."

Another influence was brought to bear upon the Indians of the West at this conjuncture, from a most unexpected quarter. A messenger arrived at the Miami Rapids, early in May, from the Spanish settlements on the Mississippi, charged with a spirited war-speech to the confederacy. This messenger

was conducted to the Miamis by a deputation from the Delawares, who had emigrated beyond the Mississippi four years previous. He admonished the confederates of the gathering of the "Big Knives," meaning the troops of the United States, and offered assistance from the Spanish and French settlements in the southwest, who, he said, were preparing to come to their help.

The Spaniard farther assured them that the Creeks, Cherokees, Choctaws, and Chickasaws had also charged him with a message, assuring them that their hearts were with the confederacy, and that eleven nations of the southern Indians were then on their feet, with the hatchet in their hand, ready to strike their common enemy.

The chiefs, to whom these messages from the West and South were delivered at the Rapids, immediately convened a council, composed of the Wyandots, Ottawas, Chippewas, Mingoos, Munseys, and Nantikokes, before whom the intelligence was repeated. It was received with great delight, and with assurances that the warlike advice brought from the Spaniards and the southern Indians should be implicitly and speedily followed.

There is mystery attached to this mission of the Spaniard, concerning which no farther information has been obtained. The Indians of the confederacy were greatly encouraged by the assurances of assistance, and it will soon appear that some tribes came to their help from a very great distance. The employment of a Spanish envoy, however, was a remarkable circumstance, and serves to strengthen the suspicions entertained by Washington two years before, that, even at that early day, the possessors of the estuary of the Mississippi, and of the vast Spanish territories above, had already become alarmed, lest what has happened respecting that territory would happen, unless the power of the United States should be crippled. But the promised Spanish and French

assistance from that direction did not arrive, nor were the confederates aided in their subsequent operations by the Creeks, Cherokees, and Chickasaws, as promised.

The United States were not inactive during these hostile movements and preparations among the Indians. General Wayne, or *Sukach-gook*, as he was called by the Indians,* was making the most vigorous preparations for opening the campaign with decision. Among other measures, it was determined, while he was approaching the Miami towns with a force sufficient, as it was hoped, to end the war at a blow, to occupy a station at Presqu' Isle, and fortify it. This movement not only gave great uneasiness to the confederates, but, in connexion with another of a different description, adopted by the State of Pennsylvania, had wellnigh driven the whole of the more ancient alliance of the Six Nations at once into hostilities against the United States, under their old leader Thayendanegea. Pennsylvania, it seems, claimed a district of country on the south shore of Lake Erie, including Presqu' Isle, under colour of a purchase from the Corn-Planter; which purchase the Six Nations, to whom the territory in question had belonged, held to be invalid. Regardless of the objections and remonstrances of the Indians thus claiming proprietorship, the Corn-Planter having, as they contended, sold it without authority, Pennsylvania was now planting settlers upon this territory, and erecting an establishment at Presqu' Isle; at which aggression, as they esteemed it, Captain Brant and his nations were greatly incensed. A council was thereupon held, to take that and other subjects into consideration, at Buffalo, the sittings of which were commenced on the 24th

* *Sukach-gook* is the Delaware name for blacksnake, which they called General Wayne by, saying that he possessed all the art and cunning of that reptile, which was known to be the greatest destroyer of the small birds and animals of the snake tribe.—*Heckewelder*.

of June. General Chapin was in attendance, at the urgent solicitation of the Indians, and Captain O'Bail (the Corn-Planter) was the speaker. He complained first of the absence of several of their warriors, who were believed to have been killed by the Americans. One of their chiefs, Big Tree, he said, had some months before gone to the camp of the Americans in the most friendly manner, and had been put to death; while another of their warriors had been killed at Venango "while sitting easy and peaceable on his seat." He next entered upon the subject of the Pennsylvania encroachments, of which he complained bitterly, insisting that the sale alleged to have been made by himself was not in any manner obligatory upon the Indians. The erection of the fort at Presqu' Isle was likewise a theme of complaint. The determination of the council was to send a delegation of their chiefs into the disputed territory, to request a removal of the intruders, and General Chapin was solicited to accompany the deputation. He did so, but the mission was executed to no good purpose.

On the return of the delegation to Buffalo Creek, another council was held to receive the report. This convention was on the 4th of July. The report being unfavourable, of course gave no satisfaction, and the Indians immediately manifested a still greater degree of alienation from the United States. The general boundary question was revived during the discussions, and an address from the council to the President, spoken by O'Bail, was written down, and transmitted by General Chapin. In this address the Indians reasserted their determination to insist upon the Ohio and Muskingum boundary.

Although the name of Brant does not often occur in the proceedings of the councils touching the movement of Pennsylvania upon Sandusky, yet he was by no means a passive spectator of passing events. There were no hours of idleness in his

life, and when not engaged in the field, or in attendance upon councils, or upon foreign missions, his mind was occupied in the work of improving the minds and morals, and adding to the comforts of his own people. In the spring of the present year he was engaged in the erection of a council-house for his nation at Grand River. But the Sandusky affair called him again to the field; and while others were deliberating in council, and attempting to negotiate, the chief was preparing to contest the disputed title by arms, directly aided, at least with supplies of ammunition, if not otherwise, by the executive of Upper Canada.

The fact was denied by Great Britain, or at least it was argued, that if the Indians drew their supplies from the Canadians, they were furnished by individuals, as such, over whose actions in the premises the government had no control. Independently of these circumstances, moreover, the detention of the boats, and the erection by Governor Sinclair of a new fortification, heretofore spoken of, on the Miamis of the Lakes, fifty miles south of Detroit, afforded strong evidence of a design on the part of Great Britain to avail herself of the non-execution of that article in the treaty of peace stipulating for the payment of debts, for the purpose of establishing a new boundary line, by which the great lakes should be entirely comprehended in Upper Canada. An animated correspondence took place on the whole subject between the American Secretary of State and Mr. Hammond, the diplomatic representative of Great Britain, in which a considerable degree of mutual irritation was displayed, and in which each supported the charges against the nation of the other much better than he defended his own. Captain Brant, however, found no occasion for a farther requisition upon his excellency for ammunition at that time. The interposition of the President deterred Pennsylvania from the farther prosecution of her

designs upon Presqu' Isle, and the projected expedition of the Six Nations was accordingly relinquished.

The desultory contest with the Indians, so long protracted, and at times so bloody, was now approaching its termination. On the 30th of June a sharp action took place under the walls of Fort Recovery, a fortress which had been thrown up by General Wayne on the battle-ground of St. Clair's defeat. The primary object of the Indians, who were the assailants, was the capture of a large number of pack-horses, recently arrived at that fort with provisions, which were returning to Fort Grenville, guarded by a company of cavalry under Captain Gibson, and a detachment of ninety riflemen, the whole under the command of Major M'Mahon. Taken by surprise, and finding the Indians in great force, the Americans sought speedy refuge within the walls of the fort. The Indians were led by the distinguished Miami chief, Little Turtle. Pressing close upon the garrison, with an evident design to carry it, the moment M'Mahon's troops had regained the fortress a fire was opened upon the assailants, which drove them back with great slaughter. They rallied, however, and maintained the engagement through the day, but keeping at a more respectful distance. The night, which was thick and foggy, was employed by them in removing their dead by torchlight. On the next day the assault was renewed; but the Indians were ultimately compelled to retreat, with loss and disappointment, from the field of their former triumph. Both in advance and retreat, in this expedition, the Indians marched with perfect order. Their encampments were square and regular, and they moved upon the fort in seventeen columns, at wide distances apart. Many white men were in their ranks, supposed to be the inhabitants and militia of Detroit. Officers in British uniform were likewise so near the scene

of action as to be distinctly discerned. Several valuable officers of Major M'Mahon's corps fell at the first onset, among whom was the gallant major himself. The total loss of the Americans was twenty-two killed and thirty wounded. The Indians suffered very severely. In their retreat it was ascertained that a large number of pack-horses were literally loaded with their slain. Such, at least, were the facts in regard to this affair, as derived from the most ample and apparently authentic accounts of the Americans. Nor did the Indian accounts differ from the American as widely as is often the case between opposite statements of antagonist parties.

Taught by the unfortunate experience of Harmar and St. Clair, General Wayne moved not but with the utmost caution, and all the preparation which a prudent forecast required. He had not, therefore, advanced beyond Fort Recovery until sufficient strength had been concentrated, and such other dispositions made as would enable him not only to strike a decisive blow, but retain possession of the country he might conquer. The delays incident to these preparations carried the active prosecution of the campaign into midsummer. The richest and most extensive towns of the hostile Indians lay about the confluence of the Au Glaize and the Miamis of the Lakes. At this place General Wayne arrived on the 8th of August, where some works of defence were thrown up for the protection of the magazines. It was thirty miles thence to the Rapids, where, as has been already seen, Governor Simcoe had recently erected a strong fortress, fifty miles within the stipulated and understood boundary, as between the British possessions and those of the United States. At this latter place, in the immediate neighbourhood of the fort, the Indian forces were collected, to the number of nearly two thousand. The Continental legion under General Wayne was of about equal strength, exclusive of

seven hundred mounted Kentuckians, under General Scott. Here the BLACK SNAKE had intended to surprise the neighbouring villages of the enemy; and the more effectually to ensure the success of his *coup de main*, he had not only advanced thus far by an obscure and very difficult route, but taken pains to clear out two roads from Greenville in that direction, in order to attract and divert the attention of the Indians, while he marched upon neither. But his generalship proved of no avail. The Little Turtle was too wary a leader to be taken by surprise, to say nothing of the desertion of a villain named Newman, an officer in the quartermaster-general's department, who gave the Indians warning of Wayne's advance. Little Turtle thereupon retired to the Rapids; and having been apprized by the deserter of the strength of the Americans, determined to give battle, and made dispositions for that object.

Having learned on the 12th, from Indian prisoners who were brought in, the position of the enemy, in close proximity to the British garrison at the Rapids, and being yet desirous of bringing the Indians to terms, if possible, without the farther effusion of blood, the American commander despatched another messenger of peace. The name of the envoy selected for the occasion was Miller, a man who had been so long a captive among the Indians as to have acquired their language. He was exceedingly reluctant to undertake the hazardous enterprise; but being strongly urged upon the service, with an assurance from the general that eight of the Indian warriors who were prisoners should be held as pledges of his safety, he at last assented, taking two of the prisoners, a warrior and a squaw, along with him. He was received in a very hostile mood, and his life threatened; but addressing them in their own language, displaying a flag, and explaining the object of his visit, the menacing blow was suspended, and he was placed in confinement while Car chiefs

deliberated in council upon the letter from the general, of which he was the bearer. Assuring them that every prisoner in the American camp would be put to death unless he should be sent back in safety before the 16th, he was liberated on the preceding day, with a message to Wayne, that if he waited where he was ten days, they would then treat with him, but if he advanced at an earlier day they would fight. Impatient of delay, however, Wayne had taken up his line of march on the 15th, the day of Miller's release. The message which he met did not check his advance, and the general arrived in the vicinity of the Rapids on the 18th. The 19th was occupied in reconnoitring the positions of the enemy, and throwing up a slight fortification for the protection of the stores, which was appropriately named Fort Deposite.

The enemy had taken post behind a thick wood, rendered almost inaccessible by a dense growth of underbrush and fallen timber, marking the track of a tornado, and almost under the guns of the fort that had been erected by Simcoe. Their left was secured by the rocky bank of the river. The Americans advanced for the attack early on the morning of the 20th. At about ten o'clock, having proceeded nearly five miles, the advance guard, commanded by Major Price, received so brisk a fire from the enemy, who were secreted in the woods and the tall grass, as to compel it to fall back. The ground was most happily chosen by the enemy for their mode of warfare, so obstructed and difficult of access as to render it almost impossible for the cavalry to act. Immediately on the attack upon the corps of Major Price, the legion was formed in two lines, and moved rapidly forward. The thick forest and old broken wood already described extended to the left of the army several miles, the right resting on the river. The Indians were formed in three lines, within supporting distance of each other, and

extending for about two miles at right angles with the river. The American commander soon discovered, from the weight of his fire and the extent of his lines, that it was the design of the enemy to turn his left flank. The second line was thereupon ordered to advance in support of the first, while, by a circuitous route, Scott was directed with his Kentuckians to turn the enemy's right. In concert with this movement, the front line was ordered by General Wayne to charge with trailed arms, and rouse the Indians from their covert at the point of the bayonet. Having started them up, the Americans were directed to fire, and charge them so closely as to allow no time for reloading. The open ground by the river permitted the movements of cavalry, with which the right flank of the enemy was gained and turned. Indeed, such were the promptness of movement on the part of the Americans, and the impetuosity of the charge of the first line of infantry, that the Indians, together with the Detroit militia and volunteers, were driven from all their coverts in so brief a space of time, that the mounted men, though making every possible exertion to press forward, were, many of them, unable to gain proper positions to participate in the action. In the course of an hour, the enemy, notwithstanding all the embarrassments of the ground already enumerated, were driven more than two miles, by a force of less than half their numbers actually engaged. The victory was complete and decisive; both Indians and their allies, composed of the "mixed multitude" already more than once referred to, abandoning themselves to flight in terror and dismay, leaving the field of battle in the quiet possession of the Americans. The commanding general stated, in his official report of the action, that "it was terminated under the influence of the guns of the British garrison," the pursuit having continued until they were within reach of those guns. The

loss of the Americans in killed and wounded, including officers, was one hundred and seven. Among the slain was Captain Campbell, commanding the cavalry, who fell in the first charge.

The loss of the Indians is not known. It must, however, have been very severe. Seven nations were engaged in the action, viz., the Miamis, Wyandots, Pottawattamies, Delawares, Shawanese, Chippewas, Ottawas, and a portion of the Senecas. All the chiefs of the Wyandots engaged in the battle, being nine in number, were killed. Great slaughter was made by the legionary cavalry in the pursuit, so many of the savages being cut down with the sabre that the title of "*Long Knives*," years before given to the Americans, was brought again into general use among the Indians.

Excepting the militia and refugees gathered about Detroit, the British or Canadian authorities took no part in the battle; but the direction in which ran their sympathies could not be mistaken, from the tone of a somewhat tart correspondence, occurring after the battle, between General Wayne and Major Campbell, commanding the British garrison. On the day after the engagement, Major Campbell addressed a note to General Wayne, expressing his surprise at the appearance of an American force at a point almost within reach of his guns, and asking in what light he was to view such near approaches to the fort which he had the honour to command. General Wayne, without questioning the propriety of the interrogatory, replied, that even were the major entitled to an answer, "the most full and satisfactory one was announced the day before from the muzzles of his small arms, in an action with a horde of savages in the vicinity of the fort, which terminated gloriously to the American arms. But," added the general, "had it continued until the Indians were driven under the influence of the fort and guns mentioned, they would not have much impeded the

progress of the victorious army under my command, as no such post was established at the commencement of the present war between the Indians and the United States." Major Campbell rejoined, complaining that men, with arms in their hands, were approaching within pistol-shot of his works, where his majesty's flag was flying, and threatened hostilities should such insults to that flag be continued. Upon the receipt of this letter, General Wayne caused the fort to be closely reconnoitred in every direction. It was found to be a strong and regular work, with two bastions upon the rear and most accessible face of it, mounting eight pieces of artillery upon that side, and four upon the front, facing the river. This duty having been discharged, General Wayne addressed a letter to the British commander, disclaiming, of course, as Major Campbell had previously done, any desire to resort to harsh measures; but denouncing the erection of that fortress as the highest act of aggression towards the United States, and requiring him to desist from any farther act of hostility, and to retire with his troops to the nearest British post occupied by British troops at the peace of 1783. To this requisition Major Campbell answered that he should not abandon the post at the summons of any power whatever, unless in compliance with orders from those under whom he served. He likewise again warned the American commander not to approach within the reach of his guns without expecting the consequences that would attend it.

The only notice taken of this last letter was by immediately setting fire to and destroying everything within view of the fort, and even under the muzzles of his Britannic majesty's guns. But no attempt was made by Major Campbell to carry his threat into execution. Among the property thus destroyed were barns and fields of corn, above and below the fort, together with the barns, stores, and

property of Colonel M'Kee, the British Indian agent and principal stimulator of the war between the United States and the savages. The American army lay three days before the fort, when it returned to the Grand Glaize, arriving at that place on the 28th of August. A vast destruction of Indian property took place during this expedition. The Miamis and Grand Glaize ran through the heart of the country of the hostile Indians. "The very extensive and highly-cultivated fields and gardens showed the work of many hands. The margins of those beautiful rivers, the Miamis of the Lakes and the Au Glaize," wrote General Wayne, "appeared like one continued village for many miles; nor have I ever before beheld such immense fields of corn in any part of America, from Canada to Florida." All were laid waste for twenty miles on each side of the river, and forts erected to prevent the return of the Indians.

There is reason to believe that the Indians were grievously disappointed in the conduct of Major Campbell during the action. Among the papers of Captain Brant is the copy of a letter addressed by him to Sir John Johnson, in April, 1799, wherein the baronet is reminded of various wrongs alleged to have been suffered by the Indians at the hands even of his majesty's government. The following remarkable passage in this letter induces a belief that the Indians expected that, in the event of defeat, the garrison would come to their succour, or, at least, that the gates of the fortress would be thrown open to them as a place of refuge on their retreat: "In the first place," wrote the Mohawk chief to Sir John, "the Indians were engaged in a war to assist the English; then left in the lurch at the peace, to fight alone until they could make peace for themselves. After repeatedly defeating the armies of the United States, so that *they* sent commissioners to endeavour to get peace, the Indians were so ad-

vised as prevented them from listening to any terms, and hopes were given to them of assistance. A fort was even built in their country, under pretence of giving refuge in case of necessity; but, when that time came, the gates were shut against them as enemies. They were doubly injured by this, because they relied on it for support, and were deceived. Was it not for this reliance of mutual support, their conduct would have been different. I imagine that your own knowledge of these things, and judgment, will point out to you the necessity of putting the line of conduct with the Indians on a more honourable footing, and come as nigh as possible to what it was in the time of your father."

The difficulties between Great Britain and the United States not having yet been adjusted, and a war between the two nations continuing still a probable event, it suited not the Canadian authorities to allow the Indians to conclude a peace, notwithstanding their signal overthrow. The northwestern posts, moreover, within the territory not only of the Far West, but within the boundaries of the State of New-York, were obstinately retained, while an attempt was made to grasp additional territory on the south side of Lake Ontario. It was during the summer of this year that Captain Williamson commenced a settlement on the Great Sodus Bay, about forty miles from Oswego; and in this same month of August Governor Simcoe despatched Lieutenant Sheaff to that place, to demand by what authority such an establishment was forming, and that it should be immediately relinquished. General Simcoe himself hastened to the West, as also did Brant, attended by one hundred and fifty of his warriors, evidently for the purpose of continuing in the exercise of an unfriendly influence upon the minds of the Indians against the United States. The governor was at the fort near the battle-field, on the 30th of September, as also were Captain Brant and

Colonel M'Kee. The Indians had already made some advances to General Wayne towards a negotiation for peace; but their attention was diverted by Simcoe and Brant, who invited a council of the hostile nations to assemble at the mouth of the Detroit River on the 10th of October. This invitation was accepted, as also was an invitation from General Wayne, who was met by a few of their chiefs; so that the wily savages were, in fact, sitting in two councils at once, balancing chances, and preparing to make peace only in the event of finding little farther encouragement to fight.

The particulars of this council, and the labours of Governor Simcoe and Captain Brant in otherwise tampering with the Indians, transpired through some prisoners taken by General Wayne, and also through the means of a confidential deputation of the Wyandots of Sandusky, who were disposed to peace. According to their statements, Governor Simcoe advised them not to listen to any terms of pacification which did not secure to them their long-contested boundary. He moreover proposed to them to convey all their lands west of that river to the king, in trust, that a pretext might be furnished for a direct interposition of his majesty's arms in their behalf. In furtherance of this object, he advised them to obtain a cessation of hostilities until the spring following, when a great council of all the warriors and tribes should take place, which might call upon the British for assistance. The English would at that time be prepared to attack the Americans from every quarter, and would drive them back across the Ohio, and compel the restoration to the Indians of their lands.

Captain Brant's counsel was to the same effect. He told them to keep a good heart and be strong, to do as their father advised; that he would return home at present with his warriors, and come again in the spring with a stronger force. They would then

have the whole summer before them for operations, and the Americans would not be able to stand before them. He had always been successful, and with the force they would then be able to bring into the field, he would ensure them a victory. He told them, however, that he could not attack the Americans at that time, as it could do no good, but would bring them out against the Indians with more troops in the winter. He therefore advised the chiefs to amuse the Americans with a prospect of peace until the spring, when the Indians might be able to fall upon and vanquish them unexpectedly.

There was considerable difference of opinion in the council, the Wyandots being inclined to peace, and also portions of the other tribes. But large presents were given, and the counsels of Brant and Governor Simcoe prevailed, the Indians returning to their temporary homes, consisting of huts and tents in the neighbourhood of the fort at the Rapids. Captain Brant, however, left these councils in high displeasure towards the chiefs of the three principal tribes, in consequence of some neglect, which he construed into an insult. What was the precise nature of the circumstances, his papers do not disclose.

Such was the posture of Indian affairs at the close of the year 1794; and the prospect then was, certainly, that another campaign of active hostilities must ensue. But it was otherwise ordered. The Indians themselves were growing weary of the contest, and becoming more and more convinced that they could not contend successfully against the Americans, of whose leader, General Wayne, they stood in great fear. Before the close of the season, it was ascertained that the warriors from a distance were recrossing the Mississippi, declaring that it was useless to attempt longer to fight. In March, the difficulties between the United States and Great Britain were adjusted by the treaty of Mr. Jay,

which, despite the influence of France and the fierce clamours of the Democratic opposition, General Washington had the sagacity and firmness to ratify; so that the Indians were deprived of even the expectation of farther assistance from the accustomed quarter. The restlessness of the Six Nations, the Mohawks excepted, had been quieted by the victory of Wayne, so that no farther support could be anticipated from that direction. The result of all these circumstances was, that by the treaty of Greenville, concluded with the hostile Indians by General Wayne, on the 3d of August, 1795, the long, expensive, and destructive war, which had for so many years desolated that frontier, was terminated in a manner perfectly satisfactory to the United States. In the language of Captain Brant, in one of his speeches delivered long afterward, "the Indians, convinced by those in the Miami fort, and other circumstances, that they were mistaken in their expectations of any assistance from Great Britain, did not longer oppose the Americans with their wonted unanimity. The consequence was, that General Wayne, by the peaceable language he held to them, induced them to hold a treaty at his own headquarters, in which he concluded a peace entirely on his own terms."

CHAPTER XIII.

MENTION has been made in a former chapter of the difficulties in which, subsequent to the Revolution, the Six Nations were involved respecting their lands in the State of New-York, the adjustment of which repeatedly demanded the attention of Captain Brant. There were, likewise, similar difficulties to

be adjusted with the purchasers of the Connecticut reservation in Ohio, respecting which formal negotiations were held. Nor did these constitute all his troubles. But a few years had elapsed after the grant of the Grand River country had been obtained, before difficulties sprang up between the Indians and the provincial government in regard to the nature of the title by which the former were to hold their new possessions. The chief and his people supposed that the territory allotted to them had been conveyed in fee by a perfect title. But in this supposition they were disappointed. There is scarcely a finer or more inviting section of country in North America than the peninsula formed by Lake Ontario on the east, Lake Erie on the south, and Lake Huron on the west, through the heart of which flows the Grand River. The Indians, therefore, had not long been in the occupancy of their new country before the white settlers began to plant themselves down in their neighbourhood. To a man of Brant's sagacity, it was at once obvious that in such an attractive region the approach of the white man would soon circumscribe the hunting-grounds of his people within the narrow boundaries of their own designated territory. He also saw, and without regret, that the effect would be to drive his people from the hunter to the agricultural state; in which case, while his territory was too small for the former, it would be far larger than would be necessary for the latter condition of life. As a compensation for the loss of his game, therefore, he conceived the idea of making sales of portions of his lands for the creation of an immediate fund for the benefit of the nation, and of leasing other portions in such manner as to ensure a perpetual revenue. There was no selfish design in this project, farther than may be found in the fact that his own fortunes were identified with those of his people. However covetous Captain Brant may have been of honour and power, he was

neither covetous nor mercenary in regard to property. In one of his speeches he declared, with all solemnity, that he had never appropriated a dollar of money, or its value in other property, belonging to his nation, to his own use; nor had he ever charged his nation a dollar for his services, or even for his personal expenses, in all the journeys he had performed upon their business. All his personal wants, under all circumstances, had been supplied from his own private funds.

There was another consideration connected with his desire to make sales and leases of land to white settlers. He was anxious to promote the civilization of his people; and in his first negotiations with General Haldimand, after the close of the war, he made provision for the erection of a church and schoolhouse; and it is an interesting fact, that the first temple erected for the worship of the true God in Upper Canada was built by the chief of a people recently pagan; and the first bell which summoned the people to the house of prayer in that province on the Christian Sabbath was carried thither by him. In the furtherance of his plans of civilization, the chief knew very well that an increasing contiguous white population would be the means of introducing such of the common arts and employments of life as would materially contribute to the comfort and happiness of his people, while, at the same time, their progress in civilization would be greatly accelerated.

But he had no sooner commenced disposing of some small portions of land, than the colonial government raised objections. It was alleged that his title was imperfect; that a pre-emptive right to the soil had been retained by the government; and, as a consequence, that the Indians had no right to sell a rood of ground, since it was theirs no longer than they themselves should occupy it. The question proved a fruitful source of disagreement between

the parties, and of perpetual vexation to the old chief until the day of his death. Council after council was holden upon the subject, and conference after conference; while quires of manuscript speeches and arguments, in Brant's own hand, yet remain to attest the sleepless vigilance with which he watched over the interests of his people, and the zeal and ability with which he asserted and vindicated their rights.

Even his friend Governor Simcoe was among the strenuous opponents of the claim of the Indians to the fee of the soil, and in one instance attempted to curtail their grant by directing the land board to run a line due west from the head of Lake Ontario, which would have stripped the Mohawks of the fairest half of their possessions. On examining the grant from General Haldimand, however, the governor desisted from this purpose; but still was determined that the Indians should neither lease nor sell any portion of their grant, nor make any manner of use of it, excepting such portions as they should cultivate with their own hands. By these proceedings, the situation of the Indians was rendered truly uncomfortable. Reduced to a narrow strip of land of only twelve miles in breadth, their hunting was, of course, seriously affected; while their skill in agriculture was so imperfect, that some other resources were indispensable to their sustenance.

In order to define more clearly and explicitly the rights of the Indians, two other deeds were successively framed and presented for their acceptance, both of which were promptly rejected, as being less favourable than their original grant. Finally, in 1795, Governor Simcoe visited Grand River with his councillors, for the purpose of ascertaining, as he said, the real wishes and condition of the Indians. A council was holden, and the chief delivered an elaborate speech, containing the whole history of the grant, the circumstances under which it had

been made, and the difficulties they had been called to encounter. Among other objections, it seems to have been alleged by the provincial authorities, as a pretext for dealing hardly by the Indians, that the government had been deceived in regard to the location and value of the territory. General Haldimand had supposed that the territory in question lay a long distance from Niagara, and would not be approached by a white population for an age to come. These assertions were sternly denied by Brant, who declared that the commander-in-chief, at the time of making the grant, was thoroughly acquainted with the situation, its peculiar advantages, and its value.

This conference with Governor Simcoe resulted in nothing more than a promise that the speech of Thayendanegea should be forwarded to Lord Dorchester. Governor Simcoe left the province soon afterward, and a change was made in the administration of the Indian department, by the appointment of Captain Claus to the Indian agency at Niagara. It appears that, before his departure, the governor had confirmed such sales as had been previously made by the Indians; but difficulties arose on making the surveys, which once more placed everything afloat. The consequence was, that another hearing took place before Mr. Claus at Niagara, in October, 1796, at which, in another written speech, the chief gave an historical argument of his case. From portions of this speech, it appears that Upper Canada had already become infested with unprincipled land-jobbers, who were the especial dislike of the chief. "I cannot help remarking," said he, "that it appears to me that certain characters here, who stood behind the counter during the last war, and whom we knew nothing about, are now dictating to your great men concerning our lands. I should wish to know what property these officious persons left behind them in their own country, or whether, through their loyalty, they ever lost any! I doubt it much. But 'tis well

known that scarcely a man among us but what sacrificed more or less property by leaving our homes. I again repeat, that if these officious persons have made the smallest sacrifice of property, then I think they may in some measure be allowed to interfere, although it may be well known that personal interests prompts them to it, not the public good."

This speech, the chief declared, should be his final effort to obtain justice from the "great men below," the provincial government meaning. If not successful there, he declared his purpose of proceeding to England, and bringing his case in person before the king. But this resolution was contingent, and was not kept. On the departure of Governor Simcoe, the executive government of the colony devolved upon the Hon. Peter Russell, president of the executive council of the province. For the more convenient administration of the Indian affairs of the province, Mr. Russell was clothed with all the powers upon that subject previously exercised by the general-in-chief at Quebec, acting under the advice of the superintendent-general of Indian affairs, Sir John Johnson. Captain Brant lost no time in bringing the subject of his land title before Mr. Russell, and he speedily succeeded in part. The basis of the arrangement sanctioned by the acting governor was, that the lands then sold, or intended to be sold, by the Indians, should be surrendered to the government, which, upon the good faith of the agreement, was to issue grants to the persons nominated as purchasers by the agent transacting the land business of the nation. Captain Brant was acting in that capacity. The lands were, of course, to be mortgaged as security for the payment of the principal and interest of the purchase money. It was, moreover, the duty of the agent to appoint three trustees, to receive the payments in trust for the Indians, and to foreclose the mortgages in cases

of default, the lands to revert to the Indians. Captain Brant fulfilled his part of the agreement to the letter, but the government failed altogether to comply with its own corresponding duty. Some of the purchasers had paid their interest for several years, but could not obtain their titles; others died, and the heirs were in the like predicament, and the whole business became involved more than ever in difficulty. Added to all which, as the Indians themselves improved in their agricultural labours, the system of possessing all things in common operated unequally, and interposed great embarrassments to individual industry. But so long as the government refused to the Indians the privilege of disposing of the fee of the soil, the nation could not convey any portion of its own domain to its own people.

There were other difficulties in the business, which it would be tedious to enumerate, the result of all which was, that the arrangement was in fact a nullity. Not only so, but the Mohawks felt themselves to be an independent nation, and they, or perhaps, more correctly speaking, their proud and indomitable chief, could ill brook submission to such a species of guardianship. The satisfaction arising from the arrangement under the auspices of President Russell was, consequently, of but short continuance, and the captain was compelled to fight his land battles over again. Many were the councils and conferences which succeeded, in all of which Brant was the principal speaker and defender of the rights of his people to the fee of their lands. The design of the British government was to hold the Indians in a state of pupilage, according to the practice of the United States; and, consequently, to allow them merely the occupancy of lands of which the government claimed the title. But neither the Mohawks nor their indefatigable leader would listen to any such doctrine, always, on all occasions, asserting their own complete and entire independence as a nation.

But the prospect of obtaining justice from the provincial government becoming less and less favourable by the lapse of time, the chief again directed his attention to the parent government. Availing himself of the return to Europe of the Count de Puisy, whom he describes "as a brother soldier and fellow-sufferer in the cause of loyalty," the captain placed in his hands a succinct history of the troubles he was labouring to remove, with an urgent request that he would lay the same before his majesty's ministers. By the same conveyance he likewise addressed a vigorous appeal to Lord Dorchester, then in England, enclosing to his lordship a copy of his original promise to him (Brant), as written down in 1775, and also the subsequent confirmation of that promise by General Haldimand. He was, moreover, in active correspondence upon the subject with the Duke of Northumberland, in whom the Mohawks had ever a constant friend.

These attempts to enlist the parent government in behalf of the Indian claim were backed by the mission to England of Teyoninhokarawen, alias John Norton, who spread the case before the ministers in a strong and lucid memorial addressed to Lord Camden, then one of his majesty's ministers. Among other considerations, it was urged by Norton, that in case their lands should be released from all encumbrances, and every tribe and family be allowed to have their just portion of land confirmed to them, the province would be strengthened by the emigration thither of the major part of the tribes of the Six Nations, who still remained in the United States. It had, doubtless, entered into the policy of Brant to bring the ancient confederacy of the Six Nations once more together, within the jurisdiction either of England or the United States. The removal of the Mohawks into Canada had not dissolved the union of those nations, although their separation, thrown, as they were, under the action

of different superior laws, and obliged sometimes to hold their own councils within the boundary of one nation, and at other times within the limits of another, could not but be attended with many embarrassments. Indeed, so numerous were the difficulties they were obliged to encounter, and such was the conduct of the provincial government in regard to their lands, that the Mohawk chief, notwithstanding his attachment to the crown, had at one period contemplated withdrawing from Canada with his people in disgust, and seeking an asylum under the protection of the United States.

Nothing farther is disclosed among the manuscripts of Brant respecting this design, and the suggestion was most likely owing to a momentary feeling of despondency and vexation. But it was his fortune soon afterward to encounter an annoying circumstance from another and most unexpected quarter, his long and well-tried friend, Sir John Johnson. The circumstance referred to was the receipt of a letter from the baronet, then at Niagara, under date of September 1st, 1801, in which, after apologizing for his long delay in answering certain letters, from an apprehension that he could not so frame his communications as to avoid hurting the old chief's feelings, the writer adverted to the difficulties respecting the lands. He spoke of some uneasiness prevailing at Grand River; and stated that he had given his views as to these troubles to Captain Claus in writing, and advised the chief to aid in getting up a council, and adjusting the matter upon the basis he had proposed. In regard to the claim of the Mohawks upon a portion of the Mississagua reservation, the baronet advised the chief to abandon it at once, admonishing him that the government was determined, under no circumstances whatsoever, to sanction that claim; but, on the contrary, would protect the Mississaguas in the quiet and peaceable possession of all their lands. The

letter concluded as follows: "Let me, therefore, once more advise you to give up all concern in their affairs, and desist from assembling the different nations in distant parts of the country, and only attend to the business of your settlement, except when called upon by government to do otherwise: as it gives opening to the world to put unfavourable constructions on your conduct, which must tend to lessen your consequence in the opinion of those at the head of affairs, and, I much fear, may do you serious injury. And as you can have no doubt of my friendship for you and your fine family, I earnestly request you will maturely weigh what I now recommend to you, and consider it as the result of serious reflection."

This missive kindled the indignation of Brant, and elicited some spirited letters in reply. Its burden was the existence of difficulties among the Indians themselves, arising, as the baronet had left the chief to infer, from their distrust of the proceedings of Brant. The council which the superintendent-general had directed his deputy, Captain Claus, to convoke, had been held, but does not seem to have been attended by any other results than an entire exoneration, by the sachems, of their principal chief from all censure. The captain, however, was not satisfied with allowing the matter to rest there, and he wrote the baronet, in a tone of decision, demanding specific charges, if any could be produced against him, accompanied by the names of his accusers. He likewise severely upbraided the officers of the government for their conduct towards him, charging the fact upon them, explicitly, of having not only sanctioned the great Indian confederacy, of which there has been occasion so frequently to speak, but of having caused the formation of that confederacy under their own immediate auspices.

Norton had been furnished by Brant with letters to his friends in England, and among them to the

Duke of Northumberland, who interested himself warmly in behalf of the object of his mission. Such, moreover, were the zeal and ability with which he discharged the duties of his errand, that for a time there was a prospect of his mission being crowned with entire success. The decision of the ministers was favourable to the Indians, and letters to that effect were despatched to the provincial government. These, however, were met by an unexpected movement at home, which palsied the exertions of the agent, and caused his return, with hopes at least deferred, if not blighted. The cause of this untoward change in the course of the parent government will be developed in a few succeeding pages.

It appears that in the course of the controversy violent disagreements had arisen between Captain Brant and the deputy-superintendent, which were ultimately embittered by mutual allegations of pecuniary delinquency. A charge of this description had been made against Brant, a few years before, in connexion with a negotiation between the government of the State of New-York and the Caughnawaga and St. Regis Indians, calling themselves the Seven Nations of Canada. These nations, as the reader has been informed in a former part of the present work, were clans of the Mohawks, who had long before separated from the principal nation, and settled upon the banks of the St. Lawrence. In the year 1792, they sent a deputation to the government of the State of New-York, claiming a tract of land covering a large portion of the northern part of the state; all, indeed, lying between Lake Champlain on the east, and the head waters of the Mohawk on the west, bounded north by the St. Lawrence, and south by a line to be drawn from a point between Fort Edward and Lake George to the junction of Canada Creek with the Mohawk River, in the neighbourhood of the Little Falls. This extensive claim was resisted by the state upon several grounds.

One of these was, that the Indian title had been extinguished to a portion of the territory in question by the French; another, that several patents from the English crown had extinguished their title to other portions of it; added to all which, it was held by the state that the Caughnawagas had never any just title to the land, inasmuch as it originally belonged to the Six Nations, of whom the claimants formed but a small number. As proof of this position, it was contended by the state that the Six Nations had themselves sold this same territory, together with a large additional tract, extending from the Mohawk River to the Pennsylvania line, to Colonel John Livingston. This sale to Colonel Livingston was first made by forty-five chiefs of the Six Nations, in 1787, and was confirmed in the following year, by a second deed, signed by sixty-five of their chiefs, and witnessed by Colonel John Butler and Joseph Brant. The purchase by Colonel Livingston, being unconstitutional, was annulled; but the fact that such a sale had been made by the Six Nations at large was adduced against the claim of the Caughnawagas, by way of showing that it was unfounded. Still, as the St. Regis and Caughnawaga Indians persisted in their claim, a commission, consisting of Egbert Benson, Richard Varick, and James Watson, was appointed to treat with their chiefs upon the subject; and it was not until the summer of the year 1796 that an arrangement was effected, by virtue of which the Seven Nations relinquished their claim, with the exception of the St. Regis reservation, for a small sum in hand paid, and a yet smaller perpetual annuity.

It was as a witness only to the deed of sale to Colonel Livingston that the name of Captain Brant came to be involved in this controversy. The commissioners maintained to the last that the Six Nations had sold the lands, and that their great chief, Brant, was a witness to the sale. In reply to which,

the Caughnawagas insisted that the Six Nations had no more right to sell the lands they claimed than they had to dispose of the city of New-York. The Caughnawaga chiefs, probably, did not exactly understand the case of the sale to Colonel Livingston, which was set aside as being contrary to the fundamental law of the state, nor the position in which the name of Joseph Brant stood upon the deed. On the contrary, they seem to have been impressed with an idea that Brant and the Mohawks had been selling *their* lands to the state. The consequence was a controversy between the Caughnawagas and the Mohawks, which gave the old chief an infinite deal of trouble, even after the affair between the former and the State of New-York had been amicably closed. The charges of the Caughnawagas amounted to this : that Brant and the Mohawks had sold their lands to the state, and pocketed the avails. Brant repelled the charge with indignation. In regard to the deed of sale to which he was a witness, he affirmed that not a foot of the territory claimed by the Caughnawagas was embraced within it, but that the sale was of a portion only of lands belonging to the Senecas. He demanded of the Caughnawagas their authority for the charge against himself and the Grand River Indians. They replied that their information was derived from the representations of the officers of the State of New-York at Albany. Brant opened a correspondence with George Clinton and Governor Jay upon the subject, the negotiations having commenced under the administration of the former, and been concluded under the latter. But not satisfied with anything resulting from the correspondence, he caused a deputation of his tribe to repair to Albany, at the head of which was his adopted nephew, John Norton, to meet a similar deputation from the Caughnawagas, face to face, and to require his accusers connected with the government of the State of New-York, ei-

ther to substantiate their charges, or acquit him in the presence of both delegations. The papers of Captain Brant are pretty full in regard to this controversy, which seems to have affected him with the keenest sensibility. The result of this double mission to Albany, however, does not exactly appear, save that the chief was not well satisfied with it.

In July of the same year, Brant proceeded to the Caughnawaga country in person, accompanied by a body of chiefs of several of the tribes, for the purpose of a thorough investigation in general council. Such a council was convened; and the difficulties, from the reports of the speeches preserved in writing by Captain Brant, were fully discussed, and that, too, in the most amicable manner. From several intimations in these speeches, it appears that the whole difficulty had been caused "by chattering birds," and by the machinations against Captain Brant, of the old Oneida sachem, Colonel Louis. The council fire was kindled on the 8th of July. On the 9th, Captain Brant was satisfied by the explanations given, and remarked "that he had pulled up a pine, and planted down beneath it the small bird that tells stories;" on the 10th, the Caughnawaga chief replied, "Brother, we return you thanks: we also join with you to put the chattering-bird under ground from where the pine was taken up, there being a swift stream into which it will fall beneath, that will take it to the Big Sea, from whence it never can return."

But the Caughnawaga difficulties were no sooner at an end than it was his lot to encounter others, yet more nearly touching his pecuniary integrity, which annoyed him not a little. There were active spirits about him, official and unofficial, who, for reasons of their own, looked with no favourable eye upon the mission of Teyoninhokarawen. So strongly, indeed, were these men opposed to the claims of

the Indians, that they were led to the adoption of very unjustifiable means, not only to circumvent the negotiations of Norton, but to prostrate the power and influence of the old chief himself. To this end domestic dissensions were fomented, even among his own kindred, the Mohawks. The chief was again accused of peculations; and although the grant of the Grand River territory had been notoriously made for the exclusive benefit of the Mohawk nation, yet the Senecas, and others of the Iroquois nations, not residing in Canada, were stirred up to claim a voice in the disposition of those lands, and in the domestic relations of that nation, by virtue of their confederate league, which had never before been construed as clothing them with any such rights or powers. In furtherance of the design of prostrating Brant, and thwarting the efforts of Norton in England, a council of the Six Nations was held at Buffalo Creek, under the direction of the Seneca chiefs Red Jacket and the Farmer's Brother, at which all the proceedings of Brant and Norton were formally disavowed, and Brant himself deposed from the chieftainship of the confederacy, at the head of which he had stood for more than a quarter of a century. His associate Mohawk sachems were likewise removed, and others, taken, as Jeroboam selected his priests, from the lowest of the people, appointed in their stead. None of the Mohawk chiefs were present at this council, but only a few of the discontents, and of the more worthless members of the nation, who had been wrought upon by the white opponents of the principal chief. The whole movement was illegal, according to the ancient usages of the confederacy, in other respects. The council was not convened at the national council fire, which had years before been regularly removed from Buffalo Creek to Onondaga Village, on the Grand River. Nor, aside from the fact that the Senecas, and others residing

within the United States, had no right to a voice in regard to the domestic affairs or the lands of the Mohawks, was the general confederacy properly or legally represented. Red Jacket, however, was both a ready and a willing instrument in the hands of Brant's opponents. In the councils in which it had been the fortune of the two chiefs to meet for the transaction of business, there had been little of cordiality between them, and much less of friendship. *Yau-go-ya-wat-haw*, or Red Jacket, was not a chief by birth, but had made himself such by his cunning. He was artful, eloquent, and ambitious. Aspiring to the rank of a chief, he availed himself of the superstitious dispositions of his people to attain his object. His first essay was to dream that he was, or should be, a chief, and that the Great Spirit was angry because his nation did not advance him to that dignity. These dreams, with the necessary variations, were repeated, until, fortunately for him, the smallpox broke out among the Senecas. He then proclaimed the loathsome infliction a judgment of the Great Spirit, because of the ingratitude of the nation to him. The consequence ultimately was, that by administering flattery to some, and working upon the superstitious fears of others, he reached the goal of his ambition. Brant, however, had always, on all suitable occasions, pronounced him a coward—the greatest coward of his race. He used to say that Red Jacket was always valiant for fight with his tongue; but that, although by his eloquence he persuaded many warriors to fight, he was ever careful not to get into personal danger himself. He also asserted as a fact, that, having sent others upon the war-path, he would turn to and steal and kill their cows for his own use. Smarting under the contemptuous treatment of the Mohawk chief, therefore, the eloquent demagogue of the Senecas was not backward in compassing, as he hoped, the overthrow of his enemy, if not his rival. Hence,

for years antecedent to the council called clandestinely for the deposition of Brant, Red Jacket had laboured, with all art and diligence, to create jealousies and distrust against him.

The chief himself was, of course, early apprized of what had taken place, and the manner of the conspiracy, of which he appears to have written a full account to his friend, the Duke of Northumberland.

But although the proceedings referred to were transmitted to England by the opponents of the chief, and followed by consequences fatal to the mission of Norton, yet the failure, so far as the chief himself was concerned, was as signal as the plot in all respects was indefensible and unjust. It was but a few months anterior to these proceedings, founded, in the main, upon alleged embezzlements or mal-appropriations of the revenue of his nation, that a general council had been holden at Grand River, which was attended by the chiefs and warriors, the deputy and superintendent-general, and the principal military officers of the province, and at which the pecuniary transactions of Captain Brant had been fully investigated, found to be accurate, and approved. The proceedings at this council appear to have been dictated in the most amicable spirit; and from their complexion, nothing could have been more unlikely than the revival of charges then so thoroughly shown to be without foundation in truth.

But the old chief did not remain passive under his persecutions. He took an early occasion to meet a council of the faction of his own nation who were opposing him, and to upbraid them in no very measured terms for their ingratitude. His address was written out in full, in the Mohawk dialect, and was afterward circulated in the form of an appeal to his nation.

It was very soon manifest that the pretended deposition of the veteran Mohawk, at the instigation

of white men, and through the immediate agency of Red Jacket, was no act of the great body of the Six Nations, much less of his own nation; and the attempt to shake the faith of their "fathers in council," in the perfect integrity of the chief who had so long been their leader in the cabinet and in the field, was a signal abortion. A meeting of the chiefs and warriors was soon afterward held, at which the whole controversy seems again, from the fragments of the proceedings yet in existence, to have been renewed.

Finally, at this, or a subsequent general council, a speech, drawn up in the form of a declaration, was executed, under the sanction of the signatures and seals of sixteen of the most distinguished chiefs, residents upon the Grand River, and representing the Mohawks, Cayugas, Oghkwagas, Tuscaroras, and one Delaware chief, bearing the most unequivocal testimony to the integrity of Thayendanegea, and asserting their undiminished confidence in his faithful management of their business, as agent in the matter of their lands. It was stated in this paper that he had desired, of himself, some time before, to withdraw from that agency, and that he had only consented to remain therein at their urgent solicitation; he requiring that a board of twenty-four chiefs might be selected from the different tribes, to act as counsellors, and probably to determine all questions of doubt or controversy. "This," says the declaration, "has been done, but at the same time we desired that he might continue at the head. And farther hearing that there are many obstacles yet preventing the equitable conclusion of our land business, we now unanimously renew and strengthen him in quality of agent, which, from the confidence we have in his integrity from what has already passed, we assure ourselves he will exert himself in that office, as far as lies in his power, to promote the general welfare. With these strings

we therefore exhort him to continue with moderation and patience, and flatter ourselves, from the equity of our brethren, the British government, and his abilities, all difficulties will at last be surmounted."

Nothing could be more explicit than this testimony of exoneration, so far as the charges against the chief were connected with his management of the land concerns of his people. But his vindication did not rest here. Soon after the return of Teyoninhokarawen to the Grand River, a general council of the Six Nations was convened at Niagara for the purpose of meeting the deputy superintendent-general, and entering a solemn protest against the proceedings of the council at which Red Jacket and the Farmer's Brother had pretended to depose Thayendanega. For several days the deputy declined meeting the council, upon the plea of waiting for the attendance of Mr. Selby, a gentleman from Detroit. But as that gentleman did not arrive, and it was uncertain when he would come, if at all, the chiefs determined to proceed with their business. The deputy, accompanied by Colonel Proctor, met the chiefs only to repeat his excuse, and to declare that, under existing circumstances, he would not listen to what they had to say. The chiefs, however, resolved to proceed with their deliberations; and their protest, yet existing in the chirography of Captain Brant, was read and sanctioned by the council, in presence of several officers of the garrison, and also of several distinguished civilians. This paper contained a succinct review of the controversy respecting the lands; the object of Norton's mission to England; the partial success of that agent, thwarted only by the use that had been made of the proceedings of Red Jacket's unauthorized and illegally constituted council; a review of those proceedings; and a protest against the whole. After the reading had been

concluded, *Okoghsenniyonte*, a Cayuga chief, rose, and declared the general approbation of the document by the council.

With these proceedings, it is believed, the efforts to prostrate Brant, and deprive him of the chieftainship, ceased. In any event, they were not successful, and he remained at the head of the Mohawks, and, consequently, at the head of the confederacy, until the day of his decease.

But, even under all these discouragements, it was not the design of the indefatigable chief to relinquish his exertions to obtain justice for his people at the hands of the parent government. For this purpose, another visit to England was determined upon, to be performed either by himself or Norton, or perhaps by both. This determination was announced to the Duke of Northumberland by letter, early in the year 1806.

He actually commenced his journey, and proceeded as far as Albany, with the design of embarking at New-York. Circumstances, however, occurred, which rendered it necessary for him to return to his own country. Afterward, owing to pecuniary difficulties, the undertaking was indefinitely deferred.

For a good and sufficient reason, which will appear in the closing pages of the present work, the claims of the Mohawks were prosecuted no farther by their old and vigilant chief, *Thayendanegea*. Nor have their difficulties with the officers of the crown entirely ceased to this day.

CHAPTER XIV.

HAD no other subjects demanded the consideration and required the active personal exertions of Captain Brant during the last twelve years of his career than those already reviewed, his life must still have been considered one of uncommon industry. But the cares upon his hands were multitudinous in other respects. His desire for the moral and social improvement of his people led him to a vigilant oversight of all their domestic concerns. Rude as was their government, it was still to be administered, and a domestic police of some kind was to be observed. The administration of their government, moreover, was probably attended by none the less difficulty from the peculiar position in which the Mohawk Indians were placed at that particular period of their history. Their society was in a transition state, being neither the hunter nor the agricultural, but partaking in part of both; while, notwithstanding the advice of the Duke of Northumberland, it was the strong desire of the chief to draw them from the former to the latter course of life. Before their transplantation from their native valley, they had, many of them, made considerable advances in the pursuit of husbandry, Brant himself having cultivated an excellent farm in the neighbourhood of General Herkimer's residence, near the Upper Mohawk Castle;* and though the vicissitudes of war had cast them once more into a primitive forest, entirely unsubdued, the chief had no idea of relinquishing the certainty of agricultural

* The author visited the plantation formerly belonging to Brant in the autumn of 1836. Nothing of his domicil, save the cellar, remained. His orchard of apple-trees, however, was thrifty, and in full bearing

competence for the precarious supplies of the chase.

Nor was he ignorant of what alone can form the basis of an industrious and truly moral community. Whether he was himself a man of experimental religion, in the evangelical sense of the term, is a question which it is not the province of the historian to decide. There is no doubt that he was a believer in the great and essential truths of revelation, and it is equally certain that, after his return from Dr. Wheelock's school, he was the subject of deep religious impressions. But whether these impressions were entirely effaced during the long years of arduous and active public service in which he was subsequently engaged, both as a warrior and a politician, in the battle-field, in the council of war, and in the Indian congress, thridding the solitudes of his native forests, or amid the splendid gayeties of the British metropolis, is not for the writer to affirm or deny. Be this, however, as it may, he was a man of too much sagacity not to perceive the importance of education and religion, as auxiliaries in carrying forward the moral and social improvement of his nation; and the preponderance of testimony favours the opinion that he was never careless of the spiritual interests of his charge. It has been seen that, when quite a young man, he was engaged with the Episcopal and other Christian missionaries, assisting in translating the Church Prayer Book and the Holy Scriptures. And immediately after the close of the long conflict in which he had borne so active a part, he was again found recurring, of his own volition, to the same labours, and superintending the printing of the Gospel of Mark, and other religious works, in London. One of his first stipulations with the commander-in-chief, on the acquisition of his new territory, was for the building of a church, a schoolhouse, and a flouring mill; and no sooner had the northwestern Indian wars been brought to an

end than the religious principle was again in action, and his thoughts and exertions once more directed to the means of imparting to his people a knowledge of their relation to God, and the consequences flowing therefrom.

In December, 1797, he wrote to Sir John Johnson, expressing his desire to have a gentleman named Davenport Phelps ordained a missionary for the Grand River settlement, and the baronet lost no time in bringing the subject before the bishop; but difficulties were interposed by his lordship, and an occasional correspondence of two or three years ensued before the wishes of the Indians for the ordination of a spiritual teacher were complied with.

Unfortunately, the Mohawks, like all other primitive American nations with whom the white people have come in contact, were lovers of rum, and subject, of course, to the evils consequent upon that species of debasement. The prevalence of this vice seems to have been viewed with deep solicitude by Captain Brant, and a system of prevention early entered into his views on commencing the labour of building up his nation anew. But all experience has shown how futile are these attempts to keep the fire-waters from the lips of the Indian, so long as unprincipled white men are permitted to approach their borders with their alembics, or minister the ready-made liquor to their burning appetites. In like manner were the efforts of Captain Brant frustrated.

It must be reckoned among the mysteries in the economy of Providence, that women of every age, and hue, and clime, are doomed to suffer more severely from the effects of intemperance in the other sex than men. The maddening poison of the intoxicating cup infuriates the stronger passions of the men, and imparts fiendlike energy to their already superior physical powers; and among savage as well as civilized men, those under its diabolical in-

fluence often wreak their senseless violence upon the least offending and the least capable of resistance. It was thus among the Mohawks. At least, nothing less can be inferred from the following memoranda of proceedings upon this subject, among the papers of Captain Brant :

“ On the 22d of May, 1802, the women assembled in council, to which they called the chiefs. They then addressed them as follows :

“ UNCLER—Some time ago the women of this place spoke to you, but you did not then answer them, as you considered their meeting not sufficient. Now, a considerable number of those from below having met and consulted together, join in sentiment, and lament, as it were with tears in our eyes, the many misfortunes caused by the use of spirituous liquors. We therefore mutually request that you will use your endeavours to have it removed from our neighbourhood, that there may be none sold nigher to us than the mountain. We flatter ourselves that this is in your power, and that you will have compassion on our uneasiness, and exert yourselves to have it done.”

Strings of Wampum.

The manner in which these rude females of the forest made their appeal might serve as a pattern of delicacy to many of the sex of loftier pretensions. Nor was it without its effect upon the council of chiefs to whom it was addressed. After adjourning a short time for consideration, they returned, and Captain Brant delivered their reply to the following purpose :

“ NIECES—We are fully convinced of the justice of your request; drinking has caused the many misfortunes in this place, and has been, besides, a great cause of the divisions, by the effect it has upon the people's speech. We assure you, therefore, that we will use our endeavours to effect what you desire. However, it depends in a great measure upon government, as the distance you propose is

within their line. We cannot, therefore, absolutely promise that our request will be complied with."

Strings.

The reader has already seen that the religious tenets of Captain Brant were Episcopalian. It came not within the requisitions of his creed, therefore, even had policy been out of the question, to discountenance the games and amusements of his people. On the contrary, he loved to encourage their pastimes and diversions, and, by so doing, gave evidence of his wisdom. Indeed, it may well be doubted whether, in this respect, the ancients, and all uncivilized nations, have not been wiser in their generations than the modern Anglo-Saxons and their American children. Relaxation of mind and body is necessary alike to the health and elasticity of both. When the Puritans of New-England banished the merry Christmas festival of Old England, they soon saw the necessity of creating a substitute, which was found in the feast of Thanksgiving. Still, the people of the United States have ever been so thoroughly utilitarian in the use of their hours, as really to deny themselves time for a suitable indulgence in rational amusements. Thus the harvest-home is forgotten; the rustic gambols of Christmas are almost unknown; no joyous groups dance around the Maypole or twine the garland for the brow of its queen. The Americans have no seasons for reinvigorating their systems by wholesome athletic exercises, or dispelling care by rural sports among flowers, and groves, and fountains. The native sports of the Indians are less refined and poetical than were the pastimes and festivals of the Greeks and Romans, but they doubtless contribute as much to the enjoyment of the people, while they are no less rational, and are marked by a high degree of moral purity.

Among other amusements, in addition to their own native sports of running, wrestling, and leap-

ing, their dances and songs, their sacrifices, and other festivals of war and of thanksgiving, the Six Nations had adopted from the whites the popular game of ball or cricket. Indeed, so much attached were they to this manly exercise, that the game had become national throughout the confederacy, and it was no uncommon thing for one nation to challenge another to play a match, upon a much larger scale, beyond doubt, than was ever practised among the pale faces.

In the summer of 1797, a match of cricket was played between the two nations. The Senecas were the challengers, but the game was played at the Mohawk village on the Grand River.

The place selected for the trial of strength, agility, and skill was a broad and beautiful green, of perhaps one hundred acres, perfectly level, and smooth as a carpet, without tree, or shrub, or stone to encumber it. On one side of the green, the Senecas had collected in a sort of irregular encampment, men, women, and children, to the number of more than a thousand. On the other side, the Mohawks were actively assembling in yet greater numbers. The stakes deposited by each party were laid upon the ground in heaps, consisting of rifles, hatchets, swords, belts, knives, blankets, wampum, watches, beads, broaches, furs, and a variety of other articles of Indian utility and taste, amounting in the whole, according to the estimate of Captain Brant, to upward of a thousand dollars a side. By the side of the stakes were seated a group of the aged chiefs, "grave and reverend seignors," whose beards had been silvered by the frosts of many winters, and whose visages gave evidence of the toils of war and the chase.

The combatants numbered about six hundred upon a side, young and middle-aged men, nimble of foot, athletic, and muscular. Their countenances beamed with animation and high hope. In order to the free

and unfettered use of their sinewy limbs, their persons were naked with the exception of a single garment like an apron, or kilt, fastened around the waist, and descending nearly to the knee. The area of the play-ground was designated by two pairs of "byes," placed at about thirty rods distant from each other, and the goals of each pair about thirty feet apart. The combatants ranged themselves in parallel lines on each side of the area, facing inward, and leaving a space between them of about ten rods in breadth. Their bats were three feet six inches in length, curved at the lower end somewhat in the form of a ladle, the broad part for striking the ball being formed of network, woven of thongs of untanned deerskin, strained to the tension of tight elasticity. The ball, large as a middling-sized apple, was also composed of elastic materials.

On one side of the area, near the centre of the line, and in a conspicuous place, were seated a body of elderly sachems, of each nation, with knives and tally-sticks, to score the game. The rules governing the game were somewhat intricate. None of the players were allowed to touch the ball with hand or foot until driven beyond the "byes," or landmarks. It was then thrown back by hand towards or into the centre of the area, when the game proceeded as before. Their mode of counting the game was peculiar, the tallies-men not being in all cases bound by arbitrary rules, but left to the exercise of a certain degree of discretionary power. Each passage of the ball between the goals, at the end of the play-ground, counted one, so long as the contest was nearly equal; but, for the purpose of protracting the game, whenever one party became considerably in advance of the other, the tally-chiefs were allowed to check or curtail their count in proportion to the excess. For instance, if the leading party had run up a regular count to thirty, while their opponents had numbered but fifteen, the tallies-men, at their

discretion, and by consent of each other, though unknown to the players, would credit the winning party with only two notches for three passages of the ball varying from time to time, according to the state of the game. The object of this course was to protract the game, and to increase the amusement, while despondency upon either side was prevented, and the chance of ultimate victory increased. Frequently, by this discretionary mode of counting, the game was continued three or four days.

The game on this occasion was commenced by about sixty players on a side, who advanced from their respective lines with bats in their hands, into the centre of the play-ground. Of this number about twenty were stationed at the end landmarks, to guard the passage of the ball. The players who were to begin were apparently mingled promiscuously together. All things being thus ready, a beautiful maiden, richly dressed in the native costume of her people, wearing a red tiara plumed with eagles' feathers, and glittering with bracelets and other ornaments of silver, came bounding like a gazelle into the area with the ball, which she placed upon the ground in the centre. Instantly the welkin rang with the shouts of the whole multitude of spectators, and the play began; while the bright-eyed maiden danced back, and joined her own circle among the surrounding throng. The match was begun by two of the opposing players, who advanced to the ball, and with their united bats raised it from the ground to such an elevation as gave a chance for a fair stroke, when, quick as lightning, it was sped through the air almost with the swiftness of a bullet. Much depends upon the first stroke, and great skill is exerted to obtain it.

The match was played with great spirit, and the display of agility and muscular strength was surprising. Every nerve was strung; and so great were the exertions of the players, that each set was

relieved by fresh hands every fifteen or twenty minutes; thus alternating, and allowing every player of the whole number to perform his part, until the game was finished. The scene was full of excitement and animation. The principal chief entered fully into the enjoyment, and by his explanations to his guest heightened its interest, which of itself, the latter declared to have afforded him a greater degree of satisfaction than any game or pastime that he had ever beheld. The contest was continued three days, at the end of which, after a severe struggle, the Senecas were proclaimed the victors, sweeping the stakes, to the great mortification of the proud-spirited Mohawks, the head of the confederacy.

No people are more particular in paying honours to the dead than the Indians, and their funerals are marked with deep and affecting solemnity. As among civilized nations, the pomp and pageantry of wo vary according to the rank of the deceased and the wealth of the family, or the ability and disposition of friends to defray the expenses of the funeral, the entertainment at the grave, and the presents to be distributed. But, however humble the deceased, the remains are never unhonoured or unwept; and among no people on earth are stronger evidences given of tender affection. Nor are funeral honours bestowed only upon the men. There is a mistaken idea generally prevalent that the Indian woman is treated with contempt, arising from the well-known fact, that certain offices and labours, accounted as menial among the whites, or as improper to be imposed upon women, are always performed by them among the Indians. But the allotment of those duties to the women has arisen from their usages, and the peculiar structure of their society, time immemorial. Nor is the custom any evidence of disrespect or contumely. On the contrary, it may be doubted whether the females of the

white people, even among nations of the most refinement, exercise a higher or more salutary degree of influence than do the Indian women. Nor, when dead, are they treated with less respect than the warriors. The greatest honours are paid to the remains of the wives of renowned warriors and veteran chiefs, particularly if they were descended themselves of a high family, which is by no means an indifferent thing among the Indians, who love to honour the merit of their great men in the persons of their relatives. The funerals of chiefs and warriors, and of distinguished women, were attended by the heads of the tribe and all the people, and their ceremonies were highly impressive. On the opening of all their councils, a ceremony of condolence was performed, and an appropriate speech delivered, in memory of those who had died, or been slain on the war-path, since their last meeting. These ceremonies were solemn, and their speeches often full of simplicity, tenderness, and pathos.

In private life, the character of Brant was estimable, and in the social circle often very agreeable. The testimony of the Baroness de Reidesel, who met him at the castle at Quebec, has already been cited in a former chapter. During the portion of his life now under review, being the last twelve years, he had many journeys to perform: to the lower province, to look after the interests of his own immediate people; to the upper lakes, to keep the chain of friendship with his old confederates from becoming rusty; and to Canandaigua, and elsewhere, to visit his friends, and upon matters of business. In addition to all these, early in the year 1797 he made another visit to Albany and Philadelphia, striking from New-York into New-England on his return. Judging from the tone of a letter which he wrote after his arrival home, to a friend among the upper Indian nations, he must have encountered some unpleasant circumstances during that journey. It was not,

however, entirely divested of agreeable associations ; and several incidents have been collected by the author, which will serve as better illustrations of his social character than any other in the entire history of his career. An extract from the letter just referred to follows :

“ Grand River, July 2, 1797.

“ DEAR SIR,

“ It is some time since I received your letter, and I have already answered it by way of Fort Erie ; but I did not in it mention the particulars of my jaunt to the States. In the first place, I met with a very cool reception, insomuch that I did not see any of the great men at Philadelphia. I suppose, by this, that they must have forgot that I was a Yankee when I was there before, and also at the last meeting we had at the foot of the Rapids, when it was reported among you, gentlemen of the Indian Department, that I was favouring the Yankee interest. I expected they might have paid a little more attention to me, after the great service you supposed I had done them. I was greatly insulted on the road between Philadelphia and Jersey, by a Yankee colonel whose name I don't recollect, insomuch that the affair was nearly coming to blows. At New-York they were very friendly, and likewise in Connecticut (in New-England) they were very civil. At Albany there were several people who threatened to kill me behind my back ; so that the great men there thought it necessary to send a man with me, as a protector, to the end of the settlement at German Flatts. I suppose these people have also forgot that I was a Yankee.”

By the term “ great men at Philadelphia,” the old chief must have meant the heads of the administration, since he was most hospitably entertained by some distinguished gentlemen then at the seat of government. The attentions which he received

from "the great men at Philadelphia," five years before, were bestowed under peculiar circumstances. He was there at that time in a semi-official capacity, and at the urgent solicitation of the government itself, and it was the duty of the government to render all those civilities which might contribute to the pleasure of his visit. But, under the circumstances of this second visit of the Mohawk, divested, as it was, altogether of official character and importance, his expectations of particular official attentions were probably unreasonable. He had seen far too much of the world, and had mingled too much in society of all ranks and conditions, yet to retain the simplicity of unsophisticated nature, and he might, therefore, have understood his altered position, and spared his sarcasm. Certainly, though he might not have breathed the air of the court, he was treated with marked attention by gentlemen at that time of high distinction, and his society much courted. Among others, the late Colonel Burr, then a senator in Congress, gave him a brilliant dinner-party. The senator had previously been in correspondence with the chief, and liked him much. Indeed, it was upon the colonel's invitation that he visited Philadelphia at that time. Among the guests from abroad assembled on that occasion, were the minister of the French Republic; Volney the traveller; Talleyrand, and other distinguished gentlemen of that nation, brought hither by the political troubles of their own country. Knowing his colloquial powers to be very good, and that he had the faculty of rendering himself not only agreeable, but fascinating in conversation, the colonel and his friends were somewhat disappointed, in the earlier stages of the entertainment, at the Mohawk's taciturnity. All the cold reserve of his race seemed to have come over him, and for a while every effort to draw him out in discourse was ineffectual. Meantime, the Indians, their character, history, and des-

tiny, became the leading topics of conversation. At length, after various suggestions had been made as to the most feasible and effectual methods of their civilization, Brant suddenly joined in the discussion, treating the subject with good sense, but with alternate gravity and humour. He avowed it as his settled conviction, however, that the only effectual process of civilizing his people must be their amalgamation with the blood of the whites; that the Indian could only be tamed by intermarriages. Occasionally, during his own participation in this discussion, there was a drollery in his manner that created great amusement. During the residue of the evening he contributed his full share to the conversation, exhibiting at all times sterling good sense, and enlivening the hours with sallies of pleasantry and wit which "set the table in a roar." The result was not only an agreeable, but highly intellectual entertainment.

On leaving Philadelphia for New-York, Colonel Burr gave the chief a letter of introduction to his youthful and gifted daughter Theodosia, afterward Mrs. Alston.

Miss Theodosia received the forest chief with all the courtesy and hospitality suggested, and, young as she was, performed the honours of her father's house in a manner that must have been as gratifying to her absent parent as it was creditable to herself. Among other attentions, she gave him a dinner-party, selecting for her guests some of the most eminent gentlemen in the city, among whom were Bishop Moore and Doctors Bard and Hosack. In writing to her father upon the subject, she gave a long and sprightly account of the entertainment. She said that, in making the preliminary arrangements, she had been somewhat at a loss in the selection of such dishes as would probably suit the palate of her principal guest. Being a savage warrior, and in view of the many tales she had heard of

"The cannibals that each other eat,
The anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders,"

she added, sportively, that she had a mind to lay the hospital under contribution for a human head, to be served up like a boar's head in ancient hall barbaric. But, after all, she found him a most Christian and civilized guest in his manners.

From New-York, the chief made a trip through Connecticut and into Massachusetts, in the course of which he was well received, as appears from his own letter. At Northampton he purchased an elegant horse, which, greatly to his regret, sickened and died in Albany.

It was during this visit in Albany that he was again exposed to some danger by threats against his life. The sufferers of the Mohawk Valley had neither forgotten nor forgiven the ravagers of their country in the Revolutionary war; and "the monster Brant" was still held responsible for every act, either of barbarity, or of death, or devastation, by the wonted usages of war. The Mohawk Germans of that day were neither educated nor discriminating; and knowing that Brant was the great leader of the Indians, they attributed every torch that had been applied, and every butchery committed, to his own single hand. Hence, as has been stated before, it was notoriously the purpose of many in the valley to take his life, if possible, during some of his transits through that country.

Added to these unpleasant designs, was an incident coming somewhat nearer to the point of action, which is worth recording as an illustration both of history and character. In the account of the ravaging of Cherry Valley, the reader will doubtless recollect the massacre of the entire family of Mr. Wells, with the exception of John, then a lad at school in Schenectady. But that lad was now a member of the bar, of high spirit and uncom-

mon promise. The tragedy by which his whole family had been cut off had imparted a shade of melancholy to his character, deepening with the lapse of time, and descending with him to the grave. Nineteen years had elapsed since it was enacted ; but there was a feeling in the breast of young Wells which only wanted awakening by opportunity, to prompt a strong desire of avenging the foul murders. He happened to be in Albany during the visit of the chief, and erroneously looking upon him as the author of the murders, his feelings, by proximity, became exceedingly bitter and exasperated. Indeed, he could not restrain his desire of revenge ; and hastening to the tavern at which Brant had put up, he inquired furiously where he should find his enemy, declaring that he would slay him on the spot. Of course his friends remonstrated, and otherwise opposed his purpose ; but it was not without difficulty that he was persuaded to forego it. Brant, hearing the disturbance, asked what caused it ; and was told that a young man, whose father had perished at Cherry Valley, was below, and threatening to take his life. His answer was brief, and given with a remarkably fine assumption of dignity and composure. Not a feature changed, not a muscle of his countenance was seen to move ; but, slightly drawing himself up as he sat, and his eyes glittering for an instant more keenly even than was their wont, he said, calmly and quietly, "Let him come on ;" and nothing more escaped him on the subject until word was brought that Mr. Wells had left the house.

It was in consequence of these unpleasant indications that Governor Jay directed a guard to accompany him through the Mohawk Valley on his return to Upper Canada. But, notwithstanding these drawbacks to the pleasure of his visit in Albany, there were circumstances and incidents contributing to render it otherwise than disagreeable

on the whole. He was hospitably received and entertained by some of the most respectable citizens; and during that and a subsequent visit, made to Albany in 1805 or 1806, had opportunities of meeting at the festive board some of the veteran officers of the American army, whom he had met in the field, or, rather, in the forest fights of the frontiers; on which occasions, with the best feelings possible, the old soldiers "fought their battles o'er again," as old soldiers are wont to do. Dining with General Gansevoort, the hero of Fort Stanwix, their conversation turned upon the memorable campaign of Sullivan, and the march of Gansevoort with his regiment, at the close of that campaign, through the wilderness from Seneca Lake to Fort Schuyler. Although Gansevoort had no idea that Brant was nearer to him than Niagara, Brant assured him that he was hovering about him during the whole march; and was so near that, to use his own words, "I roasted my venison by the fires that you left."

He also met, on one of these occasions, with the late General Philip Van Courtlandt, who had served in the New-York line, and who was one of the expedition of Sullivan and Clinton to Chemung, and thence into the Seneca country. While conversing upon the subject of the battle at Newtown, Brant inquired, "General, while you were standing by a large tree during that battle, how near to your head did a bullet come, which struck a little above you?" The general paused for a moment, and replied, "About two inches above my hat." The chief then related the circumstances. "I had remarked your activity in the battle," said he, "and calling one of my best marksmen, pointed you out, and directed him to bring you down. He fired, and I saw you dodge your head at the instant I supposed the ball would strike. But as you did not fall, I told my warrior that he had just missed you and lodged the ball in the tree."

Another incident may be introduced in this connexion, illustrative at once of his sagacity, his strong sense of justice, and his promptness of decision and execution. Among the border settlers west of the Hudson, opposite the Manor of Livingston, was an opulent farmer named Rose. He was an Irishman, and having no child to inherit his wealth, had sent to the Emerald Isle for a nephew, whom he had adopted. In one of Brant's hostile incursions upon the settlements, during the war of the Revolution, Rose and his nephew, with others, were taken prisoners, and marched in the direction of Niagara. During the journey, Brant took Rose aside one morning, and admonished him not to move far away from himself (Brant), but at all times on their march to keep within call. "I have reason to believe," said the chief, "that that nephew of yours is plotting your death. He is endeavouring to bribe one of my Indians to kill you. I shall keep an eye upon them, and if I find my suspicions true, I will execute him on the spot." The caution was observed by Rose, and no long time elapsed before Brant informed him that his suspicions were well founded. The nephew, for the purpose of an earlier possession of his confiding uncle's estate, had agreed upon the price of his murder with the savage who was to do the deed. Having full evidence of the fact, the stern purpose of the chief was executed upon the ingrate by his own hand, and the life of the uncle was saved.

CHAPTER XV.

THE life and character of the Mohawk chief in his domestic relations remain to be considered. These have never been accurately illustrated or understood; or, rather, they have been greatly misrepresented and misunderstood, from the circumstance of a severe family affliction, the particulars of which have never been truly set before the public.

Captain Brant, it will be recollected, was thrice married. By his first wife, the daughter of an Oneida chief, he had two children, Isaac and Christiana. His great solicitude for the well bringing up of those children has been noted in the early history of his life. By his second wife, the sister of his first, he had no children. By his third he had seven, the eldest of whom, Joseph, was born in 1783.

Isaac, the eldest of the children, was partly educated at a school in the Valley of the Mohawk, and his education was completed at Niagara. His disposition, bad from his youth, grew worse as he increased in years, and was not improved by his associations at the military post of Niagara, after the war of the Revolution. Many of the officers on that station were free, sometimes to excess, in their living; and, in the progress of his intercourse with them, he became addicted to strong drink. When in his cups, he was always quarrelsome, even towards his parents; forgetting the honour due from a son to a father, and particularly disrespectful to his step-mother. As the younger family grew up, he became jealous of them, imagining that they received a larger share of parental favour than his sister and himself. Nothing could have been more groundless than were his suspicions, since, from the concurrent

testimony of the survivors of the family, and the aged contemporaries of the old chief yet living at Grand River, no parent was ever more scrupulous in the impartial bestowment of his affection among all his children than Captain Brant. With a view of keeping him more immediately under his own eye, and, if possible, reclaiming him, his father had caused him to be married to a beautiful girl, the daughter of a chief of the Turtle tribe, and installed him in the capacity of his own secretary. But all to no purpose. The demon of jealousy had gained possession of his bosom; and, during his drunken frolics among his Indian associates, he often threatened to take the life of his father. Still, he was treated with kindness, and his stepmother invariably kept silent during his paroxysms of insult and abuse.

His career, however, in addition to his intemperance, without the circle of his own family, was marked by outrage and blood. On one occasion, long before the catastrophe fatal to himself, soon to be recorded, he grievously assaulted a young man, who was riding on horseback on the king's highway, killed the horse, and sadly maimed the young man himself. His father was obliged to pay a large sum of money by way of compensation for the outrage.

Subsequent to this brutal affair, and not long before the painful incident with his father, soon to be noted, he killed a white man at the Mohawk (Grand River) village, outright, and in cold blood. The name of his victim was Lowell, a harness-maker. He was busily engaged in his shop at work, when Isaac Brant entered, and said, "Lowell, I am going to kill you." The man, supposing him to be jesting, at first laughed at the threat; and then remarked, "Why should you kill me? I have never injured you, neither have we ever quarrelled." The savage then deliberately drew a pistol and shot him.

But his reckless and cruel career was soon arrested, by a death-wound received, under the highest degree of provocation, at the hand of his father. At the time of the occurrence there was an assemblage of the Six Nations at Burlington Heights, near to the residence of Colonel Beasley, for the purpose of receiving the annual bounty of the government, consisting of presents of clothing and other articles. On this occasion, Isaac, with some of his young Indian companions, again drank to intoxication, and renewed his threats against the life of his father, declaring his intention to kill him that night. The chief had that evening taken tea with Colonel and Mrs. Beasley, and afterward walked up to a small inn upon the hill, at a short distance from the colonel's residence, to lodge for the night. Isaac followed his father to the inn, entered an adjoining room, and began abusing him to the people about, in language perfectly audible to his parent, the two apartments being divided only by a board partition. Becoming quite violent in his conduct, his father entered the son's apartment, but had no sooner done so than the latter sprang towards him for the purpose of assault, armed, as it was asserted by some, though the fact was denied by others, with a sharp-pointed knife. Be that as it may, the captain was badly wounded by a cut across the back of his hand. Young Brant had been seized around the waist by some of the Indians at the instant he was leaping upon his father; while the latter, irritated by the wound, had also been seized in like manner by some white men, to prevent farther injury. The affray was the work of an instant, during which Captain Brant had drawn a large dirk, which he always carried upon his thigh, and with which he struck at his son. In the descent of the blow, the point of the dirk fell upon the head of Isaac, and, cutting through his hat, inflicted a wound which would have been more severe had the position of the parties been

that of closer proximity. The wound was by no means considered dangerous, although, from excitement and intoxication, it bled profusely. But such were the rage and violence of the young man, that he resisted all attempts to dress the wound, tearing off the bandages as fast as they could be applied, until, ultimately, they were compelled to bind him fast for the return of sobriety. He then allowed his head to be dressed properly; but the next day he resumed his drinking, and tearing the dressings from his wound, caused it, of course, to bleed afresh. His perverse conduct continued several days; a severe fever of the brain ensued, and the result was a speedy termination of his life.

This painful transaction took place in the year 1795. The afflicted father immediately surrendered himself to the civil authorities, and resigned the commission which he yet retained in the British service, and upon which he drew half pay. Lord Dorchester, however, would not accept the resignation; and the death of Isaac was universally regarded as in the main accidental, and, in any aspect of the case, justifiable homicide.

But the affliction was a very severe one to the old chief, notwithstanding the condolence of his people, the convictions of his own conscience that he had not done intentional wrong, and the acquittal of all. Dr. Allen, President of Bowdoin College, has stated, upon the authority of Joseph Brant, Jun., that as his father lay upon his bed and looked at the dirk with which the wound was inflicted, and which hung up in his room, he was accustomed to cry in the sorrow of his heart.*

* Isaac Brant left a widow and two children. Judge Woodruff, in his notes, says, "The widow, and two lovely children which he left, I saw in Brant's family." The eldest of these "lovely children" was Isaac, to whom his grandfather, the old chief, left a just proportion of his real estate. He also devised an equal proportion of his real estate to his eldest daughter, Christiana. The younger Isaac, however, grew up with the same disposition, and walked in the footsteps of his father. He was,

Taking all the circumstances of this trying event into consideration, notwithstanding the unfavourable impressions, arising from prejudice and an imperfect knowledge of the facts, that may have prevailed, no just conclusion can be drawn to the disadvantage of the chief as a parent. On the other hand, all the evidence that can be obtained goes to establish the fact that, both in husband and father, his own family circle was most happy. Certainly, nothing could have been stronger than his desire for the education and moral culture of his children. Knowing his solicitude upon this subject, and appreciating the disadvantages of his position in that respect, several gentlemen, in the year 1800, suggested to him the expediency of an appeal to the parent government for the education of his sons at the expense of the crown. A memorial for that object, addressed to the Duke of Portland, was drawn up by one of his friends in the Upper Canadian administration, and submitted for his consideration. In this document a strong case was made, arising from the peculiar services which the captain had rendered to the crown, and the policy of having his sons educated in sound principles of loyalty. But the chief peremptorily declined making such an overture, from apprehension of having his feelings hurt by a refusal, which he thought extremely probable, after the ill usage he had received at the hands of the British government.

In addition to his correspondence upon public affairs, upon the business of his own nation exclusively, and in regard to his private and domestic con-

nevertheless, a brave fellow in the field, and exhibited his prowess during the late war between the United States and Great Britain, 1812-15. He was afterward killed in a drunken frolic, at Brantford, by a blow with a gun-barrel, inflicted, as was supposed, by a white man. But so bad had his character become, that his poor mother, then living, seemed rather relieved than otherwise by the occurrence, being in constant fear that he would commit some dreadful act which would bring him to an ignominious end.

cerns, which must have been very extensive, Captain Brant wrote many letters upon miscellaneous subjects to which his attention was from time to time invited. His fame was coextensive with England and the United States, and he must have had acquaintances in France. His personal friends were very numerous, and those to whom he was known far more numerous still. The consequence of these friendships and this celebrity was frequent applications for information in regard to the history, condition, and polity of his own people, or for the purpose of eliciting his own views and opinions upon given subjects. Of these miscellaneous letters but few have been preserved. The annexed is given as an example. It had long been contended by physiologists, both in Europe and America, that the American aboriginals naturally have no beards. Nor is the opinion uncommon at the present day. It was for a solution of this question that a Mr M'Causeland wrote to Brant, soon after the close of the American war. The following was his reply:

"Niagara, April 19, 1783.

"The men of the Six Nations have all beards by nature, as have likewise all other Indian nations of North America which I have seen. Some Indians allow a part of the beard upon the chin and upper lip to grow, and a few of the Mohawks shave with razors, in the same manner as Europeans; but the generality pluck out the hairs of the beard by the roots, as soon as they begin to appear; and as they continue this practice all their lives, they appear to have no beard, or, at most, only a few straggling hairs, which they have neglected to pluck out. I am, however, of opinion, that if the Indians were to shave, they would never have beards altogether so thick as the Europeans; and there are some to be met with who have actually very little beard.

"JOSEPH BRANT,

"Thayendanega."

In bringing the life and actions of Joseph Brant to a close, something in the form of a summary review of his character will doubtless be expected at the hands of the biographer. This task can be readily and expeditiously executed, from the method adopted in the composition of the work itself. Nor, after the record already given of his public life and conduct, and the occasional anecdotes and illustrations of character introduced in the regular progress of the narrative, will the reader be surprised to find the author disposed, not only to set aside, but to reverse the popular estimate, and all previous decisions of history in relation to the character of that remarkable man.

His fine personal appearance in the full maturity of manhood has already been described. His early advantages of education were limited, but of these he evidently made the best use. Probably, being connected by the alliance of his sister with Sir William Johnson, he may have attended some of the missionary schools in the Mohawk Valley previous to being sent by the baronet to the Moor charity school, under the care of the elder Doctor Wheelock. But as he had already, though at so early an age, been upon the war-path in two campaigns, his opportunities of study could not have been great, to say nothing of the reluctance with which an ardent youth, looking with delight upon the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war, and impatient of military renown, might be expected to confine himself to the dull and quiet pursuits of the schoolroom. Still, he acknowledged in after life that he had derived great and lasting advantages from the instructions of Doctor Wheelock. The wars of Pontiac a third time called him to the field; but the campaign was no sooner ended than he was again engaged in literary pursuits, under the direction of the missionaries. The influence of his sister in the administration of the Indian department called him

more directly into active public life on the death of Sir William Johnson, although he had been much employed in the transaction of business with the Indians previous to that event. These avocations had, of course, deprived him of much time which might otherwise have been devoted to study; and when upon him had devolved the chieftainship of the whole confederacy of the Six Nations, it may well be imagined that the official claims upon his attention were in themselves sufficient to occupy, unremittingly, the most active mind. Then followed the protracted conflict of the American Revolution, requiring, from his position, and the side he espoused, the exercise of all his energies, physical and intellectual. But his return to his books the moment that the great conflict was ended, the progressive improvement in the style of his letters, and the fruits of his labours in the translations he produced, are circumstances proving his perseverance amid the most harassing cares and perplexities of his after-life, and that he had a natural taste for literature, and was zealous in the acquisition of knowledge. His solicitude was great for the thorough education of his children; and he had not only projected writing a history of his own people, but had it in contemplation to acquire the knowledge of the Greek language, that he might be enabled to read the New Testament in the original, and thus make a more perfect translation of the Greek Scriptures in the Mohawk tongue.

His character has been represented as savage and cruel and, in the meager sketches of his life hitherto published, although an occasional redeeming virtue has been allowed by some, anecdotes of treachery and blood have been introduced, to sustain the imputed disposition of relentless ferocity. Such, however, was not the fact. On the contrary, making the necessary allowances for his position, his own blood, and the description of warriors he

commanded, after the most diligent and laborious investigation, the author is free to declare his belief that Brant was no less humane than he is on all hands admitted to have been brave. He was an Indian, and led Indians to the fight, upon their own principles and usages of war. Bold and daring, sagacious and wily, he often struck when least expected; but the author has in vain sought for an instance of wanton cruelty, of treachery, or of the murder of prisoners, or others, by his own hand, or by his permission, in cold blood. At the first outbreak of the American Revolution, he interposed and saved the life of the Rev. Mr. Kirkland, when on the point of becoming a victim to Indian fury, although not at that time on the very best terms with that gentleman. The first battle of the Revolutionary war in which Brant was engaged was that of the Cedars, on the banks of the St. Lawrence. Immediately after the fate of the day was decided, he interposed to save the prisoners, and actually, at his own private expense, appeased the Indians, and prevented the sacrifice of the brave Captain M'Kinstry. This gentleman was well known to the author, and he ever entertained a high regard for Captain Brant, by whom he was afterward visited on the manor of Livingston. His efforts at the massacre of Cherry Vally, to stay the effusion of innocent blood, have been mentioned in the account of that tragic irruption. In addition to the circumstances there narrated, Doctor Dwight, who was as careful as he was diligent in the collection of his facts, relates that, on entering one of the houses in Cherry Vally, Walter Butler ordered a woman and child, who were in bed, to be killed; but the Mohawk chief interposed, and said, "What! kill a woman and child! No! That child is not an enemy to the king, nor a friend to the Congress. Long before he will be big enough to do any mischief the dispute will be settled." At the affair of Wyoming for which he has always re-

ceived the severest condemnation, he was not present. His conduct to Captain Harper and his fellow-prisoners was anything but cruel, in the Indian acceptance of the term, although the execution of the aged and weary prisoner, if done with his knowledge or by his direction, was indefensible. But at Minisink, according to his own relation of the circumstances (and his veracity has never been questioned), his conduct has been grossly misrepresented. He exerted himself in the first instance to avert the effusion of blood, and was fired upon while in the act of making pacific overtures. True, Colonel Wisner was finally killed by his own hand; but the very blow was prompted by humanity, according to the reasoning of an Indian. The soldier was wounded past cure or removal; and, after reflection upon the painful case, to prevent his dying agonies from being aggravated by beasts of prey, the chief put an end to his sufferings through an honest dictate of compassion. A thoroughly civilized warrior would neither have reasoned nor acted as he did under the circumstances. Still, the act was prompted by feelings of humanity, and was doubtless such in reality. Lieutenant Wormwood was killed at Cherry Valley by mistake, and after refusing to stand when hailed. Lieutenant Boyd and his companion were treated with humanity by Brant after the capture in the Genessee country, and the dreadful tragedy which ended their lives was not enacted until Brant had departed for Niagara. The reader cannot well have forgotten the touching and beautiful incident of the restoration of the infant to its mother at Fort Hunter, as related to the author by Governor Lewis, an eyewitness of the transaction. To all which may be added, that his last act of the last battle he fought (at the defeat of St. Clair) was the rescuing of an American prisoner from a savage Irish ally of his own Indians, who was about to murder him.

In the course of his conversations with Major

James Cochran and General Porter, long after the war, in regard to the alleged cruelty of his career, Brant assured those gentlemen that he had always spared in battle whenever it could be done without bringing upon himself the censure of his own people. In more instances than one, he said, he had been instrumental in preserving life when exposed to the fury of his warriors, and had winked at the escape of white prisoners, whose sufferings would not permit them to proceed on their march. He related one instance in particular, in which a young female prisoner had lagged behind, whom he himself hid in the bushes, that she might escape and return to her home. This account of himself was subsequently confirmed by Captain Philip Frey, son of Colonel Hendrick Frey, of Tryon county, of most respectable character and connexions, and an officer in the British army, who had served with Brant on several military expeditions, and shared with him the dangers of several battles.

His efforts for the moral and religious improvement of his people were indefatigable. In addition to the details already presented upon this point, the fact is no less interesting than true, that the first Episcopal church erected in Upper Canada was built by Brant, from funds collected by him while in England in 1786. The church was built the same year, and the first "church-going bell" that tolled in Upper Canada was placed there by him. His earnest desire, beyond a doubt, was to render himself a benefactor to his people.

As a warrior, he was cautious, sagacious, and brave; watching with sleepless vigilance for opportunities of action, and allowing neither dangers nor difficulties to divert him from his well-settled purposes. His constitution was hardy, his capacity of endurance great; his energy untiring, and his firmness indomitable. His character, in his social and domestic relations, has been delineated at length.

and needs no farther illustration. In his dealings and business relations he was prompt, honourable, and expert; and, so far as the author has been able to obtain information from gentlemen who knew him well, he was a pattern of integrity. The purity of his private morals has never been questioned, and his house was the abode of kindness and hospitality.

His manners in refined society have been described by Dr. Miller and General Porter. Without divesting himself altogether of the characteristic reserve of his people, he could, nevertheless, relax as occasion required, and contribute his full share, by sprightly and intelligent conversation, to the pleasures of general society. He was at once affable and dignified, avoiding frivolity on the one hand and stiffness on the other; in one word, unbending himself just to the proper medium of the well-bred gentleman. He has been described by some as eloquent in his conversation. Others, again, deny him the attribute of eloquence, either in public speaking or in the social circle, asserting that his great power lay in his strong, practical good sense, and deep and ready insight into character. Mr. Thomas Morris avers that his sagacity in this respect exceeded that of any other man with whom he has been acquainted. His temperament was decidedly amiable; he had a keen perception of the ludicrous, and was both humorous and witty himself, sometimes brilliant in this respect; and his conversation was often fascinating, by reason of its playfulness and vivacity.*

* As an illustration of his shrewdness and sagacity, the following anecdote of Brant has been communicated to the author by Professor Griscom: "When Jemima Wilkinson (who professed to be, in her own person, the Saviour of the world in his second appearance on earth) was residing on her domain in Western New-York, surrounded by her deluded and subservient followers, she could not fail to attract the notice of Colonel Brant; while the celebrity of the chief must, in turn, have forcibly commended itself to her attention. This led, of course, to a mutual desire to see each other, and Brant at length presented himself at her mansion, and requested an interview. After some formality he was admitted, and she addressed to him a few words in the way of a welcome salutation. He replied to her by a formal speech in his own

Like other men, Brant doubtless had his faults, but they were redeemed by high qualities and commanding virtues. He was charged with duplicity, and even treachery, in regard to the affairs of the Indians and the United States, in connexion with his first visit to Philadelphia. But the aspersion was grievously unjust. During the years of those wars, his position was trying and peculiar. He had his own ulterior objects to consult in regard to the Indians of the upper lakes. He desired to see justice done to them, and also to the United States; and he likewise desired not to impair his own influence with those Indians. At the same time, he had a difficult game to play with the colonial and British governments. The doubtful relations between England and the United States induced the former to keep the Indians in a very unpacific mood towards the latter for a series of years; sometimes even pushing them into hostilities, by means and appliances of which policy required the concealment, and the means of diplomatic denial, if necessary. At the same time, while Brant was thoroughly loyal to the king, he was, nevertheless, resolved upon maintaining the unfettered independence of his own peculiar nation; friendly relations with the colonial government being also essential to his desire of a perfect title to his new territory.

Such a position must at all times have been full

language, at the conclusion of which she informed him that she did not understand the language in which he spoke. He then addressed her in another Indian dialect, to which, in like manner, she objected. After a pause, he commenced a speech in a third and still different American language, when she interrupted him by the expression of dissatisfaction at his persisting to speak to her in terms which she could not understand. He arose with dignity, and, with a significant motion of the hand, said, 'Madam, you are not the person you pretend to be. Jesus Christ can understand one language as well as another,' and abruptly took his leave." Since this striking and characteristic anecdote was received from Dr. Griscom, I have discovered that it has been attributed to Red Jacket. This chief, however, was a pagan, a disbeliever in Jesus Christ; and as Brant was the opposite, the anecdote is more characteristic of him than of the Seneca orator.

of embarrassment and difficulty, and at some conjunctures could not have been otherwise than deeply perplexing. And yet he sustained himself through the whole, proving himself above the influence of gold at Philadelphia, and passing the ordeal without dishonour. In letters he was in advance of some of the generals against whom he fought, and even of still greater military chieftains, who have flourished before his day and since. True, he was ambitious, and so was Cæsar. He sought to combine many nations under his own dominion, and so did Napoleon. He ruled over barbarians, and so did Peter the Great.

A few years before his death, Captain Brant built a commodious dwelling-house, two stories high, on a tract of land presented him by the king at the head of Lake Ontario, directly north of the beach which divides the lake from the sheet of water known as Burlington Bay. The situation is noble and commanding, affording a glorious prospect of that beautiful lake, with a fruitful soil and a picturesque country around it. At this place, on the 24th of November, 1807, he closed a life of greater and more uninterrupted activity for the space of half a century, than has fallen to the lot of almost any other man whose name has been inscribed by the muse of history. He was a steadfast believer in the distinguishing doctrines of Christianity, and a member of the Episcopal Church at the time of his decease. He bore his illness, which was painful, with patience and resignation. He died in the full possession of his faculties, and, according to the belief of his attendants, in the full faith of the Christian religion. His age was sixty-four years and eight months. His remains were removed to the Mohawk village on the Grand River, and interred by the side of the church which he had built. The interests of his people, as they had been the paramount object of his exertions through life, were uppermost in his

thoughts to the end. His last words that have been preserved upon this subject were contained in a charge to his adopted nephew, Teyoninhokarawen: "Have pity on the poor Indians; if you can get any influence with the great, endeavour to do them all the good you can."

CHAPTER XVI.

CATHARINE BRANT, the widow of Thayendanegea, was forty-eight years old at the time of his decease. According to the constitution of the Mohawks, which, like that of Great Britain, is unwritten, the inheritance descends through the female line exclusively. Consequently, the superior chieftainship does not descend to the eldest male; but the eldest female, in what may be called the royal line, nominates one of her sons or other descendants, and he thereby becomes the chief. If her choice does not fall upon her own son, the grandson whom she invests with the office must be the child of her daughter. The widow of Thayendanegea was the eldest daughter of the head chief of the Turtle tribe, first in rank of the Mohawk nation. In her own right, therefore, on the decease of her husband, she stood at the head of the Iroquois Confederacy, alone clothed with power to designate a successor to the chieftaincy. The official title of the principal chief of the Six Nations is TEKARIHOGA; to which station JOHN, the fourth and youngest son, whose Indian name was AHYOUWAIGHS, was appointed.

The young chief was born at the Mohawk Village, on the 27th of September, 1794, being at the time of his father's decease thirteen years of age. He received a good English education at Ancaster and

Niagara, under the tuition of a Mr. Richard Cockrel; but through life improved his mind greatly, by the study of the best English authors, by associations with good society, and by travel. He was a close and discriminating observer of the phenomena of nature, upon which he reasoned in a philosophical spirit. Amiable and manly in his feelings and character, and becoming well acquainted with English literature, his manners were early developed as those of an accomplished gentleman.

When the war of 1812-'15 between the United States and England broke out, the Mohawks, true to their ancient faith, espoused the cause of the latter, and the *Tekarihogea* took the field with his warriors. He was engaged in many of the actions on the Niagara frontier, in all of which his bearing was chivalrous and his conduct brave. His first effort was at the battle of Queenston, commenced so auspiciously for the American arms by the gallant and daring Van Rensselaer, and ended so disastrously by reason of the cowardice of the militia on the American side, who refused to cross the river and secure the victory which had been so bravely won.

It would be foreign from the purpose of this narrative to dwell upon the variety of untoward and vexatious circumstances which delayed, and had nearly caused a total failure of, the enterprise. Suffice it to say, that after those difficulties had been in part surmounted, the expedition departed upon its perilous undertaking. The enemy was keeping a vigilant watch over the motions of the Americans, and they had discovered indications of a movement of some kind during the last few preceding days. The narrowness of the river, without the agency of spies, enabled them to make these observations; added to which, the sound of the oars had been heard, so that, instead of being surprised, the enemy was measurably prepared for Van Rens-

selaer's reception. Indeed, a fire was opened before the boat of Colonel Van Rensselaer had reached the shore, and Lieutenant Rathbone was killed in the colonel's boat. Two companies of regular troops, however, and Captains Armstrong and Malcolm, had previously landed without annoyance or discovery.

Other boats successively followed, and the landing of two hundred and thirty-five men was effected, although the detachments first arriving suffered severely from the fire of the enemy, especially in the loss of their officers. The troops formed under a very warm fire, climbed the bank, Van Rensselaer himself leading the detachment, and routed the enemy at the point of the bayonet without firing a shot. In this operation Ensign Morris was killed, and Captains Armstrong, Malcolm, and Wool were wounded, the latter slightly; Colonel Van Rensselaer himself was a severe sufferer, having received one ball in his hip, which passed out at his spine, two in his thigh, one of which lodged, two in his leg, and a sixth in his heel. Lieutenant-colonel Fenwick was also severely wounded, and Colonel Chrystie slightly. The gallant leader, concealing his wounds under his greatcoat as long as he could, immediately on the retreat of the enemy towards the town, ordered Captain Wool, the senior officer capable of duty, to ascend the mountain and carry the battery, giving him a direction for the movement by which he would avoid the fire of the enemy's artillery, placing Lieutenants Randolph and Gansevoort, who volunteered, at the head of the little column, and Major Lush, another volunteer, in the rear, with orders to put to death the first man who should fall back. This enterprise was gallantly executed by Captain Wool, and the battery was carried "without much resistance." Colonel Van Rensselaer, however, unable longer to sustain himself, fell to the ground soon after the party had filed off before

him ; but he did not lose his consciousness, and the pains of his wounds were soon alleviated by the shouts of victory.

The landing of the Americans had been opposed by the light company of the 49th regiment of grenadiers and the York volunteer militia, together with a small number of Indians. The light troops had been dislodged by the Americans on ascending the heights, and an eighteen-pounder battery taken. The fortress on the heights, carried by Captain Wool, was manned by a detachment of the grenadiers, the whole numbering, as was supposed, one hundred and sixty regulars. The heights having been cleared of the enemy, who retired upon the village of Queenston, the Americans were allowed to repose a short time upon their laurels. But the respite was brief. General Brock being at Niagara when the action commenced, was startled from his pillow by the roar of the artillery ; but so rapid were his movements, that he had arrived at Queenston ere the gray of the morning had passed, accompanied by his provincial aid-de-camp, Lieutenant-colonel M'Donell. Placing himself immediately at the head of four companies of his favourite 49th grenadiers and a body of militia, General Brock advanced, for the purpose of turning the left of the Americans, and recovering the ground that had been lost. A detachment of one hundred and fifty men, directed by Captain Wool to take possession of the heights above the battery, and hold General Brock in check, was compelled to retreat by superior numbers. An engagement ensued, in the course of which, after some fighting, the Americans were driven to the edge of the bank. With great exertions, Captain Wool brought his men to a stand, and directed a charge immediately on the exhaustion of his ammunition. This order was executed, though with some confusion. It was, nevertheless, effectual, and the enemy, in turn were driven to the verge

of the heights, where Colonel M'Donell, having his horse shot under him, fell, himself mortally wounded. In the mean time, General Brock, in attempting to rally his forces, received a musket-ball in his breast, and died almost immediately. The last words he uttered as he fell from his horse were, "Push on the brave York volunteers." The enemy thereupon dispersed in every direction, and Captain Wool, receiving at that time a small re-enforcement of riflemen from the American side, set about forming a line on the heights, fronting the village, detaching flanking parties, and making such other dispositions as were first prompted by the exigencies of the occasion.

The Americans, it will be recollected by those familiar with the history of the war, retained possession of the heights and of the little fortress they had taken during several hours undisturbed by the regular troops of the enemy, who was waiting for re-enforcements from Fort George at Newark, six miles below. But they were incessantly harassed by the Indians, who hovered about them, occasionally advancing in considerable numbers, but who were invariably put to flight when seriously engaged by the colonel's handful of an army. The stripling leader of the Indians was of graceful form and mould, and, as already remarked, of uncommon agility. He was often observed by Colonel Scott and others, and was always accompanied by a dark, stalwart chief, evidently of great strength, who was subsequently known as Captain Jacobs. It was discovered that these two Indians in particular were repeatedly making a mark of Scott, who, like the first monarch of Israel, stood a full head above his soldiers, and who was rendered a yet more conspicuous object by a new and brilliant uniform, and a tall white plume in his hat. The conduct of these two Indians having been particularly observed by an officer, that officer sent a message to Scott

upon the subject, with his own overcoat, advising the colonel to put it on. But the disguise was declined, and the Indians, having taken refuge in a wood at some distance on the left, were driven thence by a spirited charge, gallantly led by Scott in person.

By these successive actions, however, the numbers of the Americans, both regulars and volunteers, had been sadly reduced, the wounded having been sent across the river to the American shore in the few boats not rendered useless by the enemy's fire in the morning. The British column, led by General Sheaffe, the successor of General Brock, was now discovered advancing in the distance from Niagara. Its approach, though slow and circumspect, was steady and unremitting, and of its character and objects there could be no doubt. The column with which General Sheaffe was thus advancing consisted of three hundred and fifty men of the 41st regiment, several companies of militia, and two hundred and fifty Indians. Re-enforcements, both of troops and Indians, arriving from Chippewa, the force of the enemy was augmented to eight hundred. Major-general Van Rensselaer having crossed the river before he made this discovery, hastened back to his own camp to make another appeal to the militia to cross over to the rescue of the little band of their own countrymen, now in such imminent peril. But in vain. Not a man could overcome his constitutional scruples about crossing the confines of his own country; and for more than two hours the troops and volunteers upon the heights were allowed to behold an advancing enemy in numbers sufficient to overwhelm them, while by looking over their right shoulders they could see an army of American militia, abundantly sufficient to defeat the approaching column, and maintain the victories of the morning. The march of General Sheaffe was protracted by an extensive

detour to the west, beyond the forest heretofore spoken of as having been a shelter to the Indians. Scott and his officers, in consideration of their own diminished numbers, marvelled greatly at this fatiguing measure of precaution on the part of the enemy, but were afterward informed by the officers into whose hands they fell, that the enemy had no idea that the diminutive force they saw upon the heights constituted the whole of the army they were marching to encounter.

The British advanced steadily in column, reserving their fire, as did the Americans, excepting the single piece of artillery in their possession, until they came within eighty paces. Several well-directed and effective fires succeeded, the Americans maintaining their ground firmly until actually pricked by the bayonets of the enemy. They then retreated towards the river, the side of the steep being at that day covered with shrubs, which enabled the soldiers to let themselves down from one to another, with sufficient deliberation to allow an occasional return of the fire of their pursuers. Presently, however, the Indians came springing down from shrub to shrub after them, which circumstance somewhat accelerated the retreat of the Americans. On reaching the water's edge, not a boat was at command; and to avoid the galling fire of the pursuers, Scott drew his men farther up the river, to obtain shelter beneath the more precipitous, and, in fact, beetling cliffs.

Escape was now impossible, and to fight longer was not only useless, but madness. After a brief consultation with Totten and Gibson therefore (the latter officer having returned to the field in the afternoon), a capitulation was determined upon. A flag was accordingly sent with a proposition. After waiting for some time without any tidings, another was sent, and afterward yet another, neither of which returned; and it subse-

quently appeared that the bearers had been successively shot down by the Indians. Scott thereupon determined to go with the flag himself.

Totten and Gibson both resolved to accompany their commander, who, being the tallest, bore the handkerchief upon the point of his sword. Keeping close to the water's edge, and sheltering themselves as well as they could behind the rocks, the Indians continually firing in the mean time, they passed down until the bank afforded no farther protection, when they turned to the left to take the road. But just as they were gaining it, up rose the two Indians who had been aiming at Scott in the morning, the young and agile chief, and the more muscular Captain Jacobs, who both sprang upon them like tigers from their lairs. Scott remonstrated and made known the character in which he was seeking the British commander, but to no purpose. The Indians grappled with them fiercely, and Jacobs succeeded in wrenching the sword from the colonel's hand. The blades of Totten and Gibson instantly leaped from their scabbards, and the Indians were raising their hatchets, when a British sergeant rushed forward, hoarsely exclaiming, "*Honour!*" "*Honour!*" and having a guard with him, the combatants were separated, and Colonel Scott was conducted to the presence of General Sheaffe, to whom he proposed a surrender, and with whom terms of capitulation were speedily arranged, the general at once saying that they should be treated with all the honours of war. Orders were immediately given that the firing should cease; but these orders were not promptly obeyed, which caused a remonstrance from Colonel Scott, and finally a peremptory demand to be conducted back to his troops. This prolonged fire was from the Indians, whom General Sheaffe admitted he could not control, as they were exceedingly exasperated at the amount of their loss. Scott passed a rather severe rebuke upon an enemy who avowe^d

allies of such a character, but officers being ordered among them in all directions, they were presently compelled to desist.

The prisoners surrendered by Scott numbered one hundred and thirty-nine regular troops, and one hundred and fifty-four volunteers just, the colonel accurately counting them off himself.* They were all marched down to Newark (now Niagara) the same evening, where the colonel and his two principal officers were quartered in a small tavern, having invitations the first evening to dine with General Sheaffe. While waiting for the arrival of an officer to conduct them to the general's quarters, another incident occurred, equally spirited, and even more startling than the scene with the two Indians by the roadside. Just at twilight, a little girl entered the parlour, with a message that somebody in the hall desired to see the "tall officer." Colonel Scott thereupon stepped out of the parlour, unarmed, of course, into the hall, which was dark and narrow, and, withal, incommoded by a stairway; but what was his astonishment on again meeting, face to face, his evil geniuses, the brawny Captain Jacobs, and the light-limbed chief! The colonel had shut the door behind him as he left the parlour; but

* When, shortly afterward, the general order of Sheaffe appeared, it was announced that two hundred of the Americans were drowned and nine hundred taken prisoners. Colonel Scott immediately called upon General Sheaffe, and remonstrated against such an exaggeration, since he had himself counted his own men, and knew that the number was less than three hundred, all told. Sheaffe replied that the numbers he had announced had been reported to him, and he felt strong confidence in the accuracy of the statement. In conclusion, he invited Scott to go to the barracks and see for himself. He did so; and, to his deep mortification, found that the statement of the general order was true! On an investigation of the discrepancy, it appeared that the number of prisoners had been swollen to that amount by several hundred cowardly rascals of the militia, who, upon landing on the Canadian shore, had availed themselves of the darkness and other facilities, to hide themselves away among the clefts of the rocks, where they had remained in concealment during the day, and were only dragged by the legs from their lurking-places by the British troops after the surrender. So much for militia

there was a sentinel standing at the outer door who had improperly allowed the Indians to pass in. The dusky visitors stepped up to the colonel without ceremony, and the younger, who alone spoke English, made a brief inquiry as to the number of balls which had cut through his clothes, intimating astonishment that they had both been firing at him almost the whole day, without effect. But while the young Indian was thus speaking, or, rather, beginning thus to speak—for such, subsequently, seemed to be the import of what he meant to say—Jacobs, rudely seizing the colonel by the arm, attempted to whirl him round, exclaiming, in broken English, "Me shoot so often, mesure to have hit somewhere." "Hands off, you scoundrel," cried Scott, indignant at such freedom with his person, and adding a scornful expression reflecting upon the Indian's skill as a marksman, as he flung him from him.

The Indians drew instantly both dirk and tomahawk, when, with the rapidity of lightning, Scott, who had fortunately espied a number of swords standing at the end of the passage, seized one from its iron sheath, and placed himself in a posture of defence. As they stood in this picturesque attitude, Scott with his sword ready to strike, and the Indians with their tomahawks and dirks in the air, frowning defiance upon each other—both parties awaiting the first blow—Colonel Coffin, who had been sent with a guard to conduct Scott to the general's quarters to dinner, sprang into the passage, and cried "Hold!" Comprehending at a glance the dangerous position of Scott, he interfered at once, by sharp remonstrance, and also by weapon, in his defence. Jacobs, exasperated, turned upon Colonel Coffin, and, uttering a menace, his companion also unguardedly turned to observe the issue of the new combat. The scene was of the most exciting and earnest character. The Indians having thus turned

upon Coffin, one of them exclaimed, "I kill you!" Scott instantly raised his sabre, which was heavy and substantial, so that a descending blow would have fallen upon both the savages at once, and called out, "If you strike, I will kill you both!" For a moment they stood frowning, the piercing eyes of the Indians gleaming with wild and savage fury, while Scott and Coffin alike looked upon both with angry defiance, all with upraised arms and glittering steel. Recovering somewhat from the gust of passion into which they had been thrown, the Indians then slowly dropped their arms and retired. The officer who thus came to the rescue was the aid of General Sheaffe, whose errand was to conduct the colonel to dinner, and who, by this timely arrival, probably saved his life. It can hardly be necessary to mention who was the young chief that had sustained himself so actively and bravely through the day, as the reader will already have anticipated the name—JOHN BRANT—the successor of the great captain, his father, who, as has already been stated, though not eighteen years of age, had that day, for the first time, led his tribe upon the war-path. Beyond doubt it was no part of the young chief's design to inflict injury upon the captive American commander. His whole character forbids the idea, for he was as generous and benevolent in his feelings as he was brave. Having been exhausting much ammunition upon the colonel during the day, this visit was one of curiosity, to ascertain how near they had come to the accomplishment of their object.

At the close of the war, having attained the age of manhood, John Brant, and his youthful sister Elizabeth, the youngest of his father's family, returned to the head of Lake Ontario, and took up their residence in the "Brant House," living in the English style, and dispensing the ancient hospitalities of their father. Lieutenant Francis Hall, of

the British service, who travelled in the United States and Canada in 1816, visited the Brant House and saw the old lady chieftainess at that place. He also speaks highly of the youthful chief, John, as "a fine young man, of gentlemanlike appearance, who used the English language agreeably and correctly dressing in the English fashion, excepting only the moccasins of his Indian habit."

Three years afterward, in 1819, James Buchanan, Esq., H. B. M. consul for the port of New-York, made the tour of Upper Canada, accompanied by two of his daughters. In the course of his journey Mr. Buchanan visited the Brant House, of which circumstance he subsequently published the following agreeable account in his little volume of Indian sketches :

"After stopping more than a week under the truly hospitable roof of the Honourable Colonel Clarke, at the Falls of Niagara, I determined to proceed by land, round Lake Ontario, to York ; and Mrs. Clarke offered to give my daughters a letter of introduction to a Miss Brant, advising us to arrange our time so as to sleep and stop a day or two in the house of that lady, as she was certain we should be much pleased with her and her brother. Our friend did not intimate, still less did we suspect, that the introduction was to an Indian prince and princess. Had we been in the least aware of this, our previous arrangements would all have given way, as there was nothing I was more anxious to obtain than an opportunity such as this was so well calculated to afford, of seeing in what degree the Indian character would be modified by a conformity to the habits and comforts of civilized life.

"Proceeding on our journey, we stopped at an inn, romantically situated, where I determined to remain all night. Among other things, I inquired of the landlord if he knew the distance to Miss Brant's house, and from him I learned that it was

about twenty miles farther. He added, that young Mr. Brant had passed that way in the forenoon, and would, no doubt, be returning in the evening, and that, if I wished it, he would be on the look-out for him. This I desired the landlord to do, as it would enable me to intimate our introduction to his sister, and intention of waiting on her the next morning.

“At dusk Mr. Brant returned, and, being introduced into our room, we were unable to distinguish his complexion, and conversed with him, believing him to be a young Canadian gentleman. We did not, however, fail to observe a certain degree of hesitation and reserve in the manner of his speech. He certainly expressed a wish that we would do his sister and himself the favour of spending a few days with them, in order to refresh ourselves and our horses; but we thought his style more laconic than hospitable. Before candles were brought in our new friend departed, leaving us still in error as to his nation.

“By four o'clock in the morning we resumed our journey. On arriving at the magnificent shores of Lake Ontario, the driver of our carriage pointed out at the distance of five miles, the house of Miss Brant, which had a very noble and commanding aspect; and we anticipated much pleasure in our visit as, besides the enjoyment of so beautiful a spot, we should be enabled to form a competent idea of Canadian manners and style of living. Young Mr. Brant, it appeared, unaware that with our carriage we could have reached his house so soon, had not arrived before us; so that our approach was not announced, and we drove up to the door under the full persuasion that the family would be apprized of our coming. The outer door, leading to a spacious hall, was open. We entered, and remained a few minutes, when, seeing no person about, we proceeded into the parlour, which, like the hall, was for the moment unoccupied. We therefore had an oppor-

tunity of looking about us at our leisure. It was a room well furnished, with a carpet, pier and chimney glasses, mahogany tables, fashionable chairs, a guitar, a neat hanging bookcase, in which, among other volumes, we perceived a Church of England Prayer Book, translated into the Mohawk tongue. Having sent our note of introduction in by the coachman, and still no person waiting on us, we began to suspect (more especially in the hungry state we were in) that some delay or difficulty about breakfast stood in the way of the young lady's appearance. I can assure my readers that a keen morning's ride on the shores of an American lake is an exercise of all others calculated to make the appetite clamorous, if not insolent. We had already penetrated into the parlour, and were beginning to meditate a farther exploration in search of the pantry, when, to our unspeakable astonishment, in walked a charming, noble-looking Indian girl, dressed partly in the native and partly in the English costume. Her hair was confined on the head in a silk net, but the lower tresses, escaping from thence, flowed down on her shoulders. Under a tunic or morning-dress of black silk was a petticoat of the same material and colour, which reached very little below the knee. Her silk stockings and kid shoes were, like the rest of her dress, black. The grace and dignity of her movement, the style of her dress and manner, so new, so unexpected, filled us all with astonishment. With great ease, yet by no means in that commonplace mode so generally prevalent on such occasions, she inquired how we found the roads, accommodations, etc. No flutter was at all apparent on account of the delay in getting breakfast; no fidgeting and fuss-making, no running in and out, no idle expressions of regret, such as 'Oh! dear me! had I known of your coming, you would not have been kept in this way!' but, with perfect ease, she maintained conversation, until a squaw,

wearing a man's hat, brought in a tray with preparations for breakfast. A table-cloth of fine white damask being laid, we were regaled with tea, coffee, hot rolls, butter in water and ice-coolers, eggs, smoked beef, ham, broiled chickens, etc., all served in a truly neat and comfortable style. The delay, we afterward discovered, arose from the desire of our hostess to supply us with hot rolls, which were actually baked while we were waiting. I have been thus minute in my description of these comforts, as they were so little to be expected in the house of an Indian.

“After breakfast Miss Brant took my daughters out to walk, and look at the picturesque scenery of the country. She and her brother had previously expressed a hope that we would stay all day; but, though I wished of all things to do so, and had determined, in the event of their pressing their invitation, to accept it, yet I declined the proposal at first, and thus forfeited a pleasure which we all of us longed in our hearts to enjoy; for, as I afterward learned, it is not the custom of any uncorrupted Indian to repeat a request if once rejected. They believe that those to whom they offer any mark of friendship, and who give a reason for refusing it, do so in perfect sincerity, and that it would be rudeness to require them to alter their determination or break their word. And as the Indian never makes a show of civility but when prompted by a genuine feeling, so he thinks others are actuated by similar candour. I really feel ashamed when I consider how severe a rebuke this carries with it to us who boast of civilization, but who are so much carried away by the general insincerity of expression pervading all ranks, that few, indeed, are to be found who speak just what they wish or know. This duplicity is the effect of what is termed a high state of refinement. We are taught so to conduct our language that others cannot discover our real views or intentions. The In-

dians are not only free from this deceitfulness, but surpass us in another instance of good-breeding and decorum, namely, of never interrupting those who converse with them until they have done speaking; and then they reply in the hope of not being themselves interrupted. This was perfectly exemplified by Miss Brant and her brother; and I hope the lesson my daughters were so forcibly taught by the natural politeness of their hostess will never be forgotten by them, and that I also may profit by the example.

“After stopping a few hours with these interesting young Indians, and giving them an invitation to pay us a visit at New-York, which they expressed great desire to fulfil, and which I therefore confidently anticipated, we took our leave with real regret on all sides. As we passed through the hall, I expected to see some Indian instruments of war or the chase; but, perceiving the walls were bare of these customary ornaments, I asked Mr. Brant where were the trophies that belonged to his family. He told me, and I record it with shame, that the numerous visitors that from time to time called on him had expressed their desire so strongly for these trophies, that, one by one, he had given all away; and now he was exempt from these sacrifices by not having anything of the kind left. He seemed, nevertheless, to cherish with fondness the memory of these relics of his forefathers. How ill did the *civilized* visitors requite the hospitality they experienced under the roof whose doors stand open to shelter and feed all who enter!

“As all about our young hostess is interesting, I will add some farther particulars. Having inquired for her mother, she told me she remained generally with her other sons and daughters, who were living in the Indian settlement on the Grand River, that falls into Lake Erie: that her mother preferred being in the wigwams, and disapproved, in a certain

degree, of her and her brother John's conforming so much to the habits and costumes of the English."

The difficulties between the Mohawks and the provincial government respecting the title to the lands of the former, which the elder Brant had so long laboured, but in vain, to adjust, yet continuing unsettled, in the year 1821 John Brant, alias Ahyouwaèghs, was commissioned to proceed to England, as his father had been before him, to make one more appeal to the justice and magnanimity of the parent government. He urged his claim with ability, and enlisted in the cause of his people men of high rank and influence. Among these was the Duke of Northumberland, the son of the old duke, the Lord Percy of the American Revolution, and the friend of his father, who had deceased in 1817. The duke, like his father, had been adopted as a warrior of the Mohawks, under the aboriginal cognomen of *Teyonhighkon*; and he now manifested as much zeal and friendship for the Mohawks, in the controversy which had carried John Brant to England, as the old duke had done for Thayendanagea twenty years before. The result was, that before leaving England in 1822, the agent received a promise from the secretary of the colonies, Lord Bathurst, that his complaints should be redressed to his entire satisfaction. Instructions to that effect were actually transmitted to the colonial government, then administered by Sir Peregrine Maitland, and Ahyouwaèghs returned to his country and constituents with the well-earned character of a successful diplomatist.

But the just expectations of the chief and his people were again thwarted by the provincial authorities. The refusal of the local government to carry into effect the instructions from the ministers of the crown, the pretexts which they advanced, and the subterfuges to which they resorted as excuses for their conduct, were communicated by the chief to

his friend the Duke of Northumberland, by letter, in June, 1823. A correspondence of some length ensued, and repeated efforts were made to compass a satisfactory and final arrangement of the vexed and long-pending controversy. But these efforts were as unsuccessful in the end as they had been in the beginning.

While in England upon this mission, the young chief determined to vindicate the memory of his father from the aspersions that had been cast upon it there. Campbell's "*Gertrude of Wyoming*" had then been published several years. The subject and general character of that delightful work are too well and universally known to require an analysis in this place. With a poet's license, Mr. Campbell had not only described the valley as a terrestrial paradise, but represented its inhabitants as being little, if any, inferior in their character, situation, and enjoyments, to the spirits of the blessed. Into a community thus innocent, gay, and happy, he had introduced the authors of the massacre of 1778, led on by "the monster Brant." This phrase gave great offence to the family of the old chief, as also did the whole passage in which it occurred.

John Brant had previously prepared himself with documents to sustain a demand upon the poet for justice to the memory of his father; and in December, 1821, his friend Bannister waited upon Mr. Campbell, with an amicable message, opening the door for explanations. A correspondence ensued, only a portion of which has been preserved among the papers of John Brant; but in a note of the latter to the poet, dated the 28th of December, the young chief thanked him for the candid manner in which he had received his request. The documents with which the chief had furnished himself for the occasion were thereupon enclosed to Mr. Campbell, and the result was a long explanatory letter from the poet, which has been very generally republish-

ed. Candour, however, must admit that that letter does but very partial and evidently reluctant justice to the calumniated warrior. It is, moreover, less magnanimous, and characterized by more of special pleading, than might have been expected. In addition to this, it appears, by a communication from the young chief to Sir John Johnson, dated January 22, 1822, that Mr. Campbell had not only expressed his regret at the injustice done the character of his father, but had promised a correction in the next edition, then soon to be published. This correction, however, was not made, as it should have been, in the text, but in a note to the subsequent edition; and although, at the close of that note, Mr. Campbell says, for reasons given, that "the name of Brant remains in his poem only as a pure and declared character of fiction," yet it is not a fictitious historical character, and cannot be made such by an effort of the imagination. The original wrong, therefore, though mitigated, has not been fully redressed, for the simple reason that it is the poem that lives in the memory, while the note, even if read, makes little impression, and is soon forgotten.

In the year 1827, Ahyouwaeghs was appointed by the Earl of Dalhousie, then commander-in-chief of the British American provinces, to the rank of captain, and also superintendent of the Six Nations. It was early in the same year that the chief heard that a liberty had been taken with his name in the American newspapers, which kindled in his bosom feelings of the liveliest indignation. Those familiar with that deep and fearful conspiracy in the western part of New-York, in the autumn of 1826, which resulted in the murder of William Morgan by a small body of over-zealous freemasons, will probably remember that the name of John Brant appeared in a portion of the correspondence connected with that melancholy story. The circumstances were these: It was well ascertained that, in the origin and earlier

stages of that conspiracy, no personal injury was designed against the unhappy victim of masonic fanaticism. The immediate object of the conspirators was to send Morgan out of the country, under such circumstances, and to so great a distance, as to ensure his continued absence. But they had adjusted no definite plans for the execution of that purpose, or distinct views upon the subject of his destiny. Having abducted and illegally carried him away, those intrusted with his safe-keeping found him upon their hands, and knew not what to do with or whither to send him. In this dilemma, one of their projects was to convey him to Quebec, and procure his enlistment on board a British man-of-war. Another suggestion, under the supposition that the Mohawk chief was a freemason himself, and would, of course, embark in any practicable scheme to prevent the disclosures of the secrets of freemasonry, which Morgan was in the act of publishing when seized, was, that Brant should take charge of the prisoner, and cause his transfer by the Indians to the Northwestern Fur Company. But every device for the banishment of the unhappy man failed, and he was buried, at the solemn hour of midnight, in the rocky caverns of the Niagara. The suggestion in regard to the transfer of the prisoner to Ah-youwaeghs, however, became public, and for a time it was supposed, by those unacquainted with his character, that he had been consulted in regard to that murderous transaction. The imputation was most unjust, and was repelled with a spirit becoming the man and his race.

In the year 1832, John Brant was returned a member of the provincial parliament for the county of Haldimand, comprehending a good portion of the territory originally granted to the Mohawks. The right of the Indians to this territory yet depended upon the original proclamation of Sir Frederic Haldimand, which, according to the decision of the

courts of Upper Canada, conveyed no legal title to the fee of the land. The Indians had been in the practice of conveying away portions of their lands by long leases, for the term of nine hundred and ninety-nine years, and a large number of those persons by whose votes Brant was elected had no other title to their real estate than leases of that description. As the election laws of Upper Canada very wisely require a freehold qualification for county electors, Mr. Brant's return was contested by the opposing candidate, Colonel Warren, and ultimately set aside, and the colonel declared to be duly chosen.

It was of but small moment to either candidate, however, which of the two should be allowed to wear the parliamentary honours. The desolating scourge of India—the cholera—was introduced upon the American continent in the summer of that year, commencing its ravages at Quebec; and among the thousands who fell before the plague, as it swept fearfully over the country of the great lakes, were JOHN BRANT—AHYOUWAEGBS—and his competitor.

He was a man of fine figure and countenance, and great dignity of deportment, though by no means haughty, having the unassuming manners of a well-bred gentleman. "The first time I ever saw him was at a court at Kingston, where he acted as an interpreter on the trial of an Indian charged with murder. Another Indian was a witness. One of the Indians was a Mohawk, and the other a Chippewa, of the Mississagua tribe. It was necessary, therefore, that the questions should be interpreted to the witness in one language, and to the prisoner in the other, which afforded me an opportunity to compare the sounds of the one with the other; and the harsh and guttural language of the Mohawk was, indeed, singularly contrasted with the copiousness and smoothness of the Chippewa. But what impressed me most on the trial was the noble ap-

pearance of Brant, and the dignity and composure with which he discharged his duty."*

Elizabeth, the youngest daughter of Joseph Brant, whose name has already been repeatedly mentioned in the foregoing pages, was married several years ago to WILLIAM JOHNSON KERR, Esq., son of the late Dr. Robert Kerr, of Niagara, and a grandson of Sir William Johnson. Mrs. Kerr, as the reader must have inferred from what has been previously said respecting her, was educated with great care, as well in regard to her mental culture as her personal accomplishments. With her husband and little family she now occupies the old mansion of her father, at the head of Lake Ontario: a noble situation, as the author can certify from personal observation.

Colonel Kerr, her husband, is the eldest of three brothers, William Johnson, Walter, and Robert, all of whom bore commissions, and fought the Americans bravely on the Niagara frontier during the last war. They were likewise all wounded, and two of them taken prisoners, and brought up to Greenbush and Pittsfield, whence they escaped, striking first upon Schoharie, and thence across the country from the Mohawk Valley, through the woods to the St. Lawrence; though, it is believed, not both at the same time. Walter was accompanied in his escape and flight by a fellow-prisoner named Gregg. In the course of their travels through the county of St. Lawrence, they fell in with a courier going from the American commander at Sackett's Harbour to General Wilkinson, then below, on his unsuccessful approach to Montreal. The fugitives had the address to pass themselves off for Yankees looking for lands, and obtained from the express such information as they desired. Gregg was disposed to rob him of his despatches, but Wal-

* Letter to the author from the Hon. M. S. Bidwell.

ter Kerr would not consent. He subsequently died from the effects of his wound in London. Inheriting a share of Indian blood from their grandmother, Molly Brant, the young Kerrs have been represented to the author by an American gentleman, who has known them well, "as being alike fearless in battle, and full of stratagem."

On the death of her favourite son John, the venerable widow of Joseph Brant,* pursuant to the Mohawk law of succession heretofore explained, being herself of the royal line, conferred the title of TEKARIHOGEA upon the infant son of her daughter, Mrs. Kerr. During the minority, the government is exercised by a regency of some kind; but how it is appointed, what are its powers, and at what age the minority terminates, are points unknown to the author. The infant chief is a fine-looking lad, three quarters Mohawk, with an eye piercing as the eagle's. But the people over whom he is the legitimate chief—the once mighty Six Nations—the Romans of the New World—whose conquests extended from Lake Champlain west to the falls of the Ohio, and south to the Santee—WHERE ARE THEY? The proud race is doomed; and Echo will shortly answer, WHERE?

* This remarkable Indian princess died at Brantford, on the Grand River, on the 24th day of November, 1637, thirty years, to a day, from the death of her husband. Her age was 78 years.

THE END.

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